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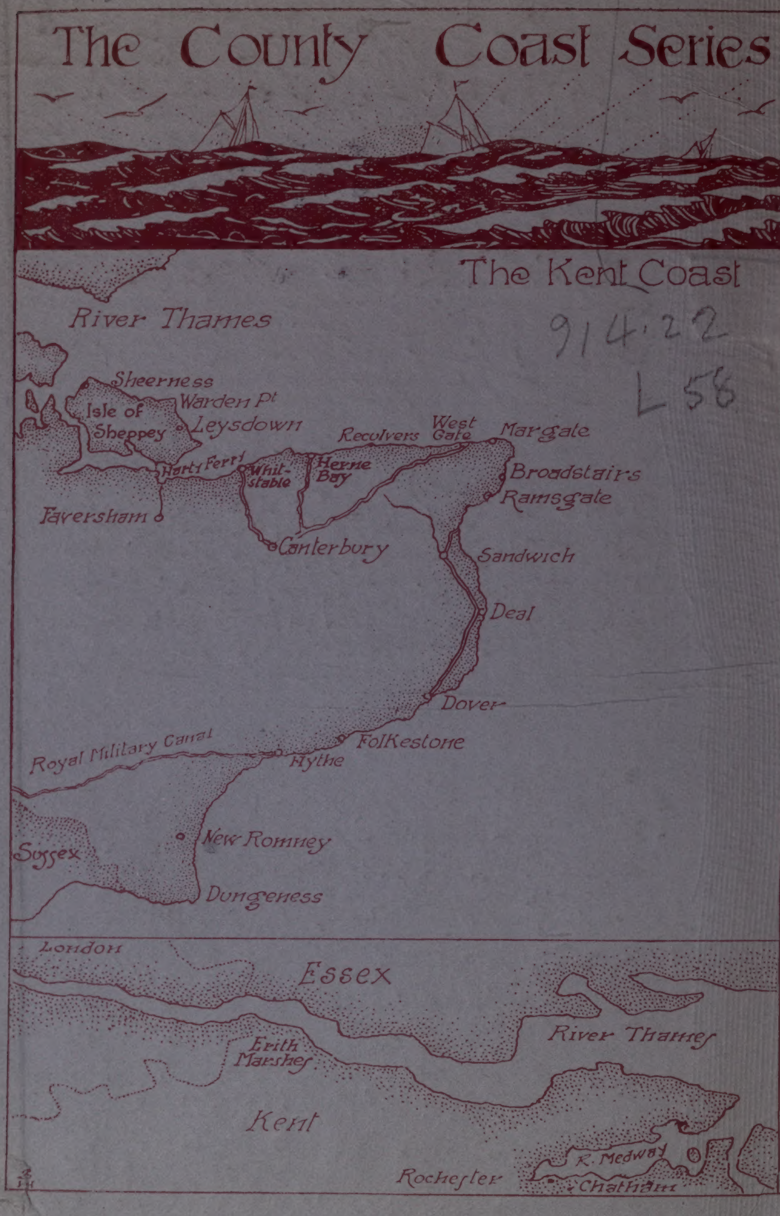

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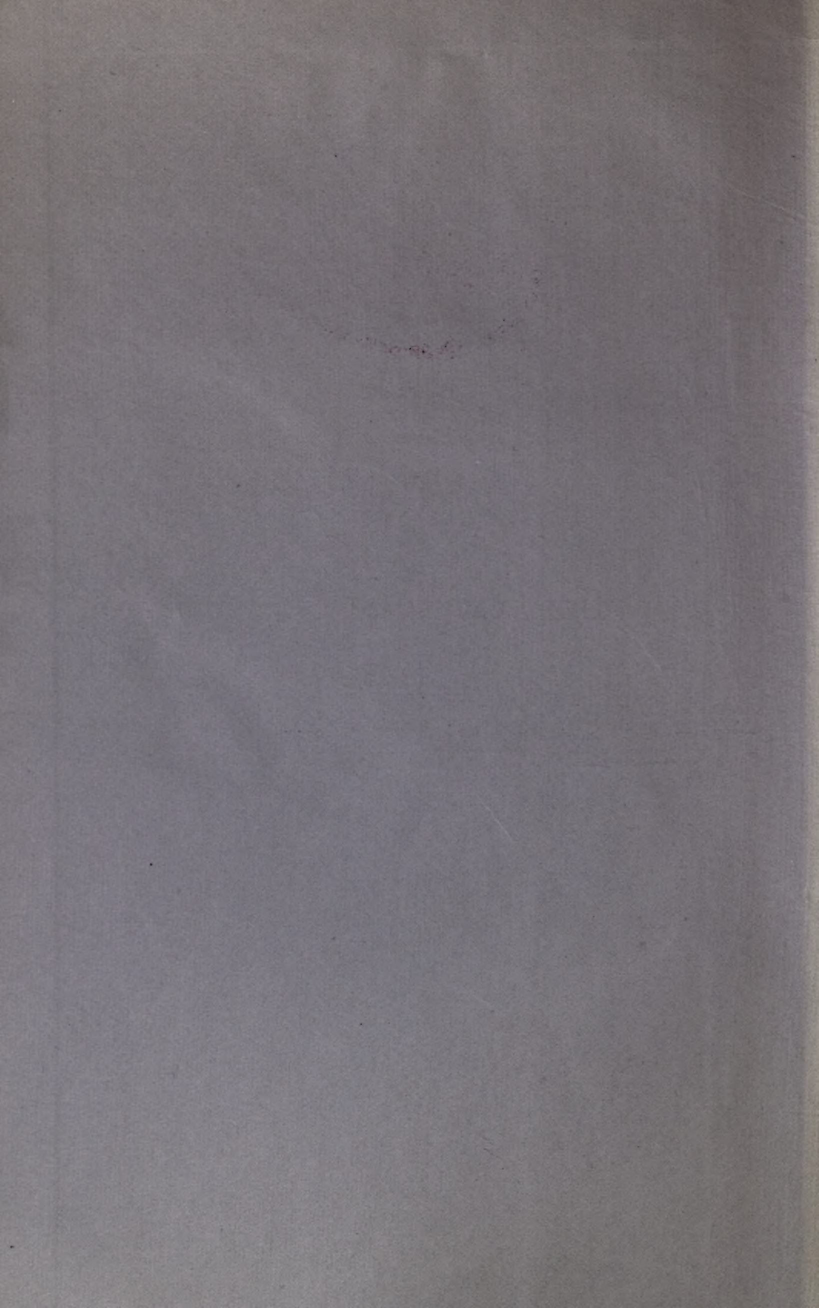

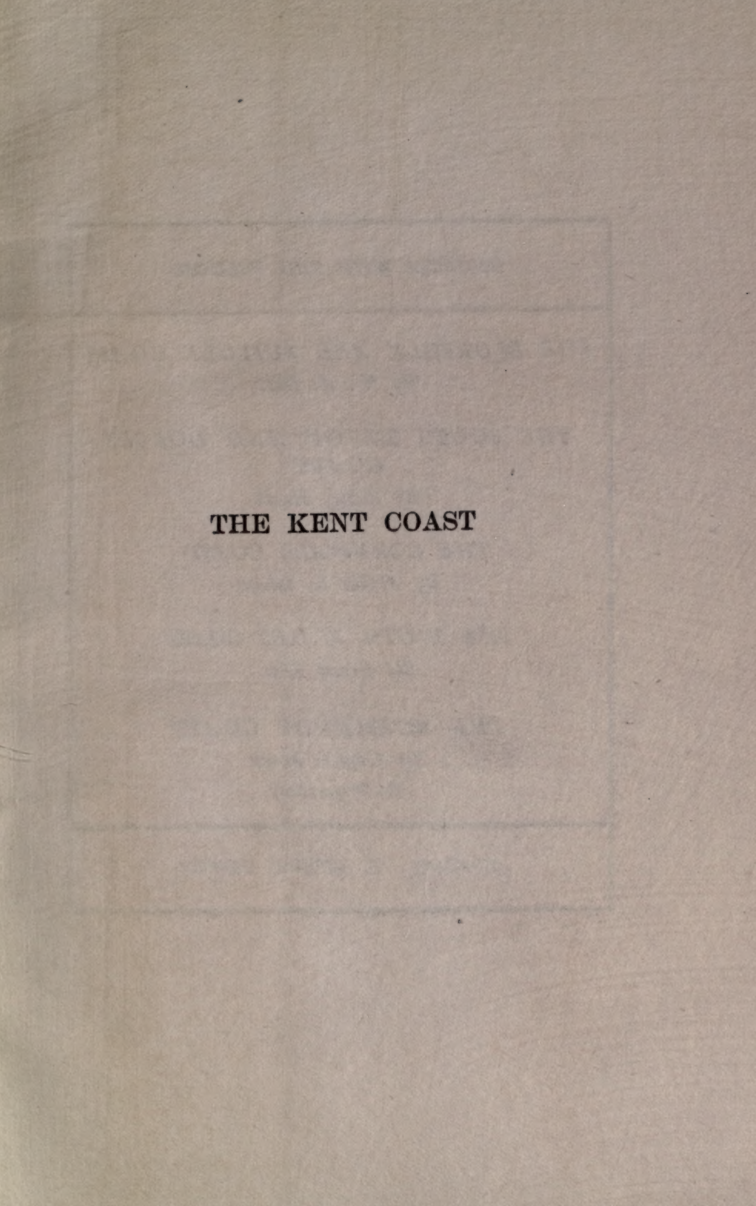

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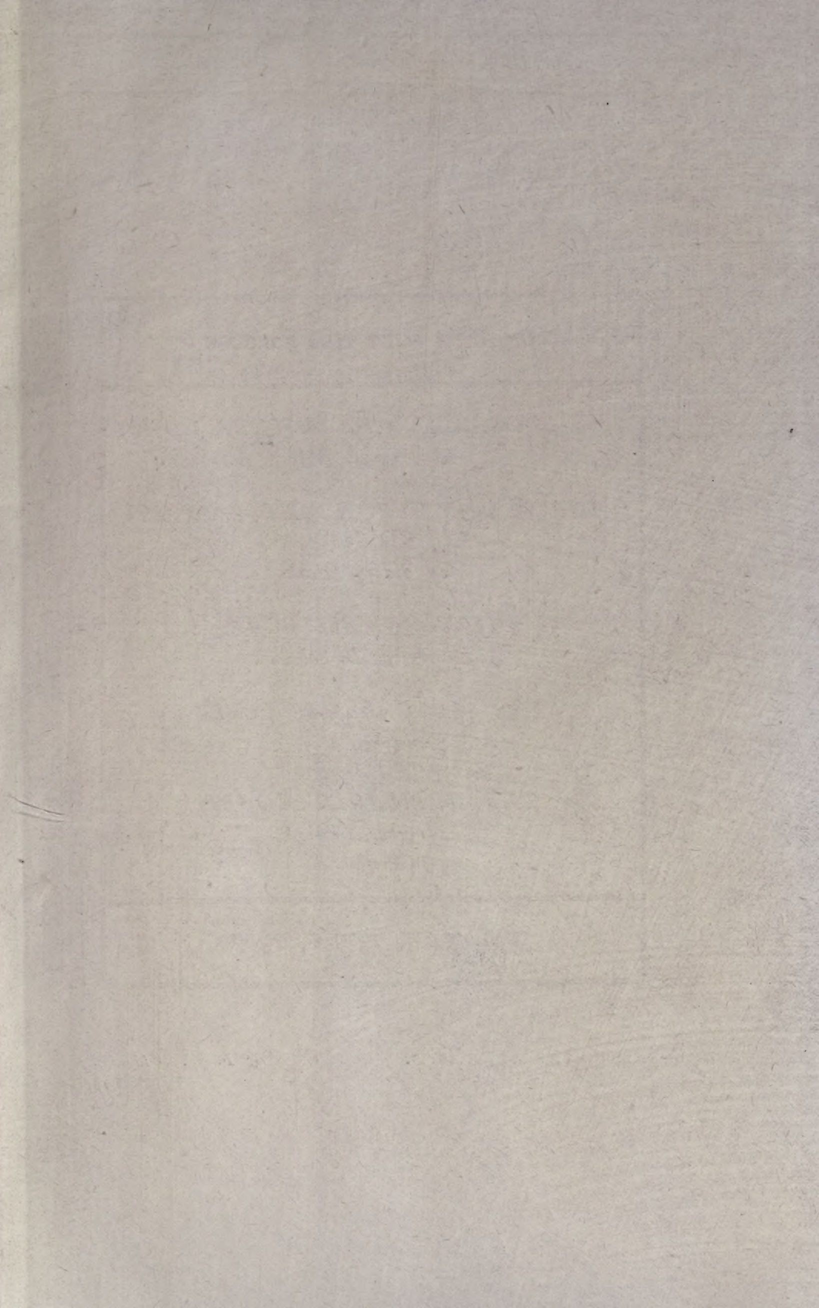

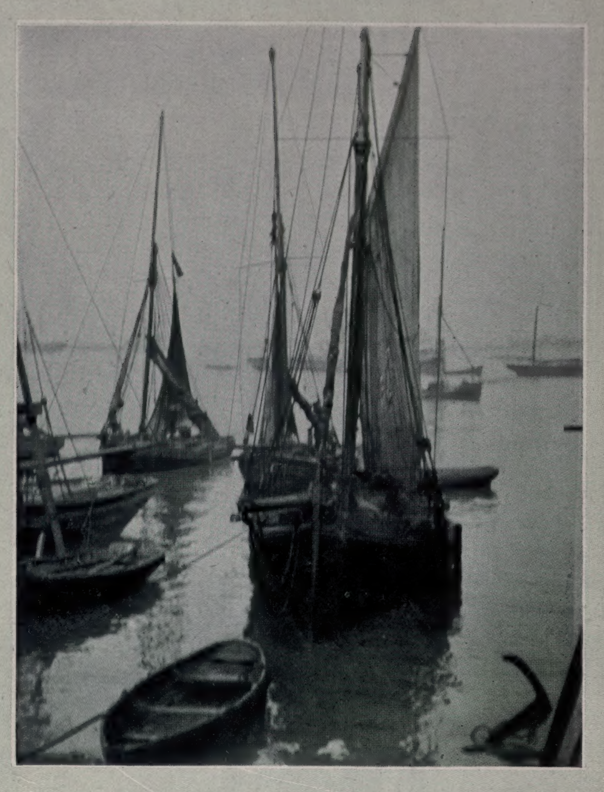

SHRIMP-VESSELS AT GRAVESEND. *By F. W. Bridgland*

The Kent Coast

By Arthur D. Lewis

With 39 Illustrations

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ROAD MAPS FOR THE KENT COAST

THE author, when last he visited Kent, went all round the coast on foot, and has indicated in this volume exactly where not too comfortable shingly or marshy tracts will be found, where the road is by the sea, and where a footpath must be followed. The coast can be kept to everywhere if the tourist does not object to a little rough walking. The pedestrian, cyclist, or motorist, unless he is exceptionally romantic (or foolish, may I say?) and likes to lose himself, will probably prefer to carry a map, and the Ordnance Survey publications are the most convenient. One mile to an inch will suit the pedestrian, and two miles to an inch the cyclist or motorist—perhaps even four miles to an inch will be sufficiently detailed for the latter. The man who wishes conscientiously to explore everything should get a large scale map and also more detailed maps on the scale of one mile to an inch.

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A. D. L.

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THE KENT COAST

CHAPTER I

THE ENTRANCE ALONG THE THAMES

JOHNSON expressly states that "coast" is "not used for the banks of less waters" than the waters of the sea. Even so, it is a matter of taste where sea ends and river begins—unless we are willing to be ruled by the authority of surveyors. The seagull wheels his white body by the bridges of London, and the departure and arrival of ships and the landing of passengers on gangways is watched from London Bridge as much as from any other more romantic landing-place. The northern *limit* of Kent, by whatever name you call it, is in the Thames, and from London the entrance to the coast of Kent is attained by going down the Thames. To all who feel that the vividness of colours is in their contrast with neutral tints, the lower reaches of the Thames will always be attractive. By day, the bulging red sails of barges on a leaden river and against iron banks, where cranes and locomotives and black cavernous hollows are ready to take charge of unloaded

goods; in the evening, the steely river under streaks of smoke-stained scarlet, the banks of which change to a misty silhouette against which black ships faintly shine; at night, the bright openings of foundries reflected in the water—all yield effects in which grimy toil adds value to bright sky and reflecting water. To those to whom dirty old buildings may be more than dirty old buildings, even Deptford has its charms. There are street-scapes in it, which if looked at from the *right* end of the street are not uninteresting. (The beauty of the world is subtle, and I admit you must find the right point of view in the slums.) The district has ship-chandlers, wharves, slop-shops ready for those buying outfits for use on board, and something subtler that tells you of the neighbourhood of water—a certain irregularity in the streets and a tendency to red blinds in the public-houses, or perhaps

> "The smell of ships (that earnest of romance)."

I like the little brackets over the doors of all the houses in some of the slums, and their irregular heights which set the brackets and the garret windows looking down at the pavement from varying altitudes, so that there is more incident in the street than in those (too common in London) where houses are like regiments of soldiers, all of a height and standing in the same attitude. If I may stop an instant more in Deptford, there is a row of little old shops off the High Street—dingy plaster project-

ing upper stories, and below bow-windows cut up into smaller panes, set awry, so that one gleams and the next is dark (as is the way with old lattice-windows)—the kind of shops where barbers' poles and bicycle wheels hang out as signs. (The bicycle wheel is a modernly invented sign for bicycle-cobblers.) But the shop that fascinates me proclaims on a wooden frill that twists round the three sides of the window's summit, "Best prices given for old metal: wholesale and retail ragdealer." The cave-like interior shows a roomful of weird blacknesses below the level of the street. Awesome feet-like things hang down from rafters—feet-like things stand up from tables and floor, like animals asleep on their backs. The whole shop is full of expression, though what it expresses I do not know.

Deptford, of course, was once a place of great importance for shipbuilding. Until 1869 there was a royal dockyard here. Here Sir Francis Drake's ship the *Revenge* was fitted out in 1578—the ship in which the fight at Flores was fought, of which Tennyson tells in his "Revenge." Oliver Cromwell came here in 1651 to see the landing of the *Ruby* and the *Diamond*. The church is closed and "condemned" to be pulled down, as a notice states placed behind the churchyard gate, the pillars on each side of which are quaintly surmounted by stone skulls. These seem once to have been crowned with wreaths, but time has obscured the sculptor's intentions. From upstairs in one of the houses opposite the church, its long and waving red-tiled roof seen over the trees and

its grey tower, and far away the hills of Blackheath, made a picturesque view, but from the street (called the Stowage, by the way) the trees hide the rambling roof, and there is little to interest in the view. St. Nicholas is the patron of sailors and children, and a light used to burn in the church tower to guide sailors on misty nights. It was while living at Sayes Court, Deptford, that Czar Peter studied English shipbuilding.

For when he came to England in 1698 the King hired Sayes Court for him from John Evelyn in order that he might be near to the dockyard and able conveniently to study shipbuilding. Sayes Court had been a royal farm where cattle was kept for the provisioning of the royal family when in residence at Greenwich, but it had been sold at Charles the First's death and bought by Evelyn the diarist's father.

Czar Peter made no convenient tenant, for Evelyn's servant wrote to his master: "There is a house full of people, and right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night, is very seldom at home all day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected here this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has."

Peter did so much damage that Evelyn was allowed £150 compensation for it. Evelyn particularly regretted the harm done to his holly hedge,

owing to the Czar amusing himself by driving through it in a wheelbarrow.

Greenwich compared with Deptford is the land of classic design compared with the land of haphazard romance. Indeed, as seen from the river, Greenwich Hospital is the most completely designed architectural view in or near London.

Queen Elizabeth was born at the Royal Palace at Greenwich in 1533.

In former days the gardens at Greenwich occupied a position something like the park at Richmond now does: they were the recognised country excursion for Londoners. When Boswell wanted to consult Johnson about studying at a Continental university, Johnson proposed to make a day of it and discuss the matter at leisure. The account we have of the outing is rather long, but so expressive of Johnson and Boswell that I cannot help quoting some of it:—

"On Saturday, July 30 [1763], Dr. Johnson and I [Boswell, of course] took a sculler at the Temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. . . . It was a very fine day. We were entertained with immense number and variety of ships that were lying at anchor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the river. I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Methodists have. . . . I was much pleased to find myself with Johnson at Greenwich, which he celebrates in his *London* as a favourite

scene. I had the poem in my pocket, and read the lines aloud with enthusiasm :—

> " 'On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood :
> Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood :
> Pleas'd with the seat which gave Eliza birth,
> We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth.'

" He remarked that the structure of Greenwich Hospital was too magnificent for a place of charity, and that its parts were too much detached to make one great whole.

" Buchanan, he said, was a very fine poet. . . . We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with 'the busy hum of men,' I answered : 'Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street!'

" *Johnson* : 'You are right, sir!' "

Even between Greenwich and Woolwich there is little break in the urban character of the shores, which are usually lined with anchored barges with sails curtained up above the yards. Tugs hurry along with a curving line of barges behind them—some with picturesque cargoes of yellow grain. Fine views up and down stream can be had from the free ferry at Woolwich—especially fine are they at nightfall. Sky and shore are often heavy slate-coloured masses—the church tower on the hill and roofs and turrets are vaguely seen—but here and there dull gold, soiled pink or intense blue shines through a window in the clouds and bright lights spot the river. As the river flows, the

reflections of golden lights and dark masts unsteadily shift their zigzags from side to side, or are interrupted with smears of tiny ripples. Rows of ruddy reflections are spilt by a pleasure-steamer's cabins. A few large stars come out in the clear spaces in the sky: on the river, the growing darkness blots out more outlines until sailing vessels are only seen as dusky extinguishers moving over the lights of the shore. From the bright interior of a public-house, which overlooks the river as well as it can seeing how far below the level of the street it has sunk, comes the laughter of broad riverside character, male and female.

In winter, though, when it is foggy, a ferry that must stand and hoot before it dares cross the river is a cause of cursing when you are in a hurry!

In 1834 hulks for convicts were still standing off Woolwich, and the prisoners were taken off them to work in the dockyards and elsewhere.

After Woolwich, the shores are more rural in character—mostly a flat stretch of grass by the water and behind a faded tapestry of low hills—tree and earth and crops cutting it up into patches of various colours.

At Erith marshes the borderline of Kent is crossed. It begins not very invigoratingly with a flat waste, bordered with allotment gardens and factory chimneys. At Erith there is a long causeway from the river to the street, and here, lounging over the railings, you will find the men who are always to be found looking over a bridge, or where streets are being repaired or wedges driven in. It is so pleasant to see water flow, or ships sail, or

men continuously and rhythmically occupied in hammering or pulling: you get the feeling of movement by sympathy—without the exhausting effect of it. So the anchored barges rise and fall, the little waves slap the shore, boys run down the causeway—and the men at the railings look on.

After Erith the hills are sometimes nearer to the water, and great chunks have been cut out of them where chalk is used for cement works. The white quarries, dabbled over by bushes and grass, make me think of a man's long white beard dipped here and there in thick green soup. Tall chimneys over shed-like buildings smoke busily.

By Northfleet is Huggens' College, which consists of almshouses, founded last century by John Huggens of Sittingbourne for forty decayed tradesmen, their wives, and one female relative: an annuity of £52 is also attached to each residence. The plaster statue of the pious founder is on the top of the brick gateway leading to the houses. He sits looking up, with his coat buttoned, and a big ornamental globe on either side of him over the arch. If he looked to the left he could see the skeletons of anchored sailing ships, and if to the right the tree-clad hills beyond the railway station and church of Northfleet.

During excavations on the chalk hill east of Northfleet football ground an Anglo-Saxon burial-ground was discovered in 1899. With twenty skeletons there were swords, spears, bosses, handles and studs of shields, bronze bowls with embossed rims, beads, glass draughtsmen, an iron axe-head, saucer-brooches, and cinerary urns.

In this part of the river several old black and white wooden ships are anchored and used for training ships—at least they look like wooden ships, but the *Exmouth*, to take one example, is an iron ship painted to look like its wooden predecessor.

Gravesend has the parade with little shelters on it of a seaside place, and it has seaweed on its shores. Tilbury docks are opposite, and great liners can often be seen being towed into the stream.

The eighteenth-century parish church of Gravesend is on the site which has been occupied by several predecessors, the second of which, somewhere about 1520, was the cause of a curious dispute. We are told—

"It was to this church that Bishop Fisher came when he excommunicated the Inhabitants for not ringing the bells, 'for bells in Churches among Christians are for the same use as trumpets anciently were among the Jews, viz., to call the people to prayers'; and in consequence of the Churchwardens of Gravesend having neglected to shew this mark of respect to bishop Fisher, he prohibited the celebration of divine offices in their church. On their pleading that on the day of visitation, not only the Churchwardens, but all the parishioners were summoned to appear before the King's officers, on a commission of array against the Scots and French, the interdict was relaxed: but the prelate at the same time asserted, that the parish had been as remiss at his last triennial visitation; and he admonished them to be in future

more attentive and obedient in their duty concerning the premises, and that he should warn their successors to be alike cautious under penalty of the law for disobedience."

Many great sailors have set sail from Gravesend. Cabot sailed from here in 1516, Frobisher in his ships *Gabriel* and *Michael* in 1576 and 1597, and from here went forth the contingent sent by the merchants of London to oppose the Armada.

ROCHESTER CASTLE.

To face p. 22.

CHAPTER II

THE MOUTH OF THE MEDWAY AND ROCHESTER

WHEN you are free from the mouth of the Thames, another marshy river mouth opens beside you, that of the Medway. Many guides warn the tourist not to expect much from the dingy cities of Rochester and Chatham. I confess I think that if you look at the right parts of them from the right points of view that they are worth seeing: an eye is required as well as a show if you are to enjoy seeing, and behind the eye a rightly tuned organisation. I often like a place at one time and not at another.

Rochester is a very old town—dates back to the Romans, they say. In 884 the Danes attacked it and erected high earthworks in order to overtop the fortifications of the city, and of these, it is said, the remains are still to be seen at Boley Hill by the castle, the hill being, in fact, the stump of their works. Alfred drove them off.

Gundulf, the Bishop, is the great name in the early history of the place. The earliest cathedral had been built by Justus, a companion of St. Augustine, and dedicated to Saint Andrew:

remains of it were found in 1889 under the present west front and the old burial-ground and the road; but in 1080, time and enemies having much damaged the building, Gundulf began to rebuild it. This Gundulf is the author of the terrible curse that Doctor Slop gave Corporal Trim to read. Gundulf repaired the castle after Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, had damaged it when he tried to take it at the time when he was in revolt against William Rufus. Of Gundulf's work probably little remains except the lower part of the nave and the unfinished tower which is to be seen from the gap in the High Street; for no sooner was the work planned by him completed and ready for dedication in 1130 than a fire broke out, which destroyed a large part of the city and of the church.

I have not time to say much about the Cathedral. It is characteristically English in its mixture of styles, the work of distant ages. The nave is Romanesque at the western end, Gothic at the other. At Rochester and Gloucester are probably the earliest pointed arches in England—certain arches in the pier-arcade built between 1115 and 1130 being very old specimens of pointed arches.

In 1215 King John besieged and captured Rochester Castle and plundered the church, so that there was not a pyx left "in which the body of the Lord might rest upon the altar." It was desecrated also by Simon de Montfort, and again, at a later period, by soldiers of the Parliamentary army—General Fairfax's men stabling their horses with their heads towards the choir stalls.

The western doorway is, of course, one of the great glories of the building. Its carved tympanum, filled with Christ, angels, and symbolised apostles, is surmounted by rows of arches, formed of carved stones, each with a design of its own. Stephen and Matilda—the statues are said to represent them—stand on the second pillar on each side of the door. Beyond, on either side of this doorway and the great window above it, are two towers, rising a little above the roof, with tiers of narrow flat arches crossing their square sides.

The whole building is solid in character, with buttresses lying flat on its walls, and the contrast between the sparsely used, deliberately designed ornaments, that catch the light—ornaments such as dog-tooth pattern round the windows—and the accidental roughness of the stone in the main parts of the walls, as well as with the smoothed but uncarved stones at edges of surfaces, is an effective and handsome feature of the Cathedral.

The western front seems to me an illustration to Chateaubriand's remarks on the fronts of cathedrals in his " Génie du Christianisme." " The birds themselves," he says, " seem to mistake the towers and to adopt them as trees of the forest; the little black crows flutter round their heights and perch on their galleries. But suddenly confused sounds escape from the summit of their towers and drive away the frightened birds. The Christian architect, not content with building forests, wished, if I may say so, to build their murmurs; and by means of the organ and the bronze bells, he

attached to the Gothic temple even the sound of winds and of thunder, which rolls in the depths of the forests. The centuries evoked by these religious sounds cause a voice to issue from the stones and every corner of the vast building. The chancel booms like the cave of the ancient Sybil; and whilst the vast bronze bells swing overhead, the crypts of the dead are deep in silence at your feet."

Of course, the materialist and the spiritualist raise their dispute in relation to these Gothic buildings—one holding them mainly as results of certain problems in building with stone and as illustrating the advantages of pointed arches and buttressed walls, and of man's pride in height and in feathery lightness of appearance at the summits of stone buildings: the other sees Christianity embodied; though the castle here would, I suppose, have to be called Gothic as much as the Cathedral, and it is only because houses were largely made of wood in those earlier times and perished quickly that we think of the *churches* only as constituting the architecture of the period. Certainly there are Gothic town halls and houses.

Whatever your opinion is on this, I think cathedrals disprove any idea that may yet exist about the "darkness" of the Dark Ages. They built better than we can; and, for my part, I cannot conceive how they raised such roofs and towers without steam power.

There are a lot of rooks cawing round the Cathedral as their nests sway in the high trees behind a group of old top-forward houses of the

High Street; the trams have not frightened them away. To tell the truth, the trams, and consequent improvements, have not, to my mind, improved the place. The front of "the Bull"—a celebrated coaching inn mentioned in "Pickwick" —now includes a restaurant entry of plated-glass and many little polished wooden framings, quite out of keeping with the long flat frontage, in the centre of which, under the Royal Arms, is the square archway leading to the courtyard and stables, with the entrance to the hotel and the hostler's bell on the left under the arch. The precincts of the Cathedral:—the old corner where from the front of Satis House Richard Watts in stucco sits on a portico looking out at the Cathedral, and just out of sight of a flame-red chimney-pot that contrasts with the grim grey castle's square walls and the grim sky above (it requires a grim sky); Minor Canon Row, with the little platforms over each little door, most of whose houses were built in 1723, though the seventh house for the organist was not built till 1735; the old gates (one of which may now be called "Jasper's Gate); the Vines, and finally Restoration House, on the confines of this ecclesiastical realm, seem now more than ever a place apart among a rising sea of modern dinginess and characterless building.

Mention of Satis House and Watts at once recalls Rochester's connection with Charles Dickens. Dickens transferred the name of Satis House to what is approximately a description of Restoration House (at which Charles II. slept in 1660) in order to house Miss Havisham in "Great Expectations."

One of his short stories takes us to Rochester, and quotes, you will find, the inscription over Richard Watts' Charity (it is the Christmas story of "The Seven Poor Travellers"), which inscription runs as follows :—

> "Richard Watts, Esquire,
> by his Will dated 22nd August, 1579,
> founded this Charity
> for Six Poor Travellers,
> who, not being Rogues or Proctors,
> May receive gratis for one Night
> Lodging, Entertainment,
> and Fourpence each."

Whereto is added (what Dickens could not record, since his story appeared at Christmas, 1854) :—

> "In testimony of his munificence, in honour of his memory, and inducement to his example, the Charitable Trustees of this City and Borough have caused this stone to be renewed and inscribed. A.D. 1865."

The "proctors" were priests or laymen who went about collecting for lepers and bedridden persons, and not legal personages.

The Worshipful Master Richard Watts was appointed by Queen Elizabeth in 1560 to be surveyor and clerk for the building of Upnor Castle; before that he had been paymaster to the Wardens of Rochester Bridge. He represented Rochester in Parliament from 1563 to 1571, and Queen Elizabeth slept at his house at Rochester in 1573. He is buried in the Cathedral, on the walls of which is a monument to his memory,

and by his will were "Six Severall Roomes with Chimneys for the Comfort placeing and abideing of the Poore within the said Citty [of Rochester] to be provided and alsoe to be made apt and convenient places therein for Six good Matrices or Flock Bedds and other good and sufficient Furniture to harbour or lodge in poore Travellers or Wayfareing Men being noe Common Rogues nor Proctors, and they the said Wayfareing Men to harbour and lodge therein noe longer than one Night unlesse Sicknesse be the farther Cause thereof and those poore Folkes there dwelling shall keepe the House sweete make the Bedds see to the Furniture keepe the same sweete and courteously intreate the said poore Travellers and to every of the said poore Travellers att their first comeing in to have fourpence and they shall warme them at the fire of the Residents within the said House if Need be."

The lodging-house Dickens describes "as a clean, white house of a staid and venerable air, with the quaint old door already three times mentioned (an arched door), choice little long low lattice-windows, and a roof of three gables. The silent High-street of Rochester is full of gables, with old beams and timbers carved into strange faces. It is oddly garnished with a queer old clock that projects over the pavement out of a grave red-brick building as if Time carried on business there, and hung out his sign. Sooth to say, he did an active stroke of work in Rochester, in the old days of the Romans, and the Saxons, and the Normans; and down to the times of King John, when the rugged castle—I will not undertake to say how many

hundreds of years old then—was abandoned to the centuries of weather which have so defaced the dark apertures in its walls, that the ruin looks as if the rooks and daws had pecked its eyes out."

When W. B. Rye, author of "Visits to Rochester and Chatham," and of other works contributing to our knowledge of the history of those places, sent his book to Dickens, Dickens replied, "As I peeped about its old corners with interest and wonder when I was a very little child, few people can find a greater charm in that ancient city than I do."

Three of the houses that Dickens lived in are in this neighbourhood. The house (now No. 11) in commonplace Ordnance Terrace, Chatham, where he lived when he was four; 18, St. Mary's Place —as a little group of houses in the Chatham street called the Brook along most of its length is called—a street with houses on one side much raised above the road and some standing sideways —houses of red brick and of match-boarding, some with faded green shutters, others with additional rooms of wood built out of their ground-floors, and, in short, a shabby street of low lodging-houses, full of irregular quaintnesses. And up on Gad's Hill is a house overlooking a desolate valley at which he died. Nowadays the novelists all psychologise more or less, and Dickens's way of depicting a crowd, by their looks and words, is not understood by every one, any more than our niggling anæmics appreciate Swiveller or Micawber—drifting, drinking, with virtues that

come by grace and not by striving, full of queer power of phrase-making, such is the characteristic Dickens character.

Space fails me to say all I should like about Rochester; and Chatham I shall have to leave out altogether. I merely note that in 1381, when Parliament was discontented with the census returns that were sent it in order that a poll-tax might be levied, and sent out a new commission with power to enforce payment from those who had evaded it before, and when the rising known as the Peasants' Revolt was thereby caused, one of the earliest incidents in the conflict was Simon de Burley's carrying off a runaway serf from Gravesend and imprisoning him in Rochester Castle, the knight having asked the impossible sum of £300 from those who wished to save their neighbour by compounding for his freedom. In 1540 Henry VIII. "came very privately to Rochester, where hee tooke the first view" of Anne of Cleves: he brought with him several presents, but (this is according to Stow's account) was so disappointed at her appearance that "hee delivered them unto Sir Anthony Browne to give them unto her, but with as small show of kingly kindnes as might be." Pepys's business brought him to Chatham Docks and to Rochester several times. On October 2, 1665, while his dinner was being got ready at the "Crown," he visited the old castle ruins, "which hath been a noble place, and there going up I did upon the stairs overtake three pretty mayds or women and took them up with me, and I did *baiser sur mouches et toucher*

leurs mains and necks to my great pleasure: but, Lord! to see what a dreadful thing it is to look down the precipices, for it did fright me mightily, and hinder me of much pleasure which I would have made to myself in the company of these three, if had it not been for that."

In ancient times the bridge at Rochester was celebrated. The earliest of the series of bridges had a wooden tower on it: then came a stone bridge with iron balustrades, built about 1392, with a chapel at the end of it—this was blown up in 1857; and the present bridge consists of three ugly iron arches with a railway bridge beside it, the latter shut in by sheets of metal that cut off from foot or rail passengers all the view down the lower Medway, where barges, jetties, cranes, sails, coasting vessels, and hills covered with houses, from which here and there juts out a church steeple, are found. I must admit, though, that there is not a bad view of that kind from Rochester Station: perhaps the station repays what the railway bridge has taken.

CHAPTER III

THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY

THE only way to walk on to the Isle of Sheppey is over the South-Eastern Railway's bridge at King's Ferry. The land on either side of the Channel, called the Swale, is flat and marshy. When Hogarth and his friends crossed, somewhat farther to the north, from the Isle of Greane (which now appears on our maps as the Isle of Grain) his difficulties were greater. The party had refreshed themselves for the water on salt pork, butter, and buns, as Forrest tells us in his famous "Hogarth's Frolic," but when they found the ferrrymen and told them "to Sheerness we now must go," the men replied "No—it blows too hard."

> "Our landlady a scheme propos'd,
> With which we fortunately clos'd—
> Was to the shore to go, and try
> To hail the ships in ordinary,
> So we might get, for no great matter,
> A boat to take us o'er the water,
> We haste, and soon the shore we tread,
> With various kinds of shells bespread.
> And in a little time we spy'd
> A boat approaching on our side;

> The man to take us in agreed,
> But that was difficult indeed,
> Till, holding in each hand an oar,
> He made a kind of bridge to shore,
> O'er which on hands and knees we crawl,
> And, so get safe on board the Yawl."

Before Sheerness is reached Queenborough must be passed through. Its main street is rather quaint—large signs sway before numerous inns—the rich red-brick houses, of a colour that modern bricks cannot achieve, and others of wood, are of various heights—the Town Hall has its upper storey propped on pillars that stand on the pavement. At the end of the street stand the men, who always do stand to look at flowing water. The water is quite like the sea and every kind of craft may be seen rising and falling on the waves. To the right (eastwards) a gay little flower-garden borders the water, and beside this there begins the long sea-wall, which proceeds past marshy fields and Queenborough Railway Pier (where the Flushing boats start) to the Admiralty Pier at Sheerness. One or two factories are seen inland on the way—how strange the white smoke out of their chimneys looks against a dark grey sky. Queenborough was so named in honour of Edward III.'s queen, Philippa—and Lambarde in his "Perambulation of Kent," written 1570, tells us it "was by Edward the third at the first named *Reginae Burgus*, in Latine, that is Queeneboroughe, as we now speake, in English; and not Cuningburgh, as Leland (mistaking it) did for a time misseleade me to thinke. This standeth" (he says) "at the west end of Shepey,

together with the Castle, and was by the same King (as himselfe saieth in his Letters patents, dated the tenth day of May in the forty two yeere of his reigne) builded for the strength of his Realme, and for the refuge of the inhabitants of this Iland." There is, however, very little sign left of the castle, which was near the present railway station. Lambarde makes one remark in connection with his visit to this part which is of some interest in relation to the economic history of this country:—

"Being at this Castle (in the yeere 1579) I found there, one Mathias Falconer (a Brabander) who did (in a furnesse that he had erected) trie and drawe very good Brimstone & Copperas, out of a certain stone that is gathered in great plenty upon the Hoare neare unto Minster in this Ile."

The stone must have been the iron pyrites found at the foot of the cliffs on the north of Sheppey; but the detail is a suggestive illustration of the way in which Walloons, Brabanders, and other aliens taught us the early crafts through which England gradually changed its character and ceased to be an agricultural and wool-exporting country as it developed crafts and later manufactures.

The sea-wall from Queenborough ends at Sheerness Admiralty Pier, on the other side of which the high walls of part of the dockyard keep the ordinary public from the water-side. Until this pier was built in 1835 passengers arriving by water had to walk up a long causeway, which, when the tide was out, was covered with mud. In Turmine's "Rambles in the Island of Sheppey," published in 1843, the author, digressing from his work of

guiding the physical steps of his readers, gives guidance to their moral needs, while contemplating this disused, "wretchedly inconvenient" causeway, in the following manner:—

"Can we not fancy an exquisite from Bond Street, beautifully bedecked, eyeing through his glass a causeway, glistening in muddy moisture; how cold his shudder at the aspect of *terra firma*—how great his horror at the almost certain probability of measuring his length if he trod as daintily there as in the regions of his own pride and folly—or a young lady, fashioned superficially, both internal and external: it will not bear consideration. If it were in like condition now in 1843, it would be a still great evil; for, alas! there are too many of our English *men* and English fair ones, who, with longer pockets than heads, ape manners most preposterous and disgusting, rendering themselves the objects, not as they may fancy, of admiration, but of laughter."

Sheerness straggles along the water-side for some distance, the dockyard occupying the shore for some time after the pier is passed. The long street which succeeds is the main street of what is known as Blue Town—it is well furnished with lodging-houses intended for "sailors' homes," though most announce that they are open to the public except on Sundays, and it contains many timber houses, which resemble many to be found in the sailors' quarters of Whitstable and Folkestone. The long sea-wall of Sheerness-on-Sea now begins, and for the first time the coast faces the open sea, with no hint of an opposite shore. If

the weather is rough, the waves wash over the wall, and this is perhaps why so many of the houses are placed with their backs to the sea. On a windy day, for any one who likes to see a rough sea and to enjoy a blow, the wall offers attractions —the convulsive swells of the waves, fathomless, incalculable, the occasional lines of curling foam reflected in the indescribable dark green of the waters, the veins of light on the waters below cracks in the clouds, are before you.

> "Sea of stretch'd ground-swells!
> Sea breathing broad and convulsive breaths!
> Sea of the brine of life! sea of unshovell'd yet always ready graves!
> Howler and scooper of storms! capricious and dainty sea.
> I am integral with you—I too am of one phase and of all phases."

So chants Whitman of the sea in one of those passages where "he speaks as though he must not as though he ought" as the poet of American democracy, and in which, it seems to me, he justifies himself to those who scoff at the cataloguings and incoherencies of some of his work.

In 1667 when the Dutch fleet, sixty vessels strong, sailed up the Thames to Gravesend they took Sheerness on the way. Charles II. had mounted a small fort of twelve guns on the marshes, which then covered this part of the island, and had proposed to erect a fort at his own charge. He had himself made two journeys there during the preceding winter and seen the

work begun by his engineer, Sir Martin Beckman. Little, however, had been done when the Dutch appeared: the river Medway was in a most defenceless state; they soon conquered the fort at Sheerness, although Sir Edward Spragg defended it bravely. To check their further progress, several vessels were sunk about the Muscle Bank, which is the narrowest part of the Medway, and a strong chain was fixed across it, but the Dutch, having the advantage of a strong spring tide and an easterly wind, pressed on and cut the chain. The Duke of Albemarle was unable to stop them; they burnt three guard-ships and damaged other vessels; then they retired, taking with them the hull of the *Royal Charles*, which was twice set on fire by them and as often extinguished by the enemy. After going down the Medway they entered the Thames and pushed up to Tilbury Fort.

One of the first places where insubordination occurred, in 1797, when the "mutiny at the Nore" broke out, was Sheerness. On May 10th, while Admiral Howe was quelling the mutiny at St. Helen's, another broke out at Sheerness, and it was soon evident that the new mutiny was more of a political character and less concerned with questions of pensions and rations than the earlier one had been. The mutineers chose a bold and educated sailor named Parker for their admiral. Under his order they sailed to the Nore and, partly by persuasion, partly by force, all the men-of-war in the Nore and the Medway were brought into the conspiracy.

At the farther end of Sheerness there is another little pier, used for fishing purposes, and then the coast turns, and at the end of a flat stretch a heave of country comes down to the sea, and the first of the rust-red promontories of Sheppey's cliffs is before you. The church seen a little inland—one of that kind of grey church with a solid tower of which Kent has many examples—is the Church of Minster, and near to it are the walls of the nunnery founded between the years 664 and 673 by Sexburga, one of the daughters of Annas, King of East Anglia and widow of Ercambert, King of Kent.

Geologists will note that although the main part of Sheppey is formed of London clay—furnishing cliffs of that "autochthonous red earth" to which Chesterton referred in his book on Watts—between Minster and Eastchurch there is a layer of what is believed to be part of the Lower Bagshot Beds of Surrey. Everywhere else in Kent these have been denuded away.

The coast path is once or twice somewhat indistinctly represented through gaps in hedges. Warden Point is a fine headland — I saw it recently as a faded green headland with rust-red edges presented to a pearly sea—woods of a heavier green curled over its summit—the sky above held a dark cloud with a silver base. The cliffs diminish on the farther side, and the sea is bordered by a beach of shells and an embankment on the other side of which is a swamp of richly coloured dull-green grasses between which are pools reflecting the grass stalks and the grey sky. The beach of shells continues to Shellness Point.

When the sea goes out it leaves a wide stretch of shallow water on the sands, and a bright busy sky is reflected cheerfully into the shallows below.

The terminus of the light railway from Queenborough is between Warden Point and Shellness Point at Leysdown. Here I would advise pedestrians to turn a few steps inland and refresh themselves at the "Rose and Crown." For the coast of Sheppy is not over supplied with places of refreshment. Moreover, there is only one way off the island at its eastern end—at Harty Ferry. It is possible to walk round the island from Shellness Point to the ferry, up the Swale, a rather dreary half-salt passage of for the most part about three-quarters of a mile wide; but the path is indistinct and may be marshy, and perhaps you would do better to keep to the road. But if you do so, note that the road onwards from Leysdown leads on to nowhere, and to reach Harty you will have to go *back* from Leysdown to Harty Road Station, where you turn to the left: it is about six miles from Leysdown to Harty Ferry by road.

Leysdown consists of an abandoned boarding-house, "Sea View," which still asks on a notice-board for lodgers, though it is locked up, unfurnished, and deserted, a railway station, the inn, and about three coast-guard houses near the sea, so you will not expect the inn to provide French cooking. Still its charges are proportionately low, so that I ate a meat tea, supper, and breakfast, and went to bed there for 3s. 2d.

Sheppey has long been famed for the fossils

found in its London clay. Turmine, from whose guide of 1843 I quoted before, tells that—

"In the year 1750, Mr. Jacob, of Faversham, discovered in this parish [Leysdown] the *acetabulum* of an elephant, sticking in the clay, which was partly washed away from the cliff; and at the same time other parts of one—as one of the spinal *vertebræ*, a thigh bone four feet long, and numerous other fragments, too rotten to be taken up entire. Some time after which, on a further search, he found an elephant's tusk, and as it lay entire, to appearance, took its dimensions, which were in length eight feet, and in circumference in the middle twelve inches; but it fell to pieces in endeavouring to raise it."

The London Clay of Sheppey has furnished practically all our information about the birds of England in the early part of the Eocene period. No less than six genera and species of extinct birds have been established on evidence supplied by it, five of which are noticed in the British Museum "Catalogue of Fossil Birds." The London Clay in Sheppey has also furnished other remains of great interest, such as the huge *Eosphargas gigas* at the British Museum (a leathery turtle with a scull 13 inches in diameter), and two species of terrapin.

An important hoard of implements belonging to the Bronze Age, which Sir John Evans in his "Bronze Implements" describes as "the stock-in-trade of an ancient bronze founder," was discovered in the Isle of Harty. The hoard consisted of celt moulds and a gouge-mould as well as of

celts, gouges, hammers, knives, &c., and the great importance of the discovery arises from the indications it gives as to the method adopted in casting bronze. The five celts found with the mould differ from one another, and it is argued that these discrepancies in the castings made from one mould are either due to the use of a loam or clay core which was liable to shift its position or to a thin coat of marl placed in the mould to prevent the metal from sticking to it.

Harty, I may say, was once a real Isle, but is now separated from the rest of Sheppey only by a ditch.

The road to Harty undulates; the cliffs at Warden Point are to your right as you go back from Leysdown; a sombre green headland with a wooded summit and a rust-red edge by the grey sea—so did it appear to me as I set out early—a white-washed farm with a red-tiled roof and a yellow haystack formed a group set up between me and the headland, and the heavy clouds, rimmed below with silver, cast shadows on the fields with their sheep and cattle. The isle is called Sheppey, it is said, because of its many sheep. The road goes near to the Swale—you see sails of barges rising out of the fields—and then turns and keeps inland, disappointing you, if it is new to you and you are impatient to cross. A boy with sheep going the opposite way to two men with cows was occasioning some difficulty on the narrow road as I passed. At last the Ferry Inn, a one-storied pale building, with a roof made green by lichen, overlooking the wide water, a mile across at high

tide, of a brown colour. "The man will be down directly," said the landlady. He was an old hand at the oar, and I crossed without the experiences of Mr. Polly's passenger, who (if you remember "The History of Mr. Polly," by Wells) punting for the first time conveyed his passenger "tortuously into the midst of a thicket of forget-me-not spangled sedges, splashed some water-weed over him, hit him twice with the punt pole, and finally landed him, alarmed but abusive, in treacherous soil at the edge of a hay meadow about forty miles down stream, where he immediately got into difficulties with a noisy, aggressive little white dog, which was guarding a jacket." Mr. Polly charged him nothing—he never thought of it.

A large cloud collected over the inn behind us, and there was a coppery light below the cloud and a cool wind blew, and I talked to the ferryman about the deterioration of our summers. He set me down at the causeway on the rather dreary-looking shore of the Swale by the side of Faversham creek.

CHAPTER IV

FAVERSHAM

My first idea when I landed was lunch, so I went ahead on the Faversham road, seeing that, on the coast, there would be nowhere to eat till Whitstable. As I entered Oare a traction engine with some trucks behind it filled almost the whole breadth of the upward sloping village street. In gaps to the left the houses looked over meadows and brightly painted barges in the creek to the trees and grass of the hills on the opposite side of the valley. I have seldom seen English villages situated like this along the top of one side of a valley looking out on an unoccupied opposite hill; in Brittany, when I walked across from St. Malo to Concarneau and along the coast from St. Malo past Trèguier, I met with many so situated. Oare as well as Faversham manufactures gunpowder.

Faversham is an old rambling place with red-brick or half-timbered houses—mediævally top-forward, many of them—and an old town hall with a neat cupola. It is a very ancient place, but best known because an Elizabethan wrote "Arden of Feversham" (so he spelt it), immortalising a

murder sensation of his day. Faversham creek is navigable up to the town for vessels of two hundred tons. The town imports timber and coal, exports hops and produce. The principal industry is oyster fishing. But let me not forget to mention that it brews excellent ale.

Drinks are never so good as in the places of their origin. It is a fact that in nearly all cases beers and wines that are to travel far have to be made differently from those that are to be consumed at home. I seldom—I must confess it—ask for *Faversham* ale in foreign parts such as London and Dover, so do not know how far its flavour at home differs from what it is to strangers; but with lager outside Germany, Guinness outside Ireland, cider outside Devon or Brittany, and wines outside France, the Rhine, Italy, and (so far as I can hear) Australia, the case is notorious. The house-wife, I hear, has a prejudice against New Zealand mutton, and that never can be made in two qualities, one for export and one for New Zealand; far better founded must the prejudice be—so far as I can reason it out—against the *drinks* of foreign lands.

Each land, almost every county, has its own colours and atmosphere, as painters, doctors, naturalists, and agriculturists know. Kent to me is a land of red. The red Kentish ale, the rich red of the conical tops surmounted by divergent funnels of the old oast-houses (as the hop-kilns are called)—different in colour from the cruder red of bricks made recently—the red-tiled roofs of villages beneath trees, red labels lettered with

"Rigden's Ales" at the top of inn walls, a red sail in a grey world with a line of green light on the sea below where a single bag of silver cloud shines out, red clay cliffs—these to me are Kentish notes. Kent is subjected to the English atmosphere and weathering power: its red is dulled to richness and mingled with other colours.

The anonymous play, "Arden of Faversham," the excellence of which has caused it to be attributed by some, including Swinburne, to Shakespeare, comes to mind at once in connection with Faversham. A Faversham antiquarian, Edward Jacob, seems to have been the first to put forward the supposition that this play was Shakespeare's work, done earlier than any of his remaining works. "The very name of *Arden*," he submits, "from which family he descended by the Female Line, might probably stimulate him to try his early Powers, on the Subject of this shocking Murder, so largely described by *Hollingshed*." Jacob's main argument is the familiar one of "parallel Places of this play and *Shakespeare's* known productions," which he proceeds to search out in the usual mechanical way. He begins his statement of them like this:—

"Arden, Page 6. Ile send from London such a taunting letter.

"As you like it, Act III. Sc. II. I will write to him such a taunting letter."

The tale of the tragedy is sordid enough. It is based on the murder of Arden that actually took place in 1550. As the Rev. Ronald Bayne, in his

Introduction to the edition of the play in the Temple Dramatists, says:—

"A picturesque and sensational murder in the sixteenth century was given to the public first in popular ballads or pamphlets, and afterwards, if sufficiently notable, in the more serious Chronicle. From the popular pamphlet, or from the Chronicle, or from both together, it found its way on to the stage. Four of these 'murder-plays' have come down to us, and the titles of many others. They form a minor section of the Chronicle plays or Histories. They did not attain any very striking literary development, owing perhaps to the necessary bondage of the poet in his facts. *Arden of Faversham* is a remarkable instance of the possibilities of this class of play, but it is to be noted that the poet used the narrative of a Chronicler (Holinshed) who wrote twenty-seven years after the date of the murder."

The full history of the events is as follows:—

Alice, wife of Arden of Faversham (who by letters patent from the king holds the Abbey lands of Faversham), determines to kill her husband, who is jealous because of her notorious love for Mosbie, a low-born man, once a jobbing tailor—"botcher" is the old word in the play—now risen in the world and become steward to a nobleman. This Mosbie is a cowardly mean villain—Alice Arden, on the other hand, has undaunted strength of character and unfailing ingenuity in finding fresh means to her end. The villains hired to do the deed are thwarted often—one is hurt in a London street just as Arden

passes, a fog comes on at Harty and hides Arden from them, he meets Lord Cheiny and is protected by his company just where they are waiting to fall on him. When Mosbie and Alice provoke Arden so that Mosbie and Arden fight and the two hired men, who are in hiding near, come in to take part in the fighting, they fail to kill him, and Mosbie himself is wounded in the arm. Swinburne much admires the passage where Alice and Mosbie first speak together after this :—

Alice. Ah, sirs, had he yesternight been slain,
For every drop of his detested blood
I would have crammed in angels in thy fist
And kissed thee, too, and hugged thee in my arms.

Will. (*one of the hired murderers*).
Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.
Greene and we two will drag him through the fair
And stab him in the crowd and steal away.

Here comes Mosbie.

Alice. It is impossible, but here comes he
That will, I hope, invent some surer means.
Sweet Mosbie, hide thy arm, it kills my heart.

Mosbie. *Ay, Mistress Arden, this is your favour.*

Alice. Ah, say not so ; for when I saw thee hurt,
I could have taken the weapon thou let'st fall,
And run at Arden ; for I have sworn
That these mine eyes, offended with his sight,
Shall never close till Arden's be shut up.
This night I rose and walked about the chamber,
And twice or thrice I thought to have murdered
him."

Swinburne says in his "Study of Shakespeare": "Even the wonderful touch of dastardly brutality and pitiful self-pity with which Mosbie at once receives and repels the condolence of his mistress on his wound—

Alice. Sweet Mosbie, hide thine arm, it kills my heart.
Mosbie. *Ay, Mistress Arden, this is your favour—*

even this does not make unendurable the scenic representation of what in actual life would be unendurable for any man to witness."

The murder ultimately takes place in Arden's house—one ruffian holds him down with a towel while the others stab him: the body is dragged to the orchard: the marks in the snow and the rushes in his slipper prove that he was killed indoors and his wife confesses: five are punished for the crime—Mistress Arden's sentence being that she must be burnt in Canterbury.

This is the tale which has chanced to make the name of Faversham familiar to our ears.

The town was formerly of greater importance than it is to-day, because the way from Dover by Watling Street first touched an inlet of navigable water near its creek. Hasted, writing his History of Kent in 1782, illustrates its changed position:—

"The several Kings and Queens of this realm, and other royal personages, seem frequently to have rested themselves at this town in their journeying to and fro, particularly *Mary*, widow of *Lewis XII.*, *King of France*, and sister of

K. Henry VIII., on her return from that Kingdom in 1515. K. Henry VIII., in 1522, passed thro' here with the *Emperor*, whom he was conducting, with a numerous train of nobles and others, to *Greenwich*, and that King lay here one night on his journey to the siege of *Bullein*, in 1545. K. Philip and Q. Mary passed by this town 1557. Q. Elizabeth came here in 1573, and lay two nights in the town. K. Charles II., on his restoration in 1660, visited this town, and dined with the Mayor; and lastly, that unfortunate monarch K. James II., was unwillingly brought to this town on *Wednesday*, Dec. 12, 1688, endeavouring to escape into *France*."

The town was long under the mixed jurisdiction of the Abbot of Faversham and the aforesaid Mayor *or* Alderman, and twelve Jurats.

"However unwilling the inhabitants were to submit to the *Abbat's* exercising these priveleges over them," says Hasted, "and interfering in the government of their town, their endeavours to oppose it produced no other effect than continual quarrels, and a bitter enmity towards the religious, who, notwithstanding the contumelies they underwent, remained firm in the preservation of their rights.

"In the reign of K. Richard I., they obliged the inhabitants to compound with them for the liberty of sending their swine to pannage, and in the next reign of K. Edward III., there was a long contest, *multis retroactis temporibus*, saith the record, between them, which ended in favour of *the Abbat;* for by it, the townsmen submitted

to nominate annually three persons out of their body, to execute the office of Mayor, and present them to the *Lord Abbat* in his court or tell of plans, for him to appoint one of them to that office.

"One great dispute between them seems to have been, the naming their chief officer, *Mayor;* for in an agreement made between the contending parties, in K. Richard I.'s reign, that part which was executed by the *Abbat* styles him only *Alderman:* and in another dispute, left to reference in K. Edward I.'s reign, the bond of each party still remaining, that on *the Abbat's* part styles him *Alderman*, while that on the townsmen's styles him *Mayor*."

Pannage—in case there is any one who does not know more than I did till I looked it up—pannage is the old word for the mast of the oak and beech which swine feed on in the woods.

The remains of the abbey now to be seen are but slight. It was one of the many monastic institutions on which "the storm of dissolution" fell in 1539, when many "Abbats, etc., of divers Monasteries, Abbathies, etc., of their own free and voluntary minds, without constraint or compulsion of any manner of person," gave their property to the king, Henry VIII., his heirs and successors for ever. John Lewis, writing in 1727 "His History and Antiquities of the Abbey and Church of Faversham in Kent,' says, "This surrender, however, the Abbat was induced at last to make *without constraint*, it seems at first,

was far from being agreeable to him," though the writer, hostile to all claims of the older Church, proceeds to find every excuse for the king's interference with "vested interests" and to relate how the abbot and monks, "who were incapable of getting their living elsewhere," that they "might not be turned out a-starving without anything to subsist on," were given pensions. "The Grant [of the Annuity] . . . takes notice that he had been Abbat of this Abbey *long before* the dissolution: and by his succeeding *Walter Goore* it appears that he had been Abbat forty Years, so it's likely he could not be less than seventy or eighty years old when he surrendered his Abby. However this be, the ancient name of *Castelock* continued with credit and eminency in the Town of *Faversham* till lately it expired by the Death of *John Castelock* Grandson to *John* son of *William* brother to *John* the abbat, whose monuments are to be seen in the parish Church."

When the railway was being made an Anglo-Saxon cemetery was found near Faversham. A fine collection of relics buried in the graves was obtained and presented to the nation, and are now in the museum at South Kensington (Gibbs Collection). Among the relics were gold buckles and pottery vases, gilt bronze horse-trappings, swords and spear-heads from the graves of men, and beads from the graves of women. One of the bowls contains hazel-huts—this and similar cases occurring elsewhere supports the view that food was placed in the graves—that the essence

of it might be eaten by the souls in the underworld, we may conjecture.

Though the information is not of great interest in itself to us, what Hasted says in 1782 as to the charter granted to the town by Henry VIII. gives us a flavour of past days and of mediæval institutions yet unreformed in the eighteenth century:—

"By this charter, the corporation is made to consist of a *Mayor*, 11 *Jurats*, and 24 *Commoners;* the *Mayor* being elected yearly on Sept. 30th, who by his office is *Coroner* within the liberties of the town; he holds likewise a *Court of Clerk of the Market*, and a *Court of Pie Powder*, when requisite; he holds a *Court of Portmote*, in which *fines and recoveries* have been acknowledged, and all pleas and suits touching the same; and all manner of pleas and suits, as well personal as mixed, have been therein determined, and much business used formerly to be transacted in it, but lately it has been but little attended to.

"The Court of *General Sessions* of the Peace and Goal Delivery, together with the *Court Leet* or *Law Day*, is holden *twice in the year*."

The court of summary jurisdiction, held pied poudré, to settle disputes with foreigners from other towns who came to fairs and markets, was a quaint survival in 1782. The unsentimental reformers of the Blackstone period ruthlessly swept away many such survivals—this (for all I know—I do not say it was so) among them.

To a romantic mind the business of being king

seems more attractive where there is any possibility of a successful revolution than where royalty is a routine business. Even quite recently King Manoel of Portugal fled in a boat. James II. could not get away as easily. He left Whitehall between two and three in the morning of December 11th, took a hackney-coach to Millbank, and from there he crossed to Vauxhall, and then by carriage proceeded to Sheerness; from Sheerness he travelled in a custom-house hoy, but only to be ignominiously captured by fifty or sixty Faversham oyster-dredgers, who robbed him of his watch, chain, and money, took him up the brackish, dreary Swale, and brought him prisoner to the Mayor of Faversham. A few days after Life-Guards released him, and it was probably with the willing consent of William that he ultimately sailed from Rochester to Ambleteuse.

From Faversham, if it is desired to keep by the water, the way back to the Swale will be taken and onwards to the sea-coast and Whitstable. But the high-road goes past hop-fields and a wooded country and is of interest, whereas the flats round the Swale will not be found by most to be attractive. Much fruit is grown in the neighbourhood of Faversham. The growers complain when the crops are plentiful and prices low, for just as restaurateurs and diners are at war, investors and company constructors, money-lenders and impecunious persons, so the interests of fruit-growers and fruit-eaters do not coincide. The road to the sea comes by an inn to the shore, and proceeds between marshes bounded

in the distance by grey hills and the sea-wall which separates it from the beach. The marsh is picturesque, to my mind, but has not the treasures for naturalists that the more deserted and larger district of Romney Marshes has.

CHAPTER V

WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, AND RECULVER

When you look down into the shallow waters where the oysters live in front of Whitstable, you look on that which beyond doubt is of the greatest interest in connecting the present with the past. Cæsar or Saint Augustine landed, but the learned may not be entirely in agreement about the place where they set foot to land and, in any case, the drying of lands or the alteration of sea-levels may have changed the aspects of the spot; or, it may be held, the minds of Cæsar or Augustine were little occupied with the scenery when they came that way, and you will find little of their life in the grasses and waves before you. But the oysters—the Romans knew the oysters of England, and no doubt it was the Britons who led them to the spot. Cæsar speaks of the kindness of the Kentish men: probably the kindness was shown in this, that they brought him to their oyster-beds. And the oysters are still here as they were when the Romans saw them. In all books of travel the oysters are *the* thing in Whitstable. Leland in his "Itinerary'

MARSHES WEST OF WHITSTABLE.

To face p. 56.

(written about 1540) says, "Witstaple is upward ynto Kent a ii myles, or more, beyond Feversham on the same shore a great fissher towne of one paroche longging to Playsze (Pheshey) college yn Essex, and yt stondeth on the se shore. Ther abowt they dregge for oysters."

The town is a medley of various kinds of streets —there are prim red villas and narrow alleys between tarred or brown plank houses (each plank sloping a little, and nailed on the one below in that kind of sailor-house architecture of which more will be seen in Folkestone's old quarters near the harbour)—wooden stair-ways against the outer walls—open spaces with seats looking on the harbour—blank wall and public-houses shutting off parts of the harbour open only to those on business—water inland on a waste space—shanties with ginger-bread stalls and tea-places for excursionists on a shabby part of the front—a trim green on a little cliff, and hotels, most fashionable in style.

When the sun sets over the muddy reaches of the harbour, the reflections sometimes yield good effects. I have seen there a sunset like one in one of Turner's best known pictures—the red rim of the sun over the top of a grey cloud, and below one line of red near the horizon and then a long space of crinkled grey sea, and a red spot on the smooth shallow near the land and the weedy stones. My scene had a lot of oyster dredgers on their sides spread over the bay. Turner's has not.

A sandy causeway, called the "street," runs

into the sea from the eastern (or Tankerton) end of Whitstable, and it is at the end of this that the Roman relics have been found that prove that the Romans came here, even if there is no mention of this place known in their books. "British oysters" were the caviare of the Roman epicure. Bernard Shaw may have reported Cæsar's conversation at Cleopatra's dinner quite correctly, where the play of "Cæsar and Cleopatra," Act IV., contains the following passage:—

THE MAJOR-DOMO (*at Cæsar's elbow*). What shall we serve to whet Cæsar's appetite?

CÆSAR. What have you got?

THE MAJOR-DOMO. Sea hedgehogs, black and white sea-acorns, sea-nettles, becca ficoes, purple shell-fish——

CÆSAR. Any oysters?

THE MAJOR-DOMO. Assuredly.

CÆSAR. *British* oysters?

THE MAJOR-DOMO (*assenting*). British oysters, Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Oysters, then. (*The* MAJOR-DOMO *signs to a slave at each order, and the slave goes out to execute it.*) I have been in Britain—that Western land of romance—the last piece of earth on the edge of the ocean that surrounds the world. I went there in search of its famous pearls. The British pearl was a fable; but in searching for it I found the British oyster.

APPOLODORUS. All posterity will bless you for it. (*To the* MAJOR-DOMO.) Sea hedgehogs for me.

The Kentish oyster is mentioned in many places as a well-known comestible: thus in Nash's "Unfortunate Traveller" we read of "a bursten belly inkhorne orator called *Vanderhulke*, they pickt out to present him with an oration, one that had a

sulpherous big swolne large face, like a Saracen, eies like two Kentish oysters, a mouth that opened as wide everie time hee spake, as one of those olde knit trap doores, a beard as though it had bin made of a birds neast pluckt in peeces, which consisteth of strawe, haire, and durt mixt together." Here we see the "Kentish oysters" figuring in this highly coloured Tudor portrait of a man.

The oyster is more prolific in Essex, but more palatable in Whitstable: hence oysters are often transferred from Essex flats to Whitstable to fatten. Colchester smacks often dredge on Kentish flats, deliver their catches at Whitstable, and shelter on their way back in the Swale. The freshets which flow from the marshes between Whitstable and Faversham seem to be the influence which renders the spot so healthy for oysters. There is not an excess of fresh water such as causes them to grow too fast and to be unhealthy. The sea is shallow enough to be easily warmed by the sun, and the sea-bed has clean matter free from slime, to which the "spat" can adhere. The Whitstable native is the hardiest of oysters. Its shell is hard, symmetrical, and pearly, and without the rim of chalk inside which its commoner fellow-creatures have.

The Whitstable yawl is clinker-built, with overhanging counter, of from ten to twenty-five tons burden; it is cutter-rigged, with a boomed mainsail, a topsail, foresail and jib, and without the mizzenmast and sail which complete the yawl rig. The yawls work square with the tide, since if they

worked against it in any wind their light dredges would not remain on the ground.

Whitstable is one of the many places the name or situation of which has been explained in folk-lore by a legend intended to give information about something which the informants knew nothing about. The Devil, it is said, was not fond of Canterbury, a town of prayer and holy song, and found a chance for the gratification of his spite when on a saint's day the devotions were less than they should have been. He picked up parts of the city, carried them to the coast, and dropped them down, higgledy-piggledy, where Whitstable now is, some on the cliff, some in a hollow, some of the houses with their backs to the sea, some the other way round, some in the water. So were things explained before dictionaries and scientific histories and comparative anthropology had spread our modern sceptical spirit, with its "higher criticisms" and its probable origins and evolutions of myths; we, with our modern, rigid distinction between fiction and what is meant for serious fact, have difficulty in understanding the spirit of those earlier days, when the line between truth and fable was less clearly drawn than it is in these matter-of-fact times.

The Whitstable to Canterbury railway, opened May 3, 1830, was one of the earliest in the kingdom.

From the Tankerton end of Whitstable the pier at Herne Bay is visible. The road does not keep continuously by the sea, but goes only a little way inland to the village of Swalecliffe, and then turns seawards.

Herne Bay dates back to 1830. The building of the pier, in 1833, seems thus far to have been the event in its history. William Camden's "Steamboat Pocket-Book: a Guide from London Bridge to . . . Ramsgate," an undated book in which the pier is "a new pier," says: "The want of a church here is much felt, the residents having to walk upwards of two miles to attend public worship." Evidently they went to Herne, inland, Ridley's first cure. There are churches and chapels now.

A breezy walk with pleasant views of sea and windmill and fields leads from Herne Bay to Reculvers, properly called Reculver, the "s" having crept in erroneously. Here stands the rock-like flint front of the old church, the body of which, as well as the main part of the village to which it belonged, has been devoured by the sea and by a sacrilegious parson and parishioners. As in other parts of Kent, the coast here has often shifted. Leland, at about 1540, said, "Reculver is now scarce half a mile from the sea. But it is to be supposed that yn times paste the se cam hard to it." In 1806 its misfortunes grew greater, as the parish clerk recorded in his records:—

"1805 Reculver Church and Village stood in safety; 1806 the sea began to make a little incroach on the willage; 1807 the farmers began to take up the sea-side stone work and sold it to the Margate Pier Company for a foundation for the new pier, and the timber by action, as it was good oak fit for their hoame use, and then the village became a total rack to the mercy of the sea."

"October 13, 1802, the Chapel house fell down. . . .

This been all dun and spread abroad, the people came from all parts to see the ruines of village and the church. Mr. C. C. nailor been the Vicar of the parish, his mother fancied that the church was keep for a poppet show, and she persuaded her son to take it down, so he took it in consideration and named it to the farmers in the parish about taking it down; sum was for it and sum against it, then Mr. nailor wrote to the Bishop to know if he might have the Church took down, and is answer was it must be dun by a majority of the people in the parish, so hafter a long time he got a majority of one, so down come the Church."

Two Roman columns in the church were sold to a farmer for stone rollers. These have now been set up in the Cathedral Close at Canterbury. The Vicarage was converted into the Hoy and Anchor Inn by William Gurney, whose former premises had been consumed by the waves. The old "Hoy and Anchor" sign is now in the Herne Bay Club.

The church front, two solid towers and a gable between, below which is the Norman doorway, with dog-tooth ornament round, looks from the edge of the cliff to the sea. A stone let into its front records: "These towers, the remains of the once venerable church of Reculver, were purchased of the parish by the Corporation of Trinity House, of Deptford Strond, in the year 1810, and groins laid down at their expense to protect the cliff on which the church had stood. When the ancient spires were afterwards blown down the present

RECULVERS.

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substitutes were erected to render the towers sufficiently conspicuous to be useful for navigation." The "substitutes" are metal scaffolding-like pyramids on the top of the square towers.

To this church Ethelbert is said to have retired, and here, it is said, he died and was buried.

The church has always been a landmark for sailors, and the tale of the Twin Sisters relates that it was built by the Abbess of Davington, who with her sister was wrecked here while travelling to fulfil a vow. The abbess was saved: her sister drowned. To commemorate her sister's memory and express gratitude for her own safety, as well as to guide others at sea, the abbess had the two-towered church built here.

Thomas Ingoldsby (or the Rev. S. P. Barham) made a few alterations in the story, with a poet's license, in composing his "Brothers of Birchington."

He turned the sisters into brothers: made one a saint (or beauty) the other a snob or *mauvais sujet* (or beast), brought the devil into it, anxious for his due; sent the devil's bailiffs to fetch the man: they took the wrong brother—the knight, not the prior—so that for *him* search was made:—

"They examined his cell, They peep'd down the well;
They went up the tow'r and looked into the bell;
They dragg'd the great fish-pond, the little one tried,
But found nothing at all, save some carp—which they fried."

St. Thomas à Becket is also in the tale, and infamously cheats the poor devil.

The twin *brothers* in this tale erect the "twin towers."

"To warn mariners off from the Columbine sand,
And many a poor man have Robert and Dick
By their vow caused to 'scape, like themselves, from poor Nick."

Beyond the church ruin are a few ivy-clad red houses near the edge of the cliff and then the remains of the Roman fort. An account of nearly all we know of this is given in a quaint old book, "The History of the Roman Forts in Kent," by William Somner, dated 1693:—

"That the Romans having once the supreme command in Britain, had their *Forts* as well as their *Ports* in Kent, is evident enough by that *Notitia Imperii Occidentalis*, that Roman Office-Book set out by *Poncirollus*, where we find the names of *Dubris*, *Lemaniss*, *Anderida*, *Rutupis*, and *Regulbium*, under that notion. All which are Antiquaries generally agree to be Kentish Roman garrisons or stations. *Gildas*, followed by Venerable *Bede*, hath respect hither in that passage of his Epistle, where giving an account of the Roman's care to provide against the invasions and infestations of such Barbarians and Saxons, as annoyed this maritime tract, he saith, In littore quoque *Oceani ad meridiem* &c., *i.e.* On the Southern coast of Brittain, where the ships were, because they from thence the Barbarians would make their in-rodes, they placed Towers [watch-towers], at convenient distances, to take from them a prospect of the Ocean.

"I shall begin with the last, *Regulbium.* Hereof in that Book of Notices, where the Lieutenant of the Saxon shore (whose office it was with those garrisons to repress the in-rodes and depredations of the Rovers) with such as are under his command, is spoken of, we read, that the *Tribunus cohortis* &c. The Captain of the Primier band of the *Vetasians* lay here in garrison. Now to prove that by this name *Regulbium*, what we now call *Reculver* is intended and to be understood, will be no hard task. For first, that so it was is the common and received opinion and verdict of the whole College of our *English* antiquaries; and that reason of Mr. *Camden* rendered for his conjecture, is very plausible and satisfactory; *the often digging and turning up there of Roman Coins;* which of my certain knowledge is to this day very true and usual, who have been owner of many, as I am still of some, pieces of old Roman coin had from hence.

"The Roman tile or brick here also found, some in buildings, others by the clift-side, where the sea hath wash'd and eaten away the earth . . . give like evidence. . . ."

The sea has indeed eaten the northern wall of the fort and now removed much of the western. On the other hand, the flat land between Reculvers and Birchington has been recovered from the sea. It was here that the Wantsume flowed, a sea-inlet, a mile in width at the north and four times as much below. Before the Romans left Britain it had begun to dry up owing to alluvial deposits. The marshes were gradually drained,

and this also diminished the amount of water it received. Bede in the eighth century said that where its most important ferry crossed, it was less than seven hundred yards wide. In 1485 it was a narrow stream crossed by a bridge. To-day the coast path on a sea-wall passes the marshes without suspicion of a longitudinal break in the land. Some rare plants are to be found in this flat district, such as the warted spurge and the dwarf orchis. The sea-wall with marshes bordered by sedges, osiers, and rushes crosses what once was a broad channel from Reculvers to Sandwich, and "where whole fleets sailed majestically through, now no trace is left to show where the river flowed."

At Birchington the chalk cliffs of Thanet begin. The main part of the village is a little inland, away from the sea-front. In this old square there are old red-brick houses, with those curved sky-lines (more or less bracket-shaped ⏞) which I think of as Flemish, perhaps wrongly, because I have seen many such façades in the old towns of Belgium. It is, however, quite possible that these façades which are to be seen in several places in Kent were really introduced by the numerous Flemings and Walloons who settled in this part when the vexatious regulations of the gilds in the towns of the Low Countries and later religious persecutions made them flee to England, where they were as a rule little welcomed by the people among whom they settled, but were encouraged by many of the English kings, who desired to use them to educate the country and

FISHERMEN'S DWELLINGS, WHITSTABLE.

WESTGATE.

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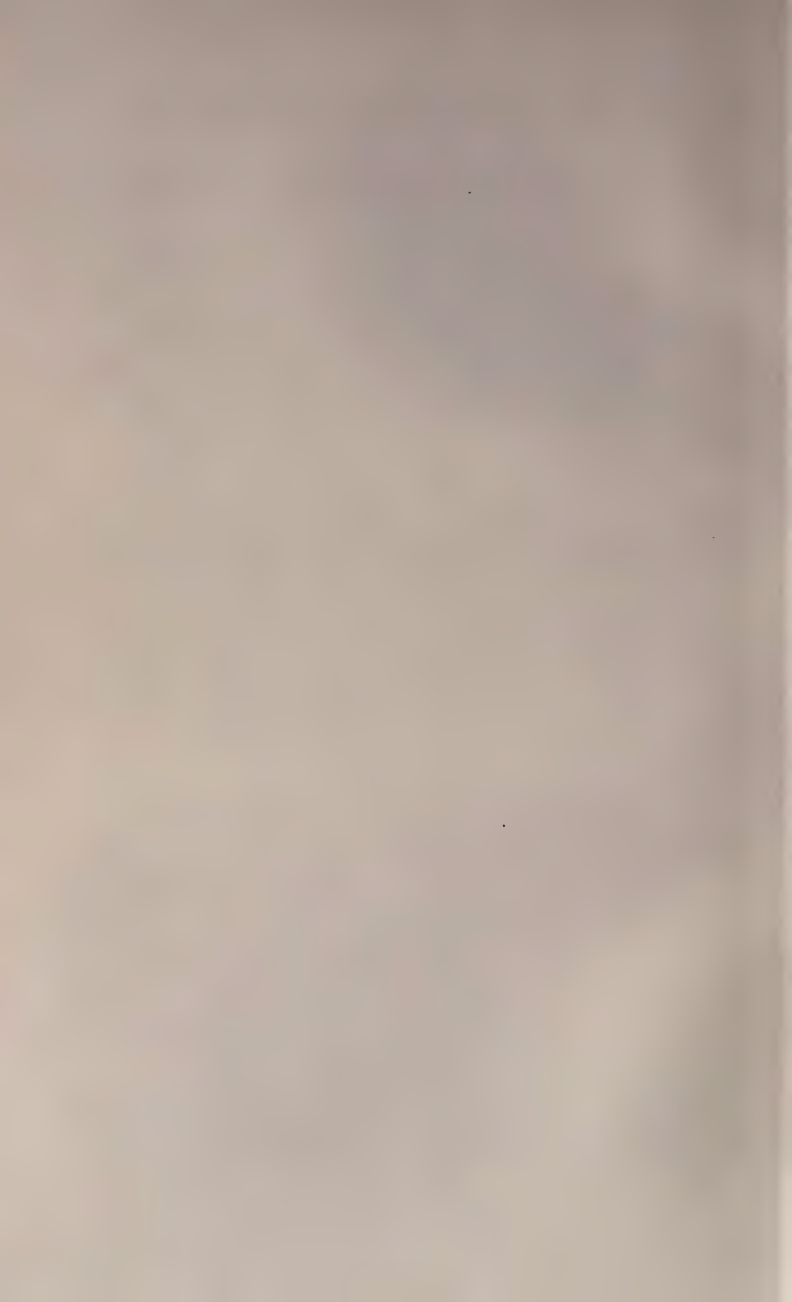


who, forcing them by law to employ English apprentices, made the crafts that they exercised known to Englishmen.

The trees in the old churchyard hang by the church porch-gate over the road by the old square. The village is said to date back to Saxon times and is certainly marked on a map dated 1645.

As a seaside place it was not known much before the 1880's.

In 1882 Dante Gabriel Rossetti, then in very bad health, moved to Birchington and stopped in the bungalow lent to him by Mr. John P. Seddon, then known as Westcliff Bungalow, now named Rossetti Bungalow. He occupied himself till his death in painting and writing, and finished a ballad "Jan Van Hunks." This ballad had been commenced long before 1847, when he was nineteen years old, and tells how a smoking-duel with the devil took place, and how the Evil One wins and trundles off to hell both body and soul. "He enjoyed immensely writing the ballad, so Miss Caine says, 'and laughed with us as he read it bit by bit every night.'" Of his grave, W. M. Rossetti in his "Letters and Memoirs" says:—

"The tombstone, an Irish Cross, was designed by Madox Brown, and is a work of observable excellence. It bears three bas-reliefs—the Temptation in the Garden of Eden, the Spiritual Marriage of Dante and Beatrice, and the Death of St. Luke, the patron of painters. The inscription, which is mine, is thus worded:—

"'Here sleeps Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti,

honoured, under the name of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, among painters as a painter, and among poets as a poet. Born in London, parentage mainly Italian, 12 May 1828. Died at Birchington, 9 April 1882. This Cruciform Monument bespoken by Dante Rossetti's mother, was designed by his life-long friend Ford Madox Brown, executed by J. and H. Patteson, and erected by his brother William and sister Christine.'

"The stained-glass window, near the font, was commissioned by my mother, and carried out by Shields. It has two lights, the first being Rossetti's own design of *The Passover in the Holy Family*, and the second by Shields himself, *Christ leading the Blind out of Bethsaida*."

It seems natural to regard Birchington as the beginning of a series of places devoted to the pleasure of those who go to sojourn

> "Beside the idle summer sea
> And in the vacant summer days,"

where one can loaf by the waves and bathe and walk on piers and treat children to donkey-rides and hear of the discoveries they made in gardens strange to them, and fish or sail. It is a district of those places that are described as "nice places for children," because they have sands and nothing that need be avoided as dangerous —places which we can look back to as part of the picture sketched by Stevenson—a common

picture where little builders in sand are at work:—

> "When I was down beside the sea
> A wooden spade they gave to me
>   To dig the sandy shore.
> My holes were empty like a cup;
> In every hole the sea came up,
>   Till it could come no more."

CHAPTER VI

MARGATE

I FEEL I shall not be able to deal with Margate and Ramsgate with that logical arrangement of matter, that clear phraseology, and that conscientious thoroughness in the exposition of the geographical, economic, and historic causes of their present size and nature which I customarily employ. These places are such exciting pleasure-towns that in any adequate account of them something of the enjoyment of their atmosphere must be expressed as well as hard facts about their origins and functions. I notice in guide-books explanations of the difference between Margate and Ramsgate which suggest that they do resemble each other, and that will suggest why I may not be able to talk about Margate without telling you some things about Ramsgate and *vice versa*. Margate visualises itself before you (if you have been there), probably as little children with bare feet paddling and running to mothers to show them limpets and weeds, and gleaming sand, and sand-castles built by stooping children, and paths of sunshine on the sea, and happy families

WESTGATE SANDS.

To face p. 70.

seen through open windows eating shrimps, and steamers landing at the pier, and bands under little stands that tell as dark colours against pale houses, and the same stands with illuminated outlines at night, when the sides of the harbour drop reflected lights into the sea (and when the ends of dinner-tables in boarding-houses are nearly in the street, and little public-houses with rounded fronts shine out from up steep streets, and everything costs more than it usually does—but the season is short and the winter is long, and the time for taking hired furniture out of boarding-houses and apartments comes, and many a quiet old lady will have to live through the winter on what the hard-working summer produced), and boys selling papers (sorry to see them in such quantities, wasting energy and learning nothing profitable in any way for the years of their maturity), and brakes driving off, as soon as the conductors can get a whole load to embark on them, and boatmen rowing visitors along parallel to the shore. Such, I say, is Margate in summer.

Margate is not a town without a history. It was a sub-member of the Cinque Ports, connected with Dover. Most of its streets look new enough. There is one crescent facing the sea, with the back of the Nayland Rock Hotel at one end of it, with tall pillars between its windows, which has nearly as much austere charm as the old houses which the house-breaker and rebuilder has spared in Lincoln's Inn Fields; but I am sure it is not as old.

It was not till the eighteenth century that

Margate became a seaside resort. But it was the first of such places. To go to the seaside is such an ordinary way to take a holiday, to be fond of the sea such a common form of æsthetic and romantic enthusiasm—the sea seems to give such peculiar satisfaction to many people's nerves, that we think with surprise of the long periods when England did not rule the waves, but rather Turkey or Spain or Holland (long our rival), and of the long ages when the English, like the rest of the European nations, thought the sea, the mountains, and all the more desolate parts of "nature," wild, dangerous, and likely to inconvenience if not to kill. The eighteenth century was an age of artificiality and of naturalness: ages, like men, are full of contradictions, and whatever movement there is in one direction provokes a contradiction on the part of some of its contemporaries.

In Walpole's endless letters Margate is several times referred to, both as a watering-place and as a port for the passage to the Continent. Margate was then the new fashionable resort, as well as a port for France. Here is a gloomy reference to it from Walpole:—

"*June* 13, 1782. Lady Grandison is dead at Spa; her body arrived before her death was known; her steward received a letter from Margate from her maid, to say they had got in there with her lady after a disagreeable passage; he went to look for a house for her, and an hour after learnt that was the corpse. Sir Thomas Frankland's house was broken open last night in Bond Street, close to St. James's Street, though his wife and servants

were in town; and as Lady Chewson and her sisters were coming from the Opera, they saw two officers fighting in Pall Mall, next to Dr. Graham's, and the mob trying to part them. Lord Chewson and some other young men went into the house, and found a Captain Lucas, of the Guards, bleeding, on a couch. It was a quarrel about an E. O. table ["even and odd" was a game of the period], I don't know what. This officer had been struck in the face with a red-hot poker by a drawer, and this morning is dead. So are hundreds of peach and apricot trees of the influenza; but methinks I am writing a letter like the casualties at the end of a reign in Baker's Chronicle. He would have interpreted them into judgements and portents; now they are only common occurrences, and will be forgotten to-morrow, without disturbing civilized society."

Margate harbour "dries out" and could not have been a good place from which to cross constantly to France. "The description of the Isle of Thanet, and particularly of the Town of Margate, with an account of the *Accomodations* provided there for Strangers; their manner of *Bathing* in the *Sea* . . ." and other marvels, published in 1765, refers to Margate also as being a port for Holland:—

"As the passage from *England* to *Holland* is reckoned the shortest from this place, it has often been visited of late years, by great Personages who have gone over thither; particularly, King *William* often came hither, on his way to and from *Holland;* King *George I.* landed twice here,

and *George II.* once; the late Queen *Caroline*, with the young Princesses, landed and lay here, when they first came to *England;* and the great Duke of *Marlborough* generally chose this for his place of embarking and landing, when he went to, and returned from, his campaigns.

"The lodgings, tho' small, are neat and tolerably commodious, considering that they are now applied to the reception of Strangers, for which purpose they were never originally intended. Some good houses have been built within a few years, and others are building: the old ones daily receive all the improvements they are capable of.

"Provisions are good, but in general dear. . . . About seventy years ago one *Prince*, of this place," the author goes on to relate, "made himself famous for brewing a particular sort of Ale, which, from its being first brewed at *Northdown*, went by the name of *Northdown* Ale, and afterwards was called *Margate* Ale. But whether the art died with the inventor, or the humour of the Gentry and People altered, we have now no such Ale: *Prince* drove a great trade in it. Eels were formerly caught in such plenty here, that the Fishermen used to measure them by the bushel, but they are now scarce, owing perhaps to the great quantities of sea woore, or waure, that is taken from the rocks, to mix with dung, or burn and make kelp, as these weeds used to afford harbour and food for eels, and other fish of like nature, which lie neer the shore."

Margate's architecture has the charm of variety.

Little one-storied red-roofed cottages stand side by side with modern stucco-coated pretentious houses. Bow-windowed, porticoed, two-storied boarding-houses alternate with shops; and as you pass by of an evening you may see in passages how the busy mistress in distraction, with all her underlings at her service, is serving dinner, which extends, if the season is at its height and prosperous, from end to end of the dining-room, bulging out into the bow of the window. In the morning the whole of her temporary family may be seen planning its excursions on the door-step.

Others may complain of trippers, vulgarity, over-crowdedness, too many bands. I do not complain. To carry on dull work and enjoy cheap pleasures on your holidays: to keep a boarding-house or let lodgings and make both ends meet: to be one of a crowd of brave and strong-minded (using the word, as it should be used, as a term of praise, to indicate one who is firm in purpose, not to be dismayed or turned aside from wholesome ends by little disappointments)—one of a crowd, I say, of strong-minded women battling for bread, this is not unworthy of admiration. A battle in which the slain and wounded are terribly numerous, though for them no heroic monuments are raised, such as mark the deaths and deeds of those who fight in battle's gaudier but not more truly heroic conflicts: the boarding-house keepers of Margate deserve a monument, though, like many other sensible, unromantic, heroic persons, they are unlikely to get one. Then

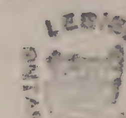
the trippers—what are trippers? People who are given little change or holiday: they have to enjoy themselves hurriedly and see everything by flashes of lightning. Most trippers come out with a wife and children, and therefore prefer brakes and piers and beaches to precipices and storms at sea. They have more reason than luckier persons (it is a question of luck chiefly, as we all know in our more candid moments) to say with De Quincey, "Ah, wherefore should Thursday be such a servile *facsimile* of Wednesday?" but in compensation their holidays are enjoyed to the utmost moment.

If any jaded Londoner can conveniently take one day's holiday, the trip to Margate and back in the day by one of the boats from London Bridge is much to be recommended. This is a historic voyage that about two centuries of holiday-makers have made. Lamb's essay on the "Old Margate Hoy" is a record of the visits of that very distinguished Cockney to Margate. To tell the truth Lamb does not give us the impression of having been particularly happy at Margate. He speaks of the dissatisfaction felt at the sight of the sea for the first time. His first sight of the sea was apparently in September, 1801. Lamb was a confirmed lover of London streets, and in addition to the reasons he gives why every one should be disappointed on first seeing the sea, we may conjecture that he himself always felt a little home-sick when he was away from London and that this feeling added a sentiment of dullness to his views of

the sea. This is in accordance with the account Crabb Robinson has given of him when he says: "His great delight, even in preference to a country walk, is a stroll in London. The shops and the busy streets, such as Thames Street, Bankside, &c., are his great favourites. He, for the same reason, has no relish for landscape painting. But his relish for historic painting is exquisite. Lamb's peculiarities are very interesting. He had not much conversation. He hummed tunes, I repeated Wordsworth's 'Daffodils,' of which I am become very fond."

In a letter Lamb himself confirms the view that the delights of London were above all other local pleasures to him:—

"I must confess I am not romance-bit about *Nature*. The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said) is but as a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring upon the gilded looking-glass (that strained my friend's purse-strings in the purchase), nor his five-shilling print over the mantelpiece of old Nabbs the carrier (which only betrays his false taste). Just as important to me in a sense is all the furniture of my world—eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the street with spectacles, George Dyers (you may know them by their gait), lamps lit at



night, pastry-cooks' and silversmiths' shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchman at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight cries of 'Fire!' and 'Stop thief!'; inns of court, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, Jeremy Taylors, Burtons on Melancholy, and Religio Medicis on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London-with-the-many-sins."

As for disappointment at sight of the sea—I have wandered back to London and ought to be at Margate—Lamb's notion, as you will remember, was that we expect to see all the sea—"the commensurate antagonist of the earth," the "great deep" with "its thousand isles" and "the vast continents it washes"; the young man knowing of it only from books thinks "of Biscay swells, and the mariner

> "'For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
> Incessant labouring round the stormy cape';

of fatal rocks, and the 'still vexed Bermoothes'; of great whirlpools and the waterspout; of sunken ships, and sumless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths; of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth

> "'Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal,
> Compared with the creatures in the sea's entral';

of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez; of pearls,

and shells; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles; of mermaids' grots——"

It is a mistake to quote much from Lamb, for no author likes (as Oliver Wendell Holmes somewhere points out) to be the Æthiop's arm on which the pearl's beauty is well displayed; but the passage is of interest when we consider it was Margate's sea which prompted him, and I must take a few lines more. He goes on:—

"I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these; and, when the actual object opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather, too, most likely) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him—what can it leave but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment?"

The use of strange words gives great romance to acts and objects which but for their names would be prosaic enough. The Margate *hoy* of which Lamb wrote seems to us more romantic than the Margate steamer does.

The Lambs were at Margate again in 1821. A Mrs. Cowden Clarke, who wrote a "Complete Concordance to Shakespeare," went to see them:—

"It was while we were at Ramsgate that I remember hearing of Charles Lamb and his sister being at Margate for a 'sea change,' and I went over to see them. It seems as if it were yesterday that I noted his eager way of telling me about an extraordinary large whale that had been captured

there, of its having created lively interest in the place, of its having been conveyed away in a strong cart, on which it lay a huge mass of colossal height; when he added with one of his sudden, droll penetrating glances, 'The *eye* has just gone past our window.'"

A letter from Margate written by Lamb to his friend Manning gives hint of his religious views:—

"But seriously what do you think of this life of ours? Can you make head or tail of it? . . . What we came here for that I know no more than [an] Ideot."

A writer as romantic as the late Clark Russell preferred modern comfort and safety to antique romanticism and danger in the case of some sea-vessels, and referred to the poor old hoy as a "dingy, sloop-rigged craft, round-bowed, with the weatherly qualities of a barge. . . . In a cabin qualified to carry at the outside some twelve persons, her captain would pack thirty, and as many more again if he could get them. . . . I have heard old people say that amongst the most dejected and forlorn figures they ever remember were passengers they have seen stepping ashore at Margate out of the bowels of a hoy—the hair of the women dishevelled, their dresses in disorder, their bonnets awry, their countenances of a sickly yellow; men's hats crushed, collars limp and broken, cravats and small clothes as though there had been a free fight in the cabin." The master of a hoy commonly anchored unless the wind was blowing favourably. The hoys sometimes took a week on the way between London and Margate.

Occasionally blown too far into the Down, they strained at their cable in a sea too rough for landing. One of the hoys, the *Margate* by name, was wrecked on February 7, 1802, at Reculvers. She was on her way to London, heavily laden with corn and with twenty-eight passengers on board. She ran aground off Reculvers, lost her rudder, and became unmanageable. Every wave that struck her rolled over her and the water rapidly filled the cabin in which the passengers were. Twenty-three persons were drowned.

I am inclined to think, in spite of this instance of tragic accident on a hoy, that Lamb has exaggerated the special charm of this past means of conveyance and Clark Russell its disagreeableness. Whether we progress or not in essential enjoyment and deep consciousness of the world, the sailing hoy *versus* steamer controversy should not be carried on without sober estimation of the *average* voyage of both kinds of craft. In 1765 "A Description of the Isle of Thanet and particularly of the Town of Margate" appeared, which gave a not entirely unattractive sketch of the hoy. "Was it not for the assistance of these vessels"—the grammar is the unknown author's and not mine, I would ask you kindly to observe—"it would be almost impossible for *Margate* and the country round it to furnish entertainment for the vast numbers of people who resort to it. They are sloops of eighteen or an hundred tons burden. There are four of them, two of which sail in alternate weeks. Their station in the River is at *Wool-Key*, near the Custom-house. They

usually leave *Margate* on *Friday* or *Saturday*, and *London* on *Wednesday* or *Thursday*. Passengers, of whom there are often sixty or seventy, pay only 2s. 6d. and the freight of baggage is inconsiderable. They sometimes make the passage in eight hours, and at others in two or three days, just as winds and tides happen to be for or against them. The best wind down is W.N.W., the best up E.S.E. The Hoy, like the Grave, confounds all distinctions: High and Low, Rich and Poor, Sick and Sound, are here indiscriminately blended together. It can therefore be no wonder, if the humours of such a motley crew, of all ages, tempers, and dispositions, should, now and then, strike out such scenes, as must beggar every description but the pencil of a *Hogarth*. Upon the whole, the passage is cheap, and in fine weather extremely pleasant and agreeable; but I would not recommend it too strongly to Ladies of great delicacy. To take away all apprehensions of danger in the voyage, it may be sufficient to say, that it is now more than 130 years since a *Margate* Hoy was lost. The Masters are very careful, decent men, and allow of no impropriety of behaviour, which they can properly prevent. They transact incredible business."

No vessel lost for one hundred and thirty years! I fear the novelist took extreme cases of misfortune to misrepresent the average voyage.

Another author of a guide, which he called "A Week at Margate," positively found the subject of the steamers suitable for writing verse on:—

"The Captains are men of politeness and science,
On Jones, Large, and Rule you may place full reliance;
In them you will find (what in Captains should be,)
The in modo suaviter—fortiter—re?
And yet, I acknowledge, they do not exceed,
In manners or skill, our new Captain—Reed.
(I somewhat misname him in calling him *new*,
He commanded the Fav'rite and comes with this view
To be one himself, Ladies, favor'd by you.)
From the Tower, at nine, ev'ry day you may start
By the Venus, the Albion, Eclipse, or the Dart;
And (to shew how the public convenience they seek)
To accommodate those at the end of the week,
Who think that on Saturday *nine* is too soon,
Our Packet will also set off about noon. . . ."

The poet gives practical information in his verses, though he is compelled to some extent to supplement the verse with prose notes, because all the useful details cannot be put into his rhymes:—

"At (1) Howe's, (2) Wright's, the (3) Fountain, (4) White Hart, or (5) Duke's Head,
Or at (6) Croft's you'll be welcom'd, and famously fed;
And I have not a doubt you'll be treated as well
At the Queen's Head in Duke Street, the (7) London Hotel,
Or the (8) Liverpool Arms, which few taverns excel,
Or, if you prefer social Boarding-House fare,
Try (9) Cecil, or (10) Hawley (no matter which) Square;
And for daily enjoyment, what more would you seek
Than five meals and a bed at two guineas a week?"

Five? Yes; note ten tells us "the hours of refreshment, at most of the Boarding Houses, are thus arranged: Breakfast at nine; Luncheon at

One; Dinner at Five; Tea at Seven; Supper at ten."

The Pierrots and entertainers found on to-day's beach had a differently situated platform in 1825—at Bettison's, "a very beautiful building, . . . well furnished with books, and amply supplied with the daily papers," where there is "an Evening Promenade, commencing at eight o'clock, at the additional expense of a Shilling; and the attraction of some popular professional Singer makes this a favourite place of resort after tea," or at Ranelagh Gardens, St. Peter's, where there was

> "Tea, coffee, and cream, butter, bread white and brown,
> With Concert and Dance for a single half-crown."

I am not sure that the author is not in his most poetical condition when writing prose about the Margate Races. "These are the races for ease and economy; here is always choice of conveyances for a shilling; or if you take a place in the stage, it will wait for you . . . give you a standing place on the roof to see them, and bring you back for four shillings! Hear this, ye Epsomites, and blush! . . . The Horses seem chosen on purpose; being generally of such equal speed as to keep the interest alive to the last moment."

The guide concludes with a Summary of Expenses, in this style:—

	£	s.	d.
Sunday.—Bathing Machine	0	1	0
Go to Church, or some place of Worship, Charity Sermon	0	1	0
Sacred Music at Howe's, at Night	0	1	6

	£	s.	d.
Thursday.—Pegwell Bay, per Donkey Chaise	0	2	0
Enjoy Shrimps, Ale, and excellent Bread and Butter	0	1	6
Walk home, and at Night go to the Play in the Pit	0	2	6

The 1765 guide, from whose account of passengers to Holland I quoted, had an amusement at his disposal, which later disappeared, for he mentions the Assembly Room, seventy feet long, with a gallery for Musick, where eighteen or twenty couples dance very conveniently, and where cards are played at eight or ten tables: "the number of Subscribers, last year, amounted to 429." To-day they might have to go to a foreign Casino for pleasures of a same kind. Then he mentioned a Play-house, "where a Company of Comedians from *Canterbury* perform three times in the week, if you expect to see great elegance in the house, scenes, and decorations, or any extraordinary degree of theatrical merit in the Actors, you may be disappointed."

It appears then, that Margate for a long time past has had some reputation for artificial land amusements in addition to those connected with the sea and the country. The only reference that Dickens ever made to Margate, so far as I can see, in his books and letters, was a reference to its theatre. Perhaps in his time, in 1842, as now, the Broadstairs people in winter went over to Margate for Christmas presents and theatrical performances, as I know they do to-day. Dickens enjoyed at Margate one

of those blood-spilling melodramas that are now so rare—for in the melodrama of to-day, instead of the old innocent hero who by an unfortunate chance was in the room and prominent when the villain shot the heroine's father, and instead of the escape of the hero who filed the fetters away to the racing of violins, or climbed down a rope-ladder or with his bare fists forced his way through a gang of hired capturers, we have a sentimental melodrama where wealthy and wicked foreigners marry the best of bad women by mistake—the good, bad woman is now a stock character—or—— but you have probably seen them, and I was going to tell you what Dickens thought of the Margate theatre in the days before Picture Palaces were in every street.

Dickens, while living at Broadstairs in 1842, wrote :—

"The Margate theatre is open every evening, and the four Patagonians (see Goldsmith's *Essays*) are performing thrice a week at Ranelagh. . . . Now you [Forster] really must come. Seeing only is believing, very often isn't that, and even Being the thing falls a long way short of believing it. Mrs. Nickleby [Dickens's mother] herself once asked me, as you know, if I really believed there ever was such a woman; but there'll be no more belief, either in me or my descriptions, after what I have to tell of our excellent friend's tragedy, if you don't come and have it played again for yourself 'by particular desire.' We saw it last night, and oh! if you had but been with us! Young Betty, doing what the mind of man without my help

never *can* conceive, with his legs like padded boot-trees wrapped up in faded yellow drawers, was the hero. The comic man of the company enveloped in a white sheet, with his head tied with red tape like a brief and greeted with yells of laughter whenever he appeared, was the venerable priest. A poor toothless old idiot at whom the very gallery roared with contempt when he was called a tyrant, was the remorseless and aged Creon. And Ismene being arrayed in spangled muslin trowsers very loose in the legs and very tight in the ankles such as Fatima would wear in *Blue Beard*, was at her appearance immediately called upon for a song."

Oh, for the bad melodramas of the happy days when musical comedies were not!

Kean, Macready, Phelps, Matthews, and Poole all appeared at one time or another at Margate theatre, so it can look on a theatrical past of some worth.

CHAPTER VII

MARGATE (*continued*)

He who would like to realise that Margate is a town with a history, though for the most part with a forgotten history, and that

> "There in old time the hand of man hath been,"

though the hand of man by its subsequent works down to recent times has removed all traces of its ancient and strange workings, cannot do better than walk up the steep, narrow High Street to the parish church of St. John, a building pleasantly irregular both in its interior and exterior; built of flint, with a tower at one end. On the north side of the nave there are two rounded Norman arches and five pointed Early English—"the piers are all circular with square abacus and Early capitals. The chancel has two arches on each side; on the north of Early character without mouldings, and a massive circular pier; on the south the arches are of more advanced period with an octagonal pier." The curved wooden roof extends from end to end without a chancel arch. The modern glass

MARGATE BEACH.

To face p. 88.

in the windows with its crude colouring is the great blot on the appearance of the church. Some of the windows have the original Rectilinear tracery. The sixteenth-century font is octagonal, panelled, with shields and roses carved on it—the half-boat, half-fish, coats of arms being the arms of the Cinque Ports. On the monument of the kneeling man and wife in the South Chapel is a rather quaint inscription:—

> Death have added to ye Ornament
> of this place ye blessed memorialls
> Of
> PAUL CLAYBROOKE of Nash Court in this parish Esq: and MARIE his vertuous & right welbeloved wife daught[r] of RICHARD KNATCH BULL of Mersham in Kent, Esq: who livinge longe time to gether most lovinglye over-lived each other but a smal tyme and are here beneth interred together.
> He died the 24 August 1622
> And she the 9 October 1624.
> W.C out of dutifull respect to his parents hath consecrated this Monument.

Near by on a hinge hangs a brass showing a man and woman on stilts, and a monk scaring moths with a clapper, both groups filling the curved spaces left by a waving vine stem that branches out with decorative leaves and fruits.

This church, I say, may serve as proof to those who doubt that much of Margate has antiquity. Its ships were heard of from early times, as it was a member of the Cinque Ports, a non-corporate member of the Head Port Dover, and thus bound

to contribute towards the Navy for the defence of the King's realm. It was for the most part governed by a "Deputy," whose position is like that of a Deputy Mayor or chief magistrate. The absence of a separate corporation has prevented the town having any records or a seat at the Guestling, which consisted of the Mayor (formerly the Bailiff), two jurats, and two commoners from each of the seven Corporate Members of the Ports, to which in modern times was added Deal.

The chief duties of the Guestling were the regulation of Yarmouth Fair and fixing the number and tonnage of the ships to be furnished by each Port for the King's Navy.

Margate had some importance as the place from which Thanet corn was shipped to London.

The loss of the mediæval records of Dover may well be the cause for the slight record we have of long stretches of Margate's history. In 1347, when the Cinque Ports provided Edward III. with ships for the siege of Calais, Margate does not appear very low down on the list of contributors:—

	Ships.	Men.
Sandwich	22	504
Winchelsea	21	596
Dover	16	336
Margate	15	160
Rye	9	156
Hythe	6	122
Hastings	5	96

In the eighteenth century it rose to prominence as the fashionable seaside resort. We must re-

member that the older watering-places were *inland* places like Bath, once the gayest place in England, where mineral waters were drunk and bathed in. Fishing and rowing, sailing and swimming were left strictly to those whose business they were. The old Anglo-Saxon love of the sea, such as we find it in the Song of Beowulf, was lost, and indeed when the bathing machine was invented at Margate, and Margate, Ramsgate, and other seaside places became fashionable, the innovation was looked upon as a sign of modern degeneracy, and denounced by the sterner and more Puritanical spirits of the period.

You think perhaps, if you have not previously thought of or investigated the point, that I exaggerate: the following from Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" bears out what I say:—

"Sea-bathing in the first half of the eighteenth century is rarely noticed. Chesterfield, indeed, having visited Scarborough in 1733, observed that it was there commonly practised by both sexes, but its general popularity dates only from the appearance of the treatise by Dr. Richard Russell 'On glandular consumption,' which was published in Latin in 1750, and translated in 1753. The new remedy acquired an extraordinary favour, and it produced a great, permanent, and on the whole very beneficial change in the national tastes. In a few years obscure fishing-villages along the coast began to assume the dimensions of stately watering-places, and before the century had closed Cowper described, in indignant lines, the common enthu-

siasm with which all ages and classes rushed for health or pleasure to the sea."

Lecky quotes the lines from Cowper in a note, and they run thus:—

> "Your prudent grandmammas, ye modern belles,
> Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge Wells,
> When health required it, would consent to roam,
> Else more attached to pleasures found at home;
> But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
> Ingenious to diversify dull life,
> In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
> Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys,
> And all, impatient of dry land, agree
> With one consent to rush into the sea."

It was the invention of the bathing machine, before 1765, which probably drew attention to Margate and helped greatly to increase its fame.

The great contrivance from which our bathing machine has been evolved was the invention of a Margate Quaker—Benjamin Beale by name. The procedure of bathing as the Quaker arranged it was a little different from present-day methods.

Apparently, the lady who bathed was first driven in a bathing machine to the bathing-room, where she undressed and left her clothes. She was then driven to some part of an enclosure into which the sea flowed, and an umbrella having been let down at the back of her "machine" she was shut in a dark but concealed space at the back of it. In the words of a 1765 Thanet guide:—

"The Bathing-rooms are not large, but convenient. Here the company often wait for their turns of Bathing. The Guides attend, Sea-water is

drank, the Ladies dresses are taken care of, and all the business of the like kind managed. There are three of these Rooms, which employ eleven Machines till near the time of high-water, which, at the ebb of tide, sometimes runs two or three hundred yards into the Bay. The sands are so safe and clean, and every convenience for bathing is carried to so great perfection that it is no wonder this place should be frequented by such multitudes of people, who go into the sea either for health or pleasure.

"As the most useful machine employed for this purpose is the original contrivance of *Benjamin Beale*, a Quaker, he has undeniably the right of a first claimant to the reward of his ingenuity. Its structure is simple, but perfectly convenient. You will understand the form of it better by the annexed Plate than by any description which could be given in words. I am so well pleased with the invention of the Umbrella that I much wish to see it extended to the purposes of Bathing in fresh water. It may be, with great ease, affixed to a small room, built on the edge of a canal, or any running stream, where the water can be confined to a proper height. If it be of a right depth, and the bottom be good, nothing further is necessary; but if it be muddy or strong, a Stage of close cross-barred grating of wood must be sunk, in such manner as to remedy the inconvenience. If it be too deep, the like kind of grating, of the dimensions of the umbrella, may be fastened to piles, or by various other methods, at any depth, and secured by rails, so as to prevent all possibility of danger. By the aid of this contrivance, Ladies,

who have been excluded from the benefit of Bathing in most parts of *England*, except in water whose degree of cold is too intense to be agreeable (I mean the Cold Bath), may now enjoy all the pleasures of Bathing, whenever they please, in so private a manner as to be consistent with the most strict delicacy. This is only given as a hint, which may be capable of many improvements. Excuse this short digression; I hope it may not prove useless."

It may have been "strictly delicate" bathing between the machine and the outer edge of the umbrella, but it must have been dark. The Plate shows the whole scene with the contrivances "for bathing in the sea at Margate in the Isle of Thanet, Kent," and one machine, marked D, with a horse and driver, has its umbrella let down at the back door, and under it no doubt a lady is bathing, delicately hidden from view. The "Explanation of the Structure of the Machine," explains that "D" is "The Machine, as used in Bathing, with its umbrella down. The entrance into the Machine is through a door, at the back of the driver, who sits on a moveable bench, and raises or lets fall the umbrella by means of a line, which runs along the top of the Machine, and is fastened to a pin over the door. This line is guided by a piece of wood of three feet in length, which projects, pointing a little downward, from the top of the back part of the Machine, through which it passes, in a sloping direction. To the end of this piece is suspended a cord, for the Bather to lay hold on, if he wants support.

"The umbrella is formed of light canvas, spread on four hoops. The height of each of which is seven feet, and each is eight feet wide at its axis.

"The last hoop falls to a horizontal level with its axis, from whence depends the curtain.

"The pieces which support the hoops are about six feet in length . . . ," and so on; describing the straight supports within the machine which let the umbrella outside up or down.

I hope I have not at too great length quoted this description of the ancient bathing arrangements in Margate. The importance of the history of the bathing-machine must be my excuse.

No history of Margate would be complete that did not refer to its piers. "Many a time and oft" have these been built and destroyed. The New Pier was built "owing to the comprehensive mind and indefatigable exertions of Mr. Jarvis," and the grateful inhabitants caused "a very animated portrait of him" to decorate their Town Hall. Kings have embarked here—William III. and several Georges (I., II., and IV., to be precise). Likewise the Dukes of Marlborough and York. In 1855 a new pier was built, which suffered damage in 1877 and 1897.

To the imaginative, nothing will serve better to suggest a dim and lengthy past behind the hilly streets of Margate than the not very well-named artificial caves known as the Grotto.

These excavations are decorated with patterns formed by sticking shells on the walls with cement. The cavern is in the shape of a coiled serpent leading to an oblong chamber. The coiled

passages have vaulted arches, and in the walls are hollows, like chapels, here and there. These vaulted arches may be held to prove that the work was not done by the Romans, or in immediate imitation of their work, since, of course, their arches are flat. The patterns formed by the shell-mosaic here are mostly tree-like forms—are they "trees of life"?—some bearing open pomegranates —and they have a decidedly Indian appearance. Other trees bear grapes or flowers or have serpents on them. In the chamber the decorations are designed like square tiles, containing stars, rayed suns, and moons. There is here a hollow in one wall, having a distinctly ecclesiastical appearance. On the wall of the passage where the Grotto begins is a little Chinese Buddha. The cavern, it has been suggested, was formed for religious purposes. Mithraism, a faith imported in the second and third centuries from the east—a kind of early "New Theology" with differences, in which the light and moral powers struggle upwards by asceticism away from the dark and wicked ones, evolving by transmigration rather than by that improvement of the dominant individuals in successive generations by which modern faiths of this kind expect to convert men into supermen and to make the Christ in us supreme—has been suggested as the faith for the ceremonies connected with which it was made. The custodian has an idea, which seems to me romantic and attractive, that some traveller, in the sixteenth century or so, became converted to a strange religion, and desiring to practise its observances and yet not be burnt as a heretic, had this place made

in secret, in order that he might here safely and secretly worship. The Count and the beggar in George Sand's "Consuelo," used to meet secretly in order to drink of the communion which was to unite all classes with a bond, reminding them of their common needs and their interdependencies; they, too, retired into the caverns, which could be entered when the fountain was shut off. Secret religions were, without doubt, practised during the ages of persecution, and of no time can the orthodox truly say, "There were then no heretics: the Church was truly Catholic."

The cement seems old, but its nature does not seem to be determinable. The cavern was discovered by a Mr. Newlove, a schoolmaster, in 1835, or rather, some of his boys found it by coming down to it while digging a duck-pond in his garden.

Miss Marie Corelli suggested the cavern was a Viking's Tomb. I have not read her argument (the pamphlet, so far as I can see, is not in the British Museum), but, as a first question, one naturally asks, "Where is the Viking's body?" Further, when were Vikings thus entombed? The primitive Viking, whose method of burial is handed down in legend, was not buried. I refer to Beowulf for evidence:—

"When the hour that was destined came, Scyld, with his many deeds done, went forth to his Master's keeping. [The "song" was revised in Christian times, though in origin far older.] They carried him to the side of the sea, the dear comrades, as he had requested them, while his words were yet lord over Scyldings: a long while

had he ruled the land. At the landing-place the ship stood ready, with ringed prow: they laid the loved chief in the bosom of the ship, him who had given gold-rings they placed by the mast. A great treasure was on the ship and gold from many distant places; I have never heard of a ship with more beautiful freight of weapons of war and harness and bills and breast-mail. In his keeping was a multitude of treasures, which were to pass with him away to the kingdom of waters. Over the waters he came at first with less—a naked babe, he came into the world. A gold banner also they set up above his head; they let the sea bear him, and gave him over to the waves. Their minds were sad and their mood was one of mourning. Men do not know in truth—I say that men who are looked up to in the assemblies and heroes under heaven cannot tell you — to whose hands came that lading."

The Vikings of a later period were probably burnt after death and the remains buried in a tumulus in which treasure was enclosed, so that the ghost might have property in the other world.

Margate was in Henry the Eighth's time evidently well known as a landing-place, for it was mentioned in connection with the French proposal to land somewhere in Thanet or Sheppey; concerning which Stephen Vaughan sent the following information to the king, from Antwerp: "A French broker," he said, "hath secretly called upon me. He asked me if there was not in England an Island called Sheppy, and a place by it called Margate, and by these two a haven. I said there

was. . . . The French king [said he] hath sent into this town of Antwerp a gentleman of Lorrayne named Joseph Chevalier. The same hath sent out of this town, two days past, a Frenchman, being a bourgeois of Antwerp, named John Baden, together with another man that nameth himself to be born in Geneva, but indeed he is a Frenchman. These two,' he said, 'were sent from thence in a hoy by sea, and had delivered unto them eleven packs of canvass to be by them uttered and sold in London, and the money coming thereof to maintain their charges there. The said Joseph Chevalier, besides these two, hath sent another broker named John Young, also of this town; he speaketh singularly well the English tongue. . . . The first two shall have charge to view and consider the said Isle of Sheppy, Margate and the grounds between them and London; what landing there may be for the French king's army, what soils to place an army strongly in. For," said he, "the French king hath hinted that he will send forth this summer three armies: one to land in England, the second in Scotland, and the third he mindeth to send to Boulogne, and Guisnes, and Calais. But his purpose is to send no army to Scotland, for he hath appointed with the Scots that while his armies shall be arrived, the one at Margate and the other at Boulogne, they shall set upon the north parts of England, with all the power they can make. The French king proposeth with his army that he appointeth to land in the Isle of Sheppy and at Margate, to send great store of victuals, which shall be laden

in boats of Normandy with flat bottoms, which, together with the galleys, shall then set men on land. This army shall go so strong that it shall be able to give battle, and is minded, if the same may be able to go through to London, where a little without the same is a hill from which London lyeth all open, and with their advance laid from thence they shall beat the town."

I fear that in my anxiety to persuade you that Margate is older than much of it looks, I have

AVERAGE POPULATION OF MARGATE (A) IN SUMMER AND (B) IN WINTER.

given more details and quotations bearing on its past history than you, unless you are a quite exceptional reader, will care about.

For after all most visitors to the seaside regard the sea as the thing, and from their first walk out, bareheaded, before breakfast, to see what the sea looks like this morning, to the last glance at night, to see whether there seems to be a clear horizon or a misty one or what lights of

vessels and of light-ships are visible, it is towards the sea that their eyes are turned. Ingoldsby's scoffing at the landman's interest in the sea is unjustifiable. A man may like to see a ship with all sails set, or a steamer trailing waves of smoke over the waters, even if he could not safely navigate the ocean in a ship under his own command. Of the, literally, thousands who visit Margate, raising its population from the winter figure of 28,800 to 60,000 or 80,000 as the season comes in, few there are who do not look at it with genuine interest. Even in winter many a convalescent who has to be wheeled along the front—for Margate air is a celebrated medicine—feels less inactive as he watches the activities of the craft at sea. So, "Ingoldsby," there is no great depth of truth in your "Mr. Peter's Story"; but I suppose it's silly to argue with a joke.

CHAPTER VIII

BROADSTAIRS

WALKING through Cliftonville, where classic statues decorate the gardens on the cliffs, you reach a fine open headland, Foreness Point, precipitously edged with chalk, and from which scores of ships can usually be seen passing in and out of the Channel. In wintry weather the cold silvery light of the sun flows down the grey sea in front of the grey mist that veils the horizon, and only near at hand a few lines of lighter and darker colour mark the waves, and this is the one space between Margate and Broadstairs open and free from contact with villadom and the life of the tradesman calling every morning. Soon, after one short headland is circumperambulated, new avenues of red and white houses, in that red brick and carved white verandah and fretted railing style that marks many suburbs, spring up, and continue without much break to Broadstairs. The second headland on the way after Foreness Point is Kingsgate. When Lord Holland first astonished the world with the newly constructed ancient ruins, which he placed here, the country round them was far

KINGSGATE CASTLE.

different from what it now is. Kingsgate is frequently mentioned in Walpole's interminable gossiping letters, but merely as Lord Holland's residence and without particular reference to the buildings there: you will find it in the index many times—blessed be the people who provide indices to these rambling books, and learned but endless histories; more praiseworthy than the authors who get so much praise; however, on Sunday night, September 28, 1794, writing to Miss Mary Berry, he does indicate his opinion of the buildings:—

"I have received another letter from dear Mary, of the 26th; and here is one for sweet Agnes enclosed. By her account of Broadstairs. I thought you at the North Pole; but if you are, the whales must be metamorphised into gigs and whiskies; or split into them as heathen gods would have done, or Rich the harlequin. You talk of Margate, but say nothing of Kingsgate, where Charles Fox's father [Lord Holland] scattered buildings of all sorts, but in no style of architecture that ever appeared before or has since, and in no connection with or to any other, and in all directions; and yet the oddity and number made that naked, though fertile soil smile and look cheerful. Do you remember Gray's bitter lines on him and his vagaries and history?"

Gray's bitter lines depict the scene as one of the utmost desolation:—

"Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet nature could not furnish out the feast,
But he invokes new terrours still to bring.

Now mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
  Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
  And mimic desolation covers all.

'Ah!' said the sighing peer, 'had B—te been true,
  Nor G—'s, nor B—d's promises been vain.
Far other scenes than this had grac'd our view,
  And realised the honours which we feign.

'Purg'd by the sword, and purify'd by fire
  Then had we seen proud London's hated walls.' . . ."

The chief of the buildings now remaining of those erected by Lord Holland is Kingsgate Castle—a "Norman" castle, on the edge of the cliff, with ivy creeping up its walls, and not well constructed to protect its central citadel, however much at first sight it resembles a real ancient fortress. "Little Holland House," a small white building "in imitation of an Italian villa," with fine oak panelling in its interior, stands on the other side of the road, slightly further inland. In the garden belonging to it were once an "Abbey with a square tomb, and two figures in stone of a man and woman laying upon it: it is in general a good representation of ruins, but rather too fresh, and having been whitewashed on the inside, betrays its being a *modern* erection; near this is a range of buildings called the *Convent*, as it is in the form of one, and consists of several small houses in a row, with arches before each, and crucifixes carved in them; poor women live here all the year round, one of whom provides tea, &c.,

for company, at 8d. each. At a little distance from this, is a place named *Golgotha*, or 'the place of skulls,' as many dug up in this neighbourhood are buried here; tradition says, a bloody battle was fought near this spot, between the Danes and Saxons in the year 853." So says "The New Margate and Ramsgate Guide in Letters to a Friend" in Letter VII., and adds in a note:—

"To perpetuate this action, and mark the place on which it is supposed to have been fought, the late Lord Holland has caused a Gothic structure to be erected on this spot, with seats round it, and an inscription in Latin, giving an account of the battle and the occasion of this singular building." (This quaint old guide is undated, but may have appeared in 1780.)

The "Convent" is still to be seen.

The action in question has for evidence of its having occurred the two large *barrows* called Hackenden Downs. Hasted says of them, "The tradition is, that these bankes are the graves of those *English* and *Danes*, which were killed in a fight here; and that as one bank is greater than the other, the former is the place where the *Danes* were buried, who are said to have been defeated. It is not improbable that this battle referred to in history, was that fought A.D. 853 when *the Danes* having invaded this island with a considerable force, were attacked by *Earl Alcher* with the *Kentish* men, and *Earl Huda* with those of *Surry*, and an obstinate battle was fought in which the *English* at first

got some advantage, yet were at last defeated; great numbers were killed, among which were the two *English* Generals; and the battle being fought so near the sea, a great many on both sides were pushed into it and drowned.

"*One of these barrows* was opened on May 23, 1743, in the presence of many hundred people; a little below the surface of the ground several graves were discovered, cut out of the solid chalk and covered with flat stones; they were not more than three feet long, in *an oblong oval form*, and the bodies seem to have been thrust into them almost double; a deep trench was dug in the middle, and the bodies laid on each side of it; two of the skulls were covered with wood-coal and ashes. The skeletons seem to have been of men, women, and children, and by the smallness of the latter, these were conjectured to have been unborn.

"Three *urns* made of very coarse black earth, not half burnt, one of them holding near half a bushel were found with them, which crumbled into dust on being exposed to the air. The bones were rather of a large size, and for the most part perfectly sound. In June, 1765, the *smaller* barrow was opened by order of *Lord Holland*, who had purchased the land of *Mr. Reed*, the appearances were similar to the former, but no urns were found."

With regard to the numerous "stairs" and "gates" in this district, you will observe that there are "no other than slope-waggon-ways, which are cut through the high perpendicular

cliff to the level of the water's edge. Through these are drawn up sea-weed, for manure of the land, flint, gravel, chalk, pebbles, and other articles of the like nature"; and derivations of Broadstairs and other such place-names from little stair-ways cut in the chalk-cliff are erroneous; waggon-ways, or sloping roads are referred to, not stairs, in such names.

The Captain Digby Inn stands near Kingsgate Castle, and here, January, 1857, the rescued crew of the *Northern Belle*, bound from New York to London, which had been driven in-shore and had anchored about three-quarters of a mile from the west, and sunk in a violent gale, were sheltered after having been rescued by the heroic efforts of Broadstairs men in their lifeboats, the *Mary White* and the *Culmer White*. From midnight to half-past seven in the morning the wrecked crew had floated lashed to the mast of the sunken vessel.

But tales of this kind are really too numerous to be repeated. The Broadstairs and Ramsgate lifeboats have helped in dangerous circumstances to rescue countless men in danger of drowning.

Kings-gate was formerly called Bartholomew's Gate—the name was changed in 1683 in honour of King Charles II.'s visit.

From here to Broadstairs is a land of villas; cliffs like roughly whitened wood cast shadows on grey or dull green or blue seas below; the North Foreland Lighthouse by day and night looks over their roofs and out to sea. The present octagonal building was commenced in

1683. The light for a long time was a fire on the roof of the building. Within sight of it Prince Rupert fought de Ruyten, and the Dutchmen complained that the English could be killed but not beaten. The first regular lighthouse on this spot was placed there by Sir John Meldrum in 1636. This was burnt down and the building of 1683 erected; window-sashes to enclose the open light and bellows to keep it intense were subsequently added. Two stories of brick and a domed lantern were then added. At present the light is electric.

Sir John Meldrum, who erected the first lighthouse, was empowered to levy a penny a ton on all British, and twopence a ton on all foreign ships passing the Foreland, for which he was to pay the Crown a rent of £20 a year. This grant he held for fifty years: it was then transferred to various other individuals, and finally by will to Greenwich Hospital, which obtained a renewal of the rights for ninety-nine years. The custody of the North Foreland and other lighthouses was then transferred to the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, who gave the commissioners of Greenwich Hospital over £8,000 as compensation.

The Eastern Esplanade conducts you through the St. Mary's quarter of Broadstairs—a land of large buildings, institutions of various kinds for children, St. Mary's Orphanage, under the charge of a Church of England order, a Catholic orphanage, several schools, and a convalescent home. In the winter, in both Margate and Broadstairs,

VIEW FROM BROADSTAIRS PARADE.

BROADSTAIRS HARBOUR.

To face p. 108.

children and invalids become prominent. The coast being both cheerful and healthy, probably no more suitable situation for either could be found.

The Eastern Esplanade ends before Broadstairs pier is reached. To return to the sea, you pass down under the arched part of a pale stucco-covered house, the other, right-hand, support of the arch being a yellow-brown brick house with red chimneys, called Lawn House, which looks over a garden and out into the little harbour, and at which in 1850 Charles Dickens stayed.

Dickens's residences are spotted about over Broadstairs. Standing on the parade, turning (as it is natural to do) towards the harbour, Broadstairs has a very individual sea-front; the church tower—for the church is no longer towerless and like a "petrified haystack" as in Dickens's day—the houses terraced above one another down to the sea, so that you look into the chimneys of Eagle House as you pass along the parade, the curved breakwater-like pier—no formal plank-decked, penny-in-slot machine decorated affair, but a solid mass of stone and concrete, with elaborate plank steps round it, a slip down which the lifeboat can be launched in three minutes and a look-out house (decorated with a Scotchman and another wooden figure), on the roof of which house eternal watch is kept for ships in distress; and in the view of this corner of the place the most prominent object — a castellated, bow-windowed in front, greenish-grey brick house, is a modernised, enlarged version of

Fort House, in which Dickens lived. It is now called Bleak House. The tall, round-fronted end facing the horizon is the old Dickens' part; the corrugated sky-line is modern.

The quietness and the air of Broadstairs were great attractions to Dickens, and he visited it time after time until the quietness went. In 1847 he complained that "vagrant music is getting to that height here, and is so impossible to be escaped from, that I fear Broadstairs and I must part company in time to come. Unless it pours of rain, I cannot write half an hour without the most excruciating organs, fiddles, bells, or glee-singers. There is a violin of the most torturing kind under the window now (time, ten in the morning), and an Italian box of music on the steps—both in full blast." His last visits were in 1851, when he stopped at Fort House from May to November to avoid the excitement of the Great Exhibition, and in 1859 when he stayed one week.

In Dickens's day, "Bleak House," as Forster tells us, had "a cornfield between it and the sea." Like several other cornfields about here, this has been built over, and cottages and stables now stand in its place.

Fort House really has no connection with the Bleak House of the novel, except that part of the novel was written here. In the novel the house is in Hertfordshire, and has three peaks in the roof in front, and no resemblance to the Broadstairs House. While I am speaking about houses which are *not* described by Dickens, I may as well mention that the Old Curiosity Shop in Portugal Street is

not Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop. Dickens himself pointed out 10, Green Street, Leicester Square, a shop long ago rebuilt, as his model. If it were in either of the two places, the journey on foot from it to Quilp's Wharf, on Tower Hill, and back would be a long one for little Nell.

There are two ways up from the harbour at Broadstairs. After you pass the Droit Office, and have pondered on the long list of men, whose names are commemorated because of their gallant actions in saving lives endangered on the sea, you may either pass up under the arched house to the right, or under the old archway, an inscription on which informs you that George Culmer put it up about 1540, and Sir George Henniker, Bart., repaired it 1795. It is a picturesque Gothic arch, but as it now stands does not look a very effective piece of fortification.

The harbour corner of the parade, as I suggested before, is remarkable for the quaint irregularity of the manner in which the sea-front is built up. A little red house displays a figure-head over its window resting on the gutter of its roof—a white-faced lady with a black cap and red dress, who looks down on a triangle of garden whose flowers border a precipitous edge of chalk. Little spaces of garden like this one are so situated that looking through branches of trees and birds'-nests, on the seaward side of which the sun sheds silver, you see boats bobbing alongside the pier, while the birds and waves mingle their songs. Sir Francis Laking's house is one of those nearest to the sea. Winter and summer, at least one man is fishing on

the pier; whether he ever catches anything, I do not know.

On the land side, across a green, is a row of irregular stuccoed houses not without a touch of quaintness. One of them is the Albion Hotel, the other (and front) side of which informs you that Dickens stopped there and wrote part of "Nicholas Nickleby" in it in 1839. It should be noted that although Dickens stopped at the Albion Hotel (in 1845 ,for instance), and his letter hanging framed on its walls describes Broadstairs, and states that "a good sea, fresh breezes, fine sands, and pleasant walks, with all manner of fishing-boats, lighthouses, piers, bathing-machines, are its only attractions, but it is one of the freshest and freest little places in the world," when he stopped at Broadstairs to finish "Nickleby" he stopped at what was then 40, Albion Street, two doors from the Albion Hotel. The subsequent extension of the hotel can be easily traced by the lesser height of the corner block. Its frontage in Albion Street is not without a certain prim distinction: a long row of stucco urns stands over the first floor string-course, with lean shrubs in them. At night, in particular, when the large lamp over the door is lit, the urns on either side and the flourish of incised lines between the windows come out as objects of distinct interest. I thought of getting a photograph of it, but there are subjects which are really more suited for verbal description than for visible depiction; their charm is rather in their incongruity or their position in relation to what extends for miles round them, than in anything

that the eye sees when actually fixed on them; they give pleasure to the mind rather than to the sight. The front of the Albion Hotel is probably one of these objects.

Dickens was so fond of Broadstairs that he stopped there not less than fifteen times. During his first visit, in 1837, he stayed at No. 12, High Street; the house, which stood where the present No. 31 is, has been pulled down. It was "a humble-looking tenement of two stories in height, with a small parlour facing the narrow thoroughfare; the house survived till a few years ago, though in an altered form, and has since been rebuilt." He stopped at 40, Albion Street, as mentioned before, and urged Maclise "to come to the bower which is shaded for you in the one-pair front, where no chair or table has four legs of the same length, and where no drawers will open till you have pulled the pegs off, and then they keep open and won't shut again."

His letter, dated September 1, 1843, to Professor Felton, of Cambridge, U.S.A., describes his life while here :—

"This is a little fishing-place; intensely quiet; built on a cliff, whereon, in the centre of a tiny semicircular bay, our house stands, the sea rolling and dashing under the windows. Seven miles out are the Goodwin Sands (you've heard of the Goodwin Sands ?), whence floating lights perpetually wink after dark, as if they were carrying on intrigues with the servants. Also there is a big lighthouse, called the North Foreland, on a hill behind the village—a severe parsonic light, which

reproves the young and giddy floaters, and stares grimly out upon the sea. Under the cliff are rare good sands, where all the children assemble every morning and throw up impossible fortifications, which the sea throws down again at high water. Old gentlemen and ancient ladies flirt after their own manner in two reading-rooms, and on a great many scattered seats in the open air. Other old gentlemen look all day through telescopes and never see anything. In a bay-window in a one-pair sits, from nine o'clock to one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neck-cloth, who writes and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. His name is Boz. At one he disappears, and presently emerges from a bathing-machine, and may be seen—a kind of salmon-coloured porpoise—splashing about in the ocean. After that he may be seen in another bay-window on the ground-floor eating a strong lunch; after that walking a dozen miles or so, or lying on his back in the sand reading a book. Nobody bothers him unless they know he is disposed to be talked to, and I am told he is very comfortable indeed. He's as brown as a berry, and they *do* say is a small fortune to the innkeeper, who sells beer and cold punch. But this is mere rumour. Sometimes he goes up to London (eighty miles or so away), and then, I'm told, there is a sound in Lincoln's Inn Fields [Forster's residence] at night as of men talking, together with a chinking of knives and forks and wineglasses."

In 1851, in a letter to the Earl of Carlisle, he says of the place: "The general character of

Broadstairs as to size and accommodation was happily expressed by Miss Eden, when she wrote to the Duke of Devonshire (as he told me) saying how grateful she felt to a certain sailor, who asked leave to see her garden, for not plucking it bodily up and sticking it in his buttonhole. You will have for a night-light in the room we shall give you the North Foreland Lighthouse. That and the sea and air are our only lions. It is a rough little place, but a very pleasant one, and you will make it pleasanter than ever to me."

Some of Dickens's description of "An English Watering Place" is not out-of-date to this day as a description of Broadstairs. "Fallen cliff" is still not unknown on the sands and the little gardens facing the sea: indeed, in the winter, discussions as to wrecks, collisions, and falls of cliff are the staple subjects of conversation, and on stormy nights, when the wind booms, "Is that a wreck?" is a remark as ordinary as "Good evening" in other parts. Winds blow such that the most stop-at-home person must hear the rattling of household fitments as he lies in bed and cannot escape all thought of the elements. If I have said anything about the difference between summer and winter in other places I must say it again here—for Broadstairs in summer is, indeed, different from Broadstairs in winter. In summer the front and the sands are all muslin dresses, striped socks, tents, machines, music, lolling figures on chairs, shrieks and splashes; in the winter, the sun and the moon alike illumine uninhabited spaces. The moon especially seems to share the front with the electric

light and the illuminated clock-tower. A few unemployed men seek to earn a little by scooping up the sand in search of money and valuable small property which was lost during the summer; and will now produce a reward, or, if unclaimed, be left in their possession.

Dickens's remark that Broadstairs "is in fact what would be popularly called rather a nobby place," recalls the fact that Broadstairs was always so since the seaside was invented. Broadstairs is select. The 1864 "All about Ramsgate and Margate" begins its Broadstairs chapter with reflections on "How very few places there are in England where a thoroughly respectable family can, without the risk of being styled vulgar, retire for a month's genteel repose, to renovate their frames shattered by the severe exertions of a London season, where a man's mind may recover from the harassing nervousness of party-giving," and the other excitements of Society, which included "Crystal Palace *fêtes* and South Kensington flower-shows." Were I a learned man, borrowing a phrase from Mr. H. J. Mackinder, M.P., I should talk of "geographical momentum" and show how once having acquired a reputation for anything and the necessary paraphernalia for carrying out the activities which such a character requires, the same species of reputation and activity will there continue long after other places possessing by nature equal powers of competing in the function of the first place, are able to develop equal facilities: one place has the advantage of a tradition that the other has not.

The "History and Topographical Survey of the County of Kent" that Edward Hasted brought out between 1778 and 1799—when I have time I will write a history of the world, going backwards from the present day; I'm sure I could show the propriety and utility of this reversal of time, and it brings my best evidence to the more effective later end—says, "This ville is of late become so considerable as to form a small town; many new buildings have been erected within these few years here, for the residence and other accommodation of families in the summer season, who wish to have the benefit of sea-bathing, and yet be retired from the inconveniency arising from so public a place as *Margate*." Broadstairs even then was more "retired" than Margate.

Dickens refers to the literary character of Broadstairs, its library, and the pencilled commentaries on the margins of its books. What I should like to say about books in Broadstairs is that there are some: there are several booksellers' shops, which is more than can be said of some larger places.

Great was the local excitement when this Dickens's article, "Our Watering Place," first appeared, with its hearty praise of the local boatmen.

"For ever hovering about [the] pier, with their hands in their pockets, or leaning over the rough bulwark it opposes to the sea, gazing through telescopes which they carry about in the same profound receptacles, are the boatmen of our watering-place. Looking at them you would say that surely these must be the laziest boatmen in the world. They lounge about, in obstinate and inflexible panta-

loons, that are apparently made of wood, the whole season through. Whether talking together about shipping in the Channel, or gruffly unbending over mugs of beer at the public-house, you would consider them the slowest of men. The chances are a thousand to one that you might stay here for ten seasons, and never see a boatman in a hurry. . . . Do not judge him by deceitful appearances. These are among the bravest and most skilful mariners that exist. Let a gale arise and swell into a storm, let a sea that might appal the stoutest heart that ever beat, let the Lifeboat on these dangerous sands throw up a rocket in the night, or let them hear through the angry roar the signal-guns of a ship in distress, and these men spring into activity so dauntless, so valiant and heroic, that the world cannot surpass it. Cavillers may object that they chiefly live upon the salvage of valuable cargoes. So they do, and God knows it is no great living that they get out of the deadly risks they run. But put that hope of gain aside. Let these rough fellows be asked, in any storm, who volunteers for the lifeboat to save some perishing souls, as poor and empty-handed as themselves, whose lives the perfection of human reason does not rate at the value of a farthing each; and that boat will be manned, as surely and as cheerfully, as if a thousand pounds were told down on the weather-beaten pier. For this, and for the recollection of their comrades whom we have known, whom the raging sea has engulfed before their children's eyes in such brave efforts, whom the secret sand has buried, we hold the boatmen of our watering-place in our love

and honour, and are tender of the fame they well deserve."

He who knows how often the lifeboat puts out and is kept out in obstinately violent seas, the men struggling without food for hours, in the dark, perhaps, to reach a ship in distress, will know that this praise is deserved to-day as it has been perhaps for centuries past.

The article contains an exact portrait of the sands at low water as Dickens saw them from his window across the lost field: "A ripple plays among the ripening corn upon the cliffs, as if it were faintly trying from recollection to imitate the sea; and the world of butterflies hovering over the crop of radish-seed are as restless in their little way as the gulls are in their larger manner when the wind blows. But the ocean lies winking in the sunlight like a drowsy lion—its glassy waters scarcely curve upon the shore—the fishing-boats in the tiny harbour are all stranded in the mud—our two colliers (our watering-place has a maritime trade employing that amount of shipping) have not an inch of water within a quarter of a mile of them, and turn, exhausted, on their sides, like faint fish of an antediluvian species. Rusty cables and chains, ropes and rings, undermost parts of posts and piles, and confused timber-defences against the waves, lie strewn about, in a brown litter of tangled sea-weed and fallen cliff, which looks as if a family of giants had been making tea here for ages, and had observed an untidy custom of throwing their tea-leaves on the shore."

In 1851 a ship was wrecked on the Goodwins, and

Dickens described the event in a letter to Mr. Henry Austin:—

"A great to-do here. A steamer lost on the Goodwins yesterday, and our men bringing in no end of dead cattle and sheep. I stood supper for them last night, to the unbounded gratification of Broadstairs. They came in from the wreck very wet and tired, and very much disconcerted by the nature of their prize—which, I suppose, after all, will have to be recommitted to the sea, when the hides and tallow are secured. One lean-faced boatman murmured, when they were all ruminating over the bodies as they lay on the pier: 'Couldn't sassages be made on it?' but retired in confusion shortly afterwards, overwhelmed by the execrations of the bye-standers."

Mr. William Hughes, in his "Week's Tramp in Dickens Land," gives an account of an interview "with an 'old salt,' formerly one of the boatmen of 'Our English Watering Place' who are therein immortalised by so much kindly mention, with whom we have a pleasant chat about Charles Dickens. Harry Ford (the name of our old friend) well remembers the great novelist, when in early days he used to come on his annual excursions with his family to Broadstairs. 'Bless your soul,' he says, 'I can see 'Old Charley,' as we used to call him among ourselves here, a-coming flying down from the cliff with a hop, step, and jump, with his hair all flying about. He used to sit sometimes on the rail' (pointing to the one surrounding the harbour), 'with his legs lolling about, and sometimes on the seat

that you're a-sitting on now' (adjoining the old Look-out House opposite the Tartar Frigate Inn), 'and he was very fond of talking to us fellows and hearing our tales—he was very good-natured, and nobody was liked better. And if you'll read' (continues our informant) 'that story that he wrote and printed about *Our Watering Place*, *I* was the man who's mentioned there as mending a little ship for a boy. *I* held that child between my knees. And what's more, sir, *I* took 'Old Charley,' on the very last time that he came over to Broadstairs (he wasn't living here at the time), round the foreland to Margate, with a party of four friends. I took 'em in my boat, the *Irene*,' pointing to a clinker-built strong boat lying in the harbour, capable of holding twenty people. 'The wind was easterly—the weather was rather rough, and it took me three or four hours to get round. There was a good deal of chaffing going on, I can tell you.'"

The original of Betsey Trotwood lived, it is said, in 1849, at Dickens House, a few doors from the "Albion." It has a little railed garden, fronting the public railed gardens, and where it was exactly that donkeys could have been driven, I do not know. The verandah looks out over the sea, and the whole house is characteristic enough of the older houses of Broadstairs.

CHAPTER IX

BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, AND PEGWELL BAY

I HAVE written a chapter about Broadstairs, but there are a lot of things most well known about it that I have not said. Is it not written in all the guide-books that "at a small distance above the [harbour] gate, there was antiently a *chapel*, dedicated, as tradition goes, to *the Virgin Mary*, under the appellation of *Our Lady of Pity*, though more usually *Our Lady of Bradstow;* in this chapel was her *image*, which was held in such veneration, that the ships, as they sailed by this place, used to lower their topsails to salute it"?

Then again there was a huge fish, "on the 9th July, 1574, a *monstrous fish*," so says Hasted, "shot himself on shore on a little sand now called Fishness, where for want of water it died the next day; before which his roaring was heard above a mile; his length, *says Kilburne*, was 22 yards; the nether jaw opening 12 feet; one of his eyes was more than a cart and six horses could draw; a man stood upright in the place from whence his eye was taken; the thickness from his back to the top of his belly (which lay

QUAY-SIDE, RAMSGATE.

upwards) was 14 feet; his tail of the same breadth; the distance between his eyes was 12 feet; three men stood upright in his mouth; some of his ribs were 14 feet long; his tongue was 15 feet long; his liver was two cart loads, and a man might creep into his nostrils. There were *four whales*, or *monstrous large fish* [he goes on] towed ashore by the fishermen on this island [he means the Isle of Thanet] a few years ago, one of which had been found floating on the sea dead, and was brought to *Broadstairs*, and measured about 60 feet long, and 38 feet round the middle; its forked tail was 18 feet wide, its lower jaw 9 feet long; it had two rows of teeth, 22 in each row, about 2 inches long. . . . It is said this fish sold at *Deal* for 22 *guineas*."

In addition to great fish, Broadstairs has seen its great storms.

On January 6, 1767, the "City Remembrancer" records, that "Poor Broadstairs, in St. Peter's parish, has felt the full force of the storm; the pier is utterly destroyed, and such a quantity of baich carried into the harbour as will probably ruin it for ever. Twelve ships, belonging to the Iceland cod-fishery, and one vessel on the stocks, will, with great difficulty, if ever, be got out. The place is undone, many honest, laborious families, who gained a competent livelihood by the fisheries carried on there, must now be turned adrift to seek their bread where they can find it."

Cod-fishing certainly is now a lost industry in Broadstairs. Nor is the place any longer as in 1765 "famous for fine lobsters."

There are remains of the real country to be found near to gas-lit roads and almost or quite within the sound of the trams that connect Broadstairs with Margate and Ramsgate. Turn inland from the tram-line after it has left the front on its way to Ramsgate and ask for the "Old Brown Jug" at Dumpton, and you will come to as good a group of old walls under old trees as you could wish for. Crossing the railway twice behind Ramsgate cemetery, and going past a few broken-off terraces, you can then go to the fine old St. Lawrence's Church without needing to pass all through the town of Ramsgate.

On Broadstairs front, turning your back on the harbour and Bleak House, and facing the little clock-tower, the band-stand, the Grand Hotel, and the successive steep little headlands of chalk which border the front, the way towards Ramsgate by the cliffs is before you. After leaving various red buildings on your right and crossing one bridge which spans a sloping "gate" down to the sea, a single field is passed, and the edge of the cliff is then barred by a fence and you have to proceed upwards towards a little clump of trees, which in winter (when last I saw them) look pleasantly vague and mysterious as the misty air smears them into one grey and formless mass. Winding your way through forts and between gardens, by a devious path, the sea is reached once more and the pier on one side of Ramsgate Harbour is at hand. Caves in these cliffs, now used by farmers as stables, are said to have been smugglers' strong-rooms.

RAMSGATE HARBOUR.

To face p. 124.

Wellington Crescent is one of the earlier streets fronting the sea. Two stories of liver-coloured brick over a small green verandah to which a further awning of textile material can be attached to bridge the space over the pale portico, which without break covers the ground floor and the doorways—such, inappropriately prim and regular, feebly executed in the style of Georgian rigid sensibleness, is Wellington Crescent. The rest of the east cliff—the clumps of bush and the rockeries and artificial waterfall—are one of the most memory-haunting features in Ramsgate. Below the main road, little brown houses with green bow-windows are set askew so as to look out over the harbour, by the side of steps that lead down to the beach and the refreshment and rinking and other halls by the sea. The harbour, crowded with fishing-boats, and at times with London steamers and other vessels, is shut in by two brownish piers ending at lighthouses, and the green waves with dashes of white foam break in conflict between the two brown prongs. The front—crowds of people on the sands, hanging over the backs of seated audiences before performers on little stages set up in the open, Punch and Judy's and pierrots and sellers of refreshments, skating-rinks and dancing-halls—is not this one of the most celebrated scenes in modern England? Here from the earliest days of seaside holidays, families sat on the sand—I have seen pictures of it crowded with fathers with whiskers curling round their mostly clean-shaved faces (and lips), and mothers with crinolined and flounced skirts

and little comical hats and hair that fell in heavy rolls at their necks or circled in braided tresses round their ears, and children with short sleeves and flying cloaks. In those days, the bathing-machines had blinds in front that let down over the steps. In those distant and mid-Victorian days "about eleven o'clock, a hand-bell is heard to ring evidently in the distance, and the elderly gentlemen who, up to this time, have been winking and dozing in the sunshine, wake up and wriggle in their chairs with incomprehensible liveliness. The fact is, the newspapers have just arrived at Ramsgate." In those days the Marine Library was used for purposes other than literary. There was a raffling-table. (Was there no Anti-Gambling League in 1864?) "A damsel in a pink bonnet, who smelt of *millefleurs*, had kept the same place all the evening, and evidently lost largely, for she was borrowing when we arrived. M. F. [the proprietor] was very attentive to her, and took her shillings with the most polite sympathy. Before she threw, she shook the dice as if she wanted to break them, and sent them rolling half across the table. She lost again, and said to her friend, 'Very odd—isn't it?' as if she suspected the virtuous M. F., and had an idea cheating was the order of the night." Strange how dissipated the respectable mid-Victorians seem to have been: nowadays the Briton has to cross the Channel to get such gambling pleasures in the form of *petits chevaux*.

These frivolous fancies must not take me too far. The serious history of Ramsgate must be told. Like the history of many other places, it is

largely lost. We must comfort ourselves with the reflection that the histories that are told are most irrelevancies or untruths, compiled from the records of snobbish historians who set down what happened to the men they knew and omitted to record the obscure drudgery of the men whose patient efforts effected all that lessened the hardships and changed the thoughts of the masses of their fellows: and the statesmen, who got their information from the unknown, book the credit for the reforms they had not wished to carry out. Ramsgate was a member of Sandwich, though not one of the original members. As for its name, "the inhabitants, like those of other parts, are fond of having it famous for its antiquity, and have fancied the name of it to have been derived from *Romans gate*, that is, from its being used as a port by *the Romans*; but besides [says Hasted] that its name was never so written in ancient writings, it may well be doubted, whether during the time of *the Romans* frequenting this island, there was here any way or gate at all to the sea; and it seems plain, that it was dug first through the cliff, as the rest of the sea-gates were in this little island, for the convenience of the fishery, no *Roman* coins, &c., have been known ever to have been found here, as they have at *Bradstow*, where the Romans, if they had any at all, might have a station in this island." The name is derived in fact from Ruyms Gate, Ruym having been the British name for Thanet.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century it was only a fishing village. Commerce with Russia

and the East came to it at that time: hemp and tallow gave it some prosperity, which increased when the harbour was built.

It was the fierce gale of 1748 that led to a petition for a harbour to be constructed at Ramsgate. The first harbour was begun in 1749, but not finished till 1761—a dispute as to the best plan for its construction having led to the delay. The harbour began to silt up, and Smeaton, the great engineer, who placed a famous lighthouse—not the present one—on the Eddystone rock, proposed to fix sluices at the upper end of the harbour. These, however, though they cleared the silt away, caused the water in the harbour to be exceedingly rough when the sea outside was disturbed, and a new piece, 400 feet long, had to be added to the east pier.

"In the year 1791, in the month of January, there were 130 sail of ships and vessels at one time in this harbour, driven in by stress of weather, among which were four *West Indiamen*, richly laden, from 350 to 500 tons; and if we suppose that the whole or the greatest part of these ships would have been riding in *the Downs* during the stormy weather, there can be no loss to judge what difficulties and dangers those must have experienced, who did ride it actually out there. Within these last 17 months upwards of 600 sail of ships and vessels have taken shelter in this harbour, of which above 300 (and the vessels *in the Downs* have scarcely ever exceeded that number), were bound to and from *the port of London*."

Thus does Hasted set down the satisfactory effect of building the harbour.

Sir John Rennie rebuilt the eastern head of the harbour in 1812–4, as an inscription on a brass plate surrounding the compass thereon informs us. The works under water were carried on by means of a diving bell, but when "the trustees of the harbour believe [this] to have been the first instance of its application to such a purpose," their belief is an erroneous one: Smeaton had used the diving bell in repairing the foundations of Hexham Bridge twenty-three years before, and nine years later at Ramsgate Harbour itself.

Like Margate, Ramsgate rose to fame as one of the earliest of the seaside watering-places, when the notion of sea-bathing took root in the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole mentions it in a letter written in 1790—one of those silly letters that now form such a valuable "source" for historians of the eighteenth century: "Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Wheeler called on me this morning from Hampton: she looks lean and ill, and goes to Ramsgate; her parents next week to Tunbridge for a month. One would think all the English were ducks, they are for ever waddling to the water. But I must stop, I shall not have an inch of paper for to-morrow."

In 1821, as the obelisk by the harbour records, George IV. embarked at Ramsgate for Hanover. In 1837 the King and Queen of the Belgians landed here. In 1893 to 1895 further improvements were made opening out better approaches to the cliffs on both sides of the bay from the harbour and quays.

The Granville Hotel, a noticeable Gothic building facing the sea, calls to mind its creator, Pugin, who seems to have been a "character," for the things which he cared about were "stage machinery and scenic representations," sailing, and Gothic architecture. "There is nothing worth living for," he is reported to have said, "but Christian architecture and a boat." He was once wrecked penniless on the coast of Scotland. He was a father and widower before he was twenty. He left the Protestant for the Catholic faith, and the church of St. Augustine on the West Cliff was built by him at his own expense. His own house was close by it. He was of a hospitable disposition, ready to help in saving ships in distress or to relieve sailor-men stranded ashore for want of money.

That reminds me of Ramsgate's work for the saving of lives endangered on the sea.

There are always tugs in Ramsgate Harbour to take the lifeboat out, so that Ramsgate lifeboat succeeds in reaching a particularly large number of vessels in distress. To mention only a few such cases—the *Idun*, of Bergen, stranded on the Goodwins in March, 1871, and the Ramsgate and Broadstairs lifeboats went out to it: three hours the boats with the rescued crew lay with the sea breaking over them, unable to get off the sand again, until at last they succeeded and the steam-tug towed them to harbour.

On the 19th of March, 1872, the brig *Defender*, of Sunderland, was wrecked on the Goodwins, and the Ramsgate lifeboat having been anchored, veered down abreast of her, a line was thrown on

board the wreck, and the lifeboat hauled alongside in spite of the heavy seas that dashed it to and fro. The master and seven of the crew were thus saved. The eighth man got into the ship's boat and was picked up by the Broadstairs' lifeboat.

But the number of lives saved by Ramsgate lifeboats is so great that it is impossible to record them. Especially in gales and in still, foggy weather, the Goodwins seize their prey. Of course, steam navigation and increase in the number of lighthouses and beacons, as well as in lifeboats of improved types and with better appliances, have greatly reduced the loss of life on the sands.

The lights of Ramsgate in themselves signal more meaning to the steersman than every man on shore is aware of.

I am not able to undertake to explain the lights and landmarks on most parts of the coast; but the lights of Ramsgate are so visible to the eye of every one who looks out at the harbour that it will probably be of interest, even to those who are not great sea-voyagers or yachtsmen, to hear what Frank Cowper says of them in his "Sailing Tours" (vol. ii.) :—

"*West Pier.*—A fixed red light, visible seven miles, when there is 10 ft. or more between the pier-heads, *i.e.*, from 2½ hrs. before until 3½ hrs. after high water. A fixed green light shows where there is less than 10 ft.

"*West Cliff* shows a fixed green light, which in line with the light on the W. pier, bearing N.W. by W. ⅛ W. leads through the Old Cudd Channel.

"*East Cliff.*—A fixed green light in line with W. pier tide light leads from the Middle Fairway Buoy in Ramsgate channel to the harbour entrance.

"*East Pier.*—A flashing white light, visible five miles, shows through an arc of 224 deg. from N.W. by W. ½ W. over the Dike Buoy, through N. and W. to the centre of the basin gates at the W. entrance to the floating dock. The light shows flashes of 5 sec. followed by 5 sec. darkness."

Frank Cowper says he is always much confused with all these lights, or rather with the multiplicity and much greater brilliancy of the town lights behind.

Ramsgate streets alter less in appearance as summer changes to winter than those of most of Kentish seaside resorts. The shops on the front mostly shut up entirely, when the cold sea breezes get too strong for the most robust pedestrians and the harbour becomes a place for those who have business there; but the streets of the rest of the town inland and towards the station alter little.

I should have liked to have illustrated my remarks on summer and winter in Ramsgate with some of those statistical diagrams that most learned books now contain, and I meant to show how many men, women, and children there were there in (1) July, (2) August, (3) September, (4) November, (5) December, and (6) January. The town clerk very kindly tried to help me, and had inquiries made. But the cleverest statistician cannot in a hurry demonstrate that Free Trade is no better than Protection or that the inhabitants of Ramsgate

in August vary according to the net annual income for the year according to the returns of the Registrar-General, unless he has the material figures all to hand. I have not, so can only report that the resident population of Ramsgate is estimated at 30,000, and the maximum population with visitors during the season is 70,000, so that the number of visitors is about 40,000.

Sir Moses Montefiore, between and after his numerous journeys to Egypt (where he saw that Eastern Napoleon, Mehemet Ali), Syria, Damascus, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Rome (where the Pope refused to see him), Morocco, Bucharest, and Jerusalem, where he tried to free the Jews from various special laws to which they were subjected, lived at East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate. In the cemetery of the synagogue near that house is the mausoleum in which he and Lady Montefiore are buried: it is said to be in close imitation of the tomb of Rachel in the Holy Land. Not many other notabilities who have lived in or visited Ramsgate are known to me. Heine was here in 1827. There is this resemblance between Lamb, who visited Margate, and Heine, who visited Ramsgate—both wrote much about themselves and their own feelings, and the lives and feelings of both are in many ways obscure. We do not quite know how far the man as his friends saw him was in either case like the man as he made himself seem in his writings.

It was in the spring of 1827, soon after the appearance of his "Reisebilder," Heine came to England, where he remained three months. He

wrote that "London exceeded his expectations as to size, but that he almost lost himself in it. There was nothing but fog, coal-smoke, porter, and Canning, and it was so dreadfully damp and uncomfortable. The eternal roast beef and mutton, and vegetables just as God made them —Heaven protect every one from their sauces. Send a philosopher to London, but—on your life —no poet."

In the middle of June Heine stayed two weeks in Ramsgate. The name Ramsgate occurs, I think, in one of his love lyrics, but there are no references of any length to the place in his works. In a letter written to J. H. Detmond he says:—

"Leave your Hoffmann and his ghosts, who are all the more horrible for walking in the market-place in broad daylight and behaving like one of us. It is I, Heine, who give you this advice. And I give you my example at the same time, as one climbs up from that pit by the aid of one's own hair.—I am high up at present, on the last cliff at Ramsgate, and I am sitting in a high balcony, and, as I write, I look down over the lovely wide sea, whose waves clamber up the rocks and roar their most joyous music for my heart. I tell you this so that you may know that my good advice comes down to you from a good healthy height. I am on the point of leaving England, where I have been since April, and I am going to pass through Brabant and Holland, and return in a few months to Germany."

This rather thin record seems nearly all we know of Heine by the English sea—this is what reaches us from the impressions of that master of complex impressions, whose love-songs contain sneers, whose views of the common-place world melt into suggestions of the most distant places, who jokes about the subjects most sacred to mankind, who sees life as miscellaneous as the dream of a drunken god, after he has slunk away from the feast of the gods; who feels at once the charm and richness of the world as our fathers left it to us, and the hard justice of claims for change and destruction.

I am afraid of saying too much about the churches in this neighbourhood, because although many of them are beautiful they have a certain resemblance to one another. The Church of St. Lawrence, a mile up Ramsgate High Street, set opposite a bend in the street, where a few old cottages give a suggestion of the old village which existed before Ramsgate had spread itself so far and absorbed its separate existence, has another solid Norman and Early English tower, breaking long, waving lines of red-tiled roof; again, the walls are of grey stone, which has been patched here and there with darker flint, and again the interior is dark, with the fine, simple, dignified effectiveness of Norman arches in places. It was founded in 1062. There are four semicircular Norman arches on the south outside the tower.

There is still a little country left between Ramsgate and Pegwell Bay, celebrated for its shrimps. There were "public breakfasts here

every Monday . . . at which time the Margate band are engaged to attend," in 1780.

When tea was a guinea a pound, smuggling was not unknown in this part of the coast.

The chalk cliffs descend lower and lower, and the long stretch of marsh-land is before you, at the beginning of which, to the right of the Sportsman's Inn, is St. Augustine's Monument at Ebbsfleet.

CHAPTER X

EBBSFLEET AND RICHBOROUGH

PEOPLE are always trying to explain all the activities of man by means of one single motive: desire for pleasure, which in advanced countries can embody all the potential gratifications known to it in the form of money, and therefore becomes transformed into the "economic motive"; fear; desire for self-development; desire for self-extinction and restful non-existence; these, by different thinkers and philosophies, are put forward as the sole impulses animating mankind. But it is now becoming clearer to us that men are not really animated by a single motive, and do not love according to a scheme; they are not descended from logicians, but from beings forming part and conscious of all the many-sided manifestations of the universe.

These, I hope not too ponderous, reflections, are forced on me when I consider that at one and the same place Hengist, and Horsa, and St. Augustine landed. The romantic enthusiasm for converting other people to our passionate convictions, which from Jerusalem and Rome as its

great centres spread out troops of Christian missionaries, from South India sent the Buddhists eastwards to China and Japan, from Arabia spread Mahommedanism over Africa and India —the romantic love of adventure, of war and gain that brought the English into the land which they so conquered and identified with their own personalities that they gave to it their own name—these two great forces at Ebbsfleet, they say, entered, in the forms referred to, into this country.

At Ebbsfleet—a few fields from the sea a cross has been raised in commemoration of St. Augustine's landing — the marshes begin — an open land on which waters shine out silver, and clumps of bush and mounds of earth and angular channels of water and interrupted pieces of fencing, which mount over mounds and then come to an end as they meet ditch-boundaries, are visible for miles over the flat country. The clear sky, patterned near the horizon with silver and pink and bars of purplish-grey cloud, contrasts with the heavy colours of the brown and faded green earth. Ducks quack in the distance.

What, you may say, do we really know of Hengist and Horsa—have not certain historians thrown doubt on their existence and said they were "mythical"?

Jeffrey of Monmouth—I admit he has no reputation for correctness—Jeffrey of Monmouth, writing in 1147, is able to repeat to us the speech that Hengist ("whose Years and Wisdom intituled

him to a Precedence") made to Vortigern King of Britain, when the latter asked him why he had come in three long gallies, laden with armed men and had landed in Kent. "Most Noble King, *Saxony*, which is one of the Countries of *Germany*, was the Place of our Birth; and the Occasion of our coming, was to offer our Service to you or some other Prince. For we were driven out of our Native Country, for no other Reason, but that the Custom of the Kingdom required it. It is the Custom of that Place, that when it comes to be overstocked with People, our Princes from all Provinces meet together, and command all the Youth of the Kingdom to assemble before them: Then casting Lots, they make Choice of the strongest and ablest of them, for to go into Foreign Nations, to procure themselves a Subsistence, and free their Native Country from a superfluous Multitude of People." According to this custom, he went on to say, we and companions have been sent away: "Us two Brothers, *Hengist* and *Horsus*, they made Generals over them, out of respect to our Ancestors, who enjoy'd the same Honour. Under the good guidance of Mercury we have arrived in your kingdom."

The king stared at them a little while and asked them what their religion was.

They said: "We worship the gods of our land, Saturn and Jupiter and the rest that govern the world: but especially Mercury, whom in our language we call Woden, and to whom our ancestors consecrated the fourth day, still called after his

name Wodensday." Vortigern replied that he was grieved because of their faith, or rather unfaith, but being oppressed by enemies on every side, would consider their coming a cause of rejoicing, and would give them lands and possessions if they would help him in his wars. This they readily agreed to, and shortly afterwards the Saxons slew the Picts beyond the Humber.

This took place in A.D. 449.

And eighteen ships of their fellows were sent for from Germany. And they were given leave to build a fortress on the land which a leather thong would compass, and built Thong Castle, cutting the whole hide of an ox into one strip so as to surround a wide space.

And Rowen, the daughter of Hengist, was brought over and King Vortigern saw her as he came to Hengist's castle to see the newly arrived soldiers and to eat at his table. And Rowen was beautiful and Vortigern was inflamed with her beauty. And Vortigern took the cup from her hand, and according to the custom of the Saxons, he called "Drinc heil" in answer to her words as she drank his health. And he became drunk with the variety of drinks given to him, and, although he was a Christian—all this has a bearing on Ebbsfleet as the landing-place of Augustine, if not as much on Ebbsfleet as the landing-place of Hengist and Horsa. Although Vortigern was a Christian he loved Rowen, and Hengist favoured his suit, and granted the province of Kent to Hengist as dowry, "without the Privity of Gorangan, who had the government of it." And

more and more of the Saxons, Angles and Jutes come over, attracted by the fertility of the land and the cowardice of the Britons. (Bede reports this.) And because of their paganism and their frequent intermarriage with the Britons, for which the King had given an example, they did much to diminish the Christianity of the country.

Geoffrey depicts Hengist as of a treacherous disposition, and shows him coming to a conference with the Britons, after war had broken out between them and their allies, with long daggers under the cloaks of his men and slaying their unarmed.

Horsus was killed at Aylesford (the ford of Epiffrod) "where Horsus and Catigern, a Son of *Vortigern*, met, and after a sharp encounter killed each other," and the Britons shortly after fought the Saxons again on the seashore, "where the Enemies fled shamefully to their Ships, and then betook themselves for refuge to the Isle of *Thanet*." Hengist was captured in battle by Eldol and his head was afterwards cut off with a sword.

Now for the missionary Augustine, who landed at Ebbsfleet, is said by tradition to have conferred with King Ethelbert at Minster, and was made first Archbishop of Canterbury, so that the localities where a large part of his life was spent are in this eastern projection of Kent.

The story is rather stale, but that is not my fault, and it seems a necessary introduction to any account of the conversion of England to Christianity, of how Gregory in the market-place

of Rome, where many things were exposed for sale, saw some boys put up for sale, of fair complexion and with pleasing countenances and beautiful hair. He asked from what region or country they were brought, and was told from the Island of Britain, where the inhabitants were like that in appearance. He asked further whether those islanders were Christians or still involved in the errors of paganism, and was informed they were pagans. He sighed deeply and said, "What a pity that the author of darkness should own men of such fair countenances; and that with such grace of outward form, their minds should be void of inward grace. He asked further what the name of the people was in that island, and was told they were angles. "True," said he, "they have the faces of angels, and it is right that they should be co-heirs with angels in heaven. What is the name of the province from which they have been brought?" He was told they came from Deiri, which was in the south of Northumbria. "Truly are they *De ira*, saved from wrath, and called to the mercy of Christ. How is the king of that province called?" They told him his name was Aelli, and he said, "Alleluiah, the praise of God the Creator must be sung in those parts."

Now this may have happened about the year A.D. 580. Christianity was known in Britain long before. British Bishops of York, London, and probably Caerleon in Usk, attended the Council of Arles in A.D. 314. But, as we have seen, the English invaders had eradicated the religion of

Christ. We may well suppose that at the time when Augustine landed there was a confusion of faiths and of half-faiths in the land. The ancient British faith according to which human sacrifices were offered to the sun to prevent its power from decreasing, and for whom great rounds of stones like that at Stonehenge were built to enable the priest to observe the time of the sun's annual increase of power, and in which the mistletoe was regarded as the incarnation of the sun's power, and the serpent's egg was the Druid's powerful weapon, had mingled with ideas that Christians had brought from Ireland and from Roman provinces like Gaul; and with the English ideas of Woden, god of war and boundaries, Thor, whose chariot rumbled in thunder over the clouds, and Frea, god of sunshine. The holy mistletoe to which white bulls were sacrificed, and the transmigration of the soul anciently believed in no doubt joined in many minds to belief in the Holy Family and the Christian Heaven and Hell. The minds of the people were confused. The English would seem to have been a Protestant people from an early date. The Arian heresy had been imported, but Pelagius, a Briton, had started another native form of dissent. For this some will praise and others blame him. Prosper, Gennadius, Marius, Mercator, Orosius, and St. Augustine all attest that Pelagius was a Briton, but the nature of his heresy would of itself lead us to suspect it: he insisted that "If I ought, I can: and fought against Catholic determinism,

declaring that the human will and not the divine will is the initial cause of salvation"—his Puritanical pre-occupation with morals and the struggle of the individual soul mark him as British, though his cheery belief that man is *not* corrupt at birth by descent from Adam would place him with the genial school of Dickensy Christians rather than entirely with the austere school. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, had debated with Pelagius, so, too, did Severus, Bishop of Trèves, and they converted heretics also by miraculously healing a young man's diseased knee.

The minds of the people were unsettled by these conflicting creeds. In temples and groves the official tribal gods were worshipped, but superstitious remains of older and unofficial gods as well as private spirits were also made use of by those who did not consistently work out a scheme of theology for themselves. Among these, to the pagans, superstitious beliefs were no doubt fragments of orthodox and heretical Christianity.

Gregory chose therefore a favourable time for sending Augustine to preach Christianity in England to convert those who were pagans and to re-convert and confirm those who had lapsed or were uncertain in faith. Augustine and his fellows had gone only a short distance when they were seized with fear and wished to go back rather than enter the land of a barbarous and fierce people, whose very language was unkown to them; and Augustine was sent back to beg the Pope to

excuse them from undertaking this dangerous missionary work.

The Pope exhorted them to go on manfully with the work; he wrote a letter to them, of which the following is a translation:—

"Forasmuch as it had been better not to begin a good work, than to think of desisting from one which had been begun, it behoves you, my beloved sons, to fulfil with all diligence the good work, which, by the help of the Lord, you have undertaken. Let not, therefore, the toil of the journey, nor the tongues of evil-speaking men, discourage you; but with all earnestness and zeal perform, by God's guidance, that which you have set about; being assured, that great labour is followed by the greater glory of an eternal reward. When Augustine, your Superior, returns, whom we also constitute your abbot, humbly obey him in all things; knowing that, whatsoever you shall do by his direction, will, in all respects be profitable to your souls. Almighty God protect you with His grace, and grant that I may, in the heavenly country, see the fruits of your labour, inasmuch as, though I cannot labour with you, I shall partake in the joy of the reward, because I am willing to labour. God keep you in safety, my beloved sons."

Augustine and his companions, nearly forty men, among whom were Frankish interpreters, landed on the Island of Thanet. They sent word to Ethelbert, the mighty king of Kent, who ruled the English peoples of the east and the centre, saying that they brought good tidings from Rome,

and he who would listen to them was sure of happiness in heaven for all time and a kingdom that would never end, in the presence of the living and true God. Ethelbert sent orders that they should stay in the island on which they had landed and be given necessaries while he thought what should be done with them. Ethelbert knew of Christianity, for his wife was a Christian—she was Bertha, daughter of King Charibert of Paris, and Bishop Liudhard was in her retinue acting as her chaplain.

Ethelbert was afraid of the foreign medicine-men, and thought it best to confer with them in the open air. Augustine and his monks came bearing a silver cross and a picture of Christ painted on a board; they prayed for and preached before the king, who replied: "Your words are fair, but what you say is new and not certain. As you are come, strangers, to tell us what you believe to be true and useful, we do not wish harm to you, but will have you well entertained." This meeting between Ethelbert and Augustine is traditionally stated to have taken place at Minster in Thanet. Ethelbert gave them dwellings in the city of Canterbury, the capital of his kingdom, and left them free to preach and to convert any one who could be converted. (I hope we should be equally kind to Chinese Buddhists if they came here as missionaries.) "The band of monks entered Canterbury bearing before them a silver cross with a picture of Christ and singing in concert the strains of the litany of their church. 'Turn from this city, O Lord,' they sang, 'Thine

MINSTER CHURCH.

anger and wrath, and turn it from Thy holy house, for we have sinned.' And then in strange contrast" (says J. R. Green) "came the jubilant cry of the older Hebrew worship, the cry which Gregory had wrested in prophetic earnestness from the name of the Yorkshire king in the Roman market-place, 'Alleluia!'"

I know of no record of the occasion when Ethelbert declared himself convinced of the truth of Christianity, but Pope Gregory's letter to him (recorded by Bede) addresses him as a Christian.

Gregory, in a letter to Abbot Mellitus, gave advice as to the method by which Christianity was to spread in England. The temples of idols were not to be destroyed, but consecrated with water and provided with altars and relics, for the people will be more willing to come to places they are accustomed to go to; and as they are used "to slaughter many oxen in sacrifice to devils," on the days of dedication of the churches or of the nativities of the martyrs whose relics are deposited there, they shall build huts with boughs of trees round the Christianised temples, kill the cattle as of old, but glorify God in their feast; "for there is no doubt" (says Gregory) "that it is impossible to cut off everything at once from their rude natures." *

As is well known, somehow or other Christianity spread over the land: Redwald, King of East Anglia, somewhere about A.D. 628, had in the

* I am indebted to A. M. Sellar's translation of and notes on Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" for much that is in the above account of St. Augustine's missions.

same temple an altar for Christian sacrifice and "another small one at which to offer victims to devils" (as Bede tells us in Chapter XV.), but Earconbert, King of Kent, in A.D. 640, commanded the idols throughout his kingdom to be destroyed, and successfully converted his subjects by appointing proper punishments for those who did not destroy them; and on the whole, as I said, the kingdom of Kent and the rest of the island was converted to the faith prevailing on the Continent. Up to this time our history had been almost entirely what we call insular: this was a "heathen and barbarous island, where the Christian faith was professed only by an obscure remnant, which in some remote corners, beyond the reach of the invaders, still retained a form of Christianity which, after all, was not the orthodoxy of the Old or of the New Rome." From the introduction of Christianity there resulted a steady increase in the intercourse between the English nation and the rest of the world.

Minster is only a few miles off, on the Canterbury road from Ramsgate, and has a fine large church with a Norman nave, and Early English chancel and transepts. The most picturesque view of it is that obtained as you approach from the east along the road, so that the roof of the foreshortened chancel strikes across the transepts. A fine row of elms—at present with lopped crests—screens the church. The grey walls, washed by time with green stains in places, and the red-tiled roofs are after a style common to many churches in this part of the country. A

shingle spire rises out of the square tower. The church, to my eyes, looks too long when seen from the side—as you see it from Minster railway station—but from the interior the more yellow light that seems to enter the end windows, contrasting with that which lights the arches near the door, gives a good effect. There was also an abbey at Minster, founded A.D. 670, they say, and part of the existing building is old, and it has fine trees in its grounds—some mere shells of twisted, stumpy trees, with writhing picturesque tangles of branches at their heads.

The plain which borders the sea from Ebbsfleet southwards was once covered by a sea-channel. Thus the Venerable Bede reports that "on the east of Kent is the large Isle of Thanet containing, according to the English way of reckoning, 600 families [*hides*, probably land enough to support a family] divided from the mainland by the River Wantsum, which is about three furlongs in breadth, and which can be crossed only in two places; for at both ends it runs into the sea."

The marshy district out of the southern border of which Sandwich rises was then at one time sea. It is not possible from the scanty references we have in ancient writings to map out with certainty the exact channel which the sea filled; moreover, that channel began to alter at a comparatively early date. Hasted tells us that "the water, which antiently *separated* this island from the county, was a large *estuary* on the *south* and *west* part of it, which ran up the country as far

as *Chartham* and *Ashford*, and had its two openings, or mouths, to the sea; the one at the *north mouth*, or *Genlade*, betwixt *Reculver* and this island, and *the other* by *Ebbsfleet* in the *eastern* part of it. This *æstuary* beyond the bounds of this island, seems to have stopped before the time of the *Romans*, and the river *Stour* to have been the only water left in the valleys, through which it flowed; and even between this island and the county, and when *Solinus* wrote, it seems to have decreased, for *he says*, it was separated from it *æstuario tenui*, by a narrow estuary.

"But notwithstanding this, so long as the sea continued flowing at *the Genlade*, at the north mouth on the *east* of *Reculver*, there was still a considerable force of water, which being increased by the river *Stour*, ran down towards *Ebbsfleet* and *Sandwich*, in a rapid stream, and served to scour and cleanse the channel, particularly the mouth of it, of those sands which were then beginning to gather in it.

"At that time, instead of sailing round the North Foreland, as at present, the ordinary passage from the continent of *France* to London was through this estuary. . . ."

Thus when Lupicinus sailed to Britain to help in driving back the Picts and Scots he sailed to the Rutupiæ (Richborough) through the Wantsume to London.

When Earl Harold and Earl Godwin in 1052 had plundered the eastern coast of Kent they sailed out of the north mouth of the Wantsume to London. As late as the end of the fifteenth

century large "merchant ships" could sail between Thanet and England.

Now, however, there is land, though much intermingled with saltish water. It is not quite easy to keep very conscientiously close to the sea—there are loose sand, the River Stonar, and cement works, to impede and divert you; but the road is never far from the coast. On your left, just by the railway, are the streaked broken walls of Richborough, largely covered with ivy. "Richborough was a famous city, and port, in the time of the *Romans*, who called it *Rutupiæ*." It guarded the southern end of the water that separated Thanet from England as *Regulbium*, or Reculvers, guarded the northern exit. The two ports protected the chief entry into the Thames on the way from Gessonacium or other Continental ports.

Although in some old maps Richborough is shown as situated on an independent island, remains of a Roman house and of ancient refuse pits found to the south of the castle seem to show that this was not correct. Remains of an amphitheatre have also been found and were explored in 1849 by Mr. Roach Smith.

The walls form a regular parallelogram and are still 30 feet high in some places. They consist, as is usual in Roman buildings, of a core of concrete—in this case made of boulders, sandstone, blocks of chalk and ochre stone with oolite and travertine occasionally, cemented with a mortar of lime mixed with shore grit, and with external facings of regular courses of squared grit and

Portland stone. Lacing and bonding courses of double rows of tiles occur at irregular intervals. Internally the facing seems to be of flint, and the lacing courses are single rows of tiles irregularly placed. The foundations are of undressed flints.

Of the gates the postern on the north side is most easily to be traced.

A great subterranean concrete structure with an overhanging upper part, formed entirely of flint boulders bedded in a hard mortar, is the most peculiar feature of the castle. It lies nearly in the centre of the camp. It carries a cross of masonry, now about four feet six high. It has been suggested that the vast foundations were originally intended to support a pharos of masonry, that this building was never erected, and that the small cruciform structure is the remains of an internal support which once propped up a wooden pharos.*

* I am indebted to Mr. George E. Fox's paper, "The Roman Coast Defences in Kent" (*Archæological Journal*, December, 1896), for information on Richborough Castle.

THE BARBICAN GATE, SANDWICH.

CHAPTER XI

SANDWICH

THE red walls of Sandwich, with the little bulbous leaden spire that surmounts the brick tower of St. Peter's, and forms one of those unarchitectural but picturesque features that I always like, dominate the marshy scene as you proceed towards Deal. Sandwich, once a great port, now stands quite dry and inland, but no one, I suppose, would walk along the coast without visiting it. Many a sketch has been made of its Barbican Gate—the bridge ending with a red arch that stands on chequered supports of grey and brown, the glinting waters, the flat foreground this side the river, the distance of quaint top-forward houses, masts on the Stour, and the flowers and trees of gardens coming up to walls on the river-brink. To the left is the old Fisher Gate with two stories of rooms over its portal.

The church of St. Peter's was first built in 1174. The south aisle was wrecked by the fall of the tower in 1661, and now is bricked up, the nave and the other aisle remaining. There is one old tomb with a Gothic knight, now one-armed, and

his wife lying in the niche over it. The pillars have octagonal bases. The tower fell on a sabbath; "there were two sermons preached there that day, and it fell down within six or seven hours after the people were gone home, presently after one quarter of an hour past eleven o'clock at night. Had it fell at the time when the people were there, the chiefest of the town and parish had been killed and buried under the rubbish, and stones, and timber; but the Lord was so gracious as to show a miraculous mercy in that judgement, for there was no man, woman or child killed or hurt, and very few heard it. The rubbish was three fathoms deep in the middle of the church, the bells underneath it; two or three rods long it lay."

The tower of St. Clement's (it seems natural to visit the three parish churches before anything else in Sandwich) is an example of all that a Norman tower ought to be. The characteristic tiers—three of them—of small semicircular arches are "set very close," and have good mouldings. "At the north-west angle of the tower is a staircase turret of square form, entered from within by a small Norman doorway, having the head of the arch filled with scroll-work and other ornaments."

Of St. Mary's Church, the steeple fell in 1448 and again in 1667, and much of the church has been patched and re-patched. The nave and south aisle have been thrown into one. The exterior close to the street is now thoroughly bad architecture and good picture-making material.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, SANDWICH.

The streets in general, with houses of two or three stories, and the higher stories projecting over the lower ones, with fronts showing timber rafters and pink or brown plaster, and with red-tiled roofs which lichen has spotted with green, suggest a town with a long history. Some books say that the decay of the Roman Richborough (Rutupiæ) led to the founding of Sandwich. It became one of the great ports of England, and in such a character was constantly attacked by the Danes.

Ethelred gathered a great fleet at Sandwich in 1009, a fleet larger than any man had seen or read of, to guard the land against the Danes. Unhappily, the fleet was disorganised by discord among its commanders; Wulnoth, against whom accusations were made and whose arrest was ordered, fled and took the crews of twenty ships with him. This led to the dispersal of the rest of the vessels.

Tostig, brother of King Harold, ravaged Kent and landed at Sandwich in 1066, "he took with him a body of the sailors of that haven, some by their own consent and some by force."

In 1014 Canute, when he left England, put ashore the English hostages at Sandwich, having first deprived them of their hands, ears, and noses. He landed here on his return. In 1023 he gave the port of Sandwich, and the toll of the vessels coming into the haven and anything in the sea which a man at lowest ebb can reach with a spit, to Christ Church, Canterbury, and the document by which he granted it has phrases

more picturesque than modern lawyers use. "If any writing shall hereafter appear [this is an English translation of its Latin] which under a show of antiquity shall seem anyway contrary to this our grant, let it be left to be eaten by mice, or rather let be thrown into the fire and destroyed; and let him who shall exhibit it, whoever he be, do penance in ashes and be made a laughing-stock to all his neighbours. And let this our confirmation remain for ever valid, and both by the authority of almighty God and our own, and of our nobles who concur in this act, stand in full strength. . . . But if any one swelled with pride, contrary to our wish, shall attempt to infringe or weaken our grant, let him know that he is anathematized by God and his saints, unless he make due satisfaction for his crimes before he dies."

Canute is said to have "finished the building of the town."

Hardicanute landed at Sandwich with sixty ships and a large army and the crown of England was granted to him.

Edward the Confessor made Sandwich one of the Cinque Ports. The original five were Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe; soon after the Norman Conquest, Rye and Winchelsea were given the same rights and duties as the rest and were called "the two ancient towns." All were charged to provide ships and men and services for the protection of the realm and were given in return certain privileges. They provided a navy before a standing navy existed.

Each had to find a pilot and a man for him when he wished to cross the Channel; but for other services in connection with his passage they were paid. The king's messengers paid a larger fare in winter than in summer. The king's reeve kept peace in the ports, not the shire-reeve or sheriff.

The institutions within the Cinque Ports differed from those in other towns. They had no Guild Merchants to suppress fraud, to provide feasts on saints-days, and to give help to those in debt in "foreign" towns, or imprisoned, or fallen into distress owing to age or sickness; their special institutions replaced these, Jurats in them replaced aldermen, and originally bailiffs replaced mayors. Their law-cases were settled at Brodhull, at Yarmouth, and the Court of Shepway at Lympne (near Hythe).

From Sandwich, Edward the Confessor sailed to check Magnus, King of Norway, who threatened England.

After the court at Northampton had condemned Thomas à Becket, he fled in 1164 by a roundabout route, lay eight days concealed in a manor at Eastry near Deal, belonging to the priory of Canterbury, and embarked in a fishing-boat at Sandwich on the 10th of November. The same evening he landed at Gravelines.

He returned to Sandwich on December 1, 1170, and was received with joy by the common people.

The coronation of Richard I. shows us that the Ports had a right to "honours at Court," which included holding a canopy of silk by four long lances over the king as he walked between the

Bishops of Durham and Bath. Richard I. landed at Sandwich in 1194 after his release from imprisonment in Austria.

Of the Customels, or legal codes, used at the Port courts, it is interesting to note that they ordered that an accuser of murder had at the Dover court to act as executioner and throw the convicted felon over Sharpness Cliff, while at Romney he must either himself do the hanging or provide a hangman. At Sandwich in Thief's Down at Sandown, criminals were buried alive, and at Hastings they were drowned at the West Port of the town. At Dover thieves twice convicted lost an ear and had to leave the town—earless men found in the place were put to death. The punishments seem to us severe; but future ages may not think well of our solitary confinements and hangings, and punishments of vagrants and propertyless men who prefer crime to starvation.

The early ships furnished by the Cinque Ports in Norman times are familiar from representations of them in illuminations and on seals—open boats, with one mast and one large square sail, much curved at bow and stern, and with fore and aft "castles," or square boxes fitted to them at time of battle. They may also have had temporary decks.

Their favourite method of fighting was to run down the enemy. They were steered by an oar or two worked over the quarter, not by rudder.

In the thirteenth century the ships were enlarged into what were called "cogs."

Just before the accession of Henry III., a boy of nine, Lewis of France had brought a strong fleet, under Eustace the Monk to England, and overpowered Hastings and Rye and landed at Stonor. The French burnt Sandwich and besieged Dover. Here Hubert de Burgh and Stephen de Pencestre overcame him and drove him away, and his fleet was twice defeated by the Cinque Port Squadron, which dashed out from Dover, and ran down some of the Frenchmen, boarded others, and cut their halliards so that the sails fell on deck, while they poured arrows into them or quicklime to blind their eyes. Fifteen ships out of a hundred escaped. Many gallant French knights jumped overboard and were drowned rather than be taken. England was saved: Lewis renounced his claim to her throne.

London and the Cinque Ports joined Simon de Montford against Henry III., and the warfare raged largely round Dover.

In Edward I.'s wars with the French, the Cinque Ports were, of course, called upon to furnish contingents. At Saint Mahé, in Brittany, they had had a private battle of their own with Philip the Fair's Norman ships. The defence of their action which they presented to the king stated that two hundred Norman ships, with castles fitted in bow and stern, with banners, called "baucans," flying, which signified death without quarter, attacked "your people": this was in continuance of notorious and open acts of war against us under a peace proclaimed: "your people have done what they could in their own

defence." The letter contains a hinted threat: let the King's Council be advised that if wrong be done to the Barons of the Cinque Ports, they and their wives and their children will seek through the seas for another place where they can find a livelihood, though they are ready to be judged by their peers, earls, and barons. The Normans, if it be true that they have paraded their ships before the English ports with the carcasses of slain Englishmen hanging alternatively with dead dogs at their yardarms had made the battle probable even if not lawful. Edward I. confirmed the rights of the Barons of the Cinque Ports.

Under Edward III. the contingent from the Cinque Ports took an honourable part in the battle of Sluys.

Edward III. in his wars frequently visited Sandwich, and from there embarked his armies. In 1342, on the 4th or 5th of October, he sailed with an army to help John de Montfort obtain the Duchy of Brittany. He brought his war engines to Sandwich, but not being able to get ships enough to take both engines and troops across, he left the former and appointed commissioners to press as many ships as were necessary along all the coast and to carry the engines back to London.

In 1345 he started for Flanders in the *Swallow* accompanied by his fleet. Before sailing he delivered to his Chancellor, Robert de Sadyngton, a special seal to be used during his absence.

He landed at Sandwich two years later, after

the surrender of Calais, and sailed from here in 1349 in quest of Spanish pirates.

Again, on his way to Calais in 1359, Edward III. embarked here on the *Philippe of Dartmouth.*

In 1372 "the king collected a large army consisting of 3,000 lances and 10,000 archers, by summoning all men to come ready armed to Sandwich and other parts, in order to save Thouars and the rest of Poicton. He assembled likewise a fleet of 400 sail, and embarked with the prince of Wales at Sandwich on the 31st of August, but after being six week at sea he was forced to return to England in the beginning of october."

About 1378, the "staple" for wool, or place appointed where wool might be sold, was moved to Sandwich and the staple at Queenborough abolished.

In the reign of Richard II. the French made great preparations to invade England. "All the ships that they could provide from the confines of Spaine, unto the mouth of the Rhene, all alongst the coast, they assembled at Sluis and thereabouts, and made so great preparation for the warre, that the like had not beene heard of (meaning, as they boasted and made their vants) to passe over into England, and to devoure the whole countrie, in dooing sacrifice to the soules of their elders with the blood of the English people. Howbeit these words were wind, and to them accorded the proverbe: *Parturiant montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*"

So says Holinshed, and goes on to relate how they caused an inclosure of a field to be made

of timber, "like railes or barriers, that when they were landed in England, they might therewith enclose their field, and so lodge more at suertie, and when they removed, it was so made with joints, that they might take it up in péeces and easilie conveie it with them."

However, this enclosure was captured on the sea and set up in England by the English. Some say it was set up near Winchelsea, others near Sandwich, "to our great safety and the repulse of the Frenchmen."

In the reign of Henry VI., de Brezé sailed to Honfleur, where he was joined by a Breton squadron, and crossing the Channel landed 1,600 men for an attack on Sandwich, while the ships entered the harbour. "After a short resistance, Sandwich was stormed and pillaged."

In the reign of Henry VI. Sandwich was spoiled by the French, as Holinshed recounts: "The French nation, hearing of the civall dissention within the realme here, and for an old grudge seeking our annoie, two navies appointed they to invade the townes standing upon the rivage of the sea. The capteins of the one fleet was William lord Pomiers, and of the other Sir Peter Bressie, a great ruler in Normandie. These two capteins, taking their course out of the mouth of the Saine, severed themselves, the one westward; and the other eastward, which was sir Peter Bressie, who sailing along the coasts of Sussex and Kent, durst not yet take land but staid in the Downes, and there having by espiall perfect notice that Sandwich was

neither peopled nor fortified (because that a little before, the rulers of the towne were from thence departed, for to avoid the plague, which sore there afflicted and slue the people) he entered the haven, spoiled the towne, and after such poore stuffe as there found rifled and taken, he fearing an assemblie of the countrie, shortlie gat him awaie."

In Edward IV.'s time, the Yorkists under Falconbridge seized Sandwich and held the town with forty-five ships in the harbour. "But upon the King's approaching neere unto those parties, they sent to him for pardon, promising that upon a reasonable appointment, for the safeguard of their lives, and other indemnities to be had for their benefit, they would become his faithful subjects, and deliver into his hands all the ships. Their offer the king upon great considerations, and by good deliberate advice of counsell, thought best to accept: and thereupon (being at time at Canterburie) hee granted to their petitions, and sent immediatlie unto Sandwich his brother Richard duke of Glocester, to receive them to mercie, togither with all the ships, which according to their promise they delivered into his hands.

"But notwithstanding that (as some write) the bastard Fauconbridge, and other of his companie that were got to Sandwich, had thus their pardons by composition at the king's hand; we find neverthelesse, that the said bastard Falconbridge, being afterwards at sea (a rowing belike, as he had been used before),

came at length into the open haven at Southampton, and there taking land, was apprehended and shortlie after beheaded." So reports Holinshed.

About the year 1500 we begin to hear reports which suggest the deterioration of the port, owing to the deposits of beach which were brought by the sea and set down by the eastward-flowing current.

It revived, however, in the sixteenth century owing to the immigration of Walloons, who worked chiefly as bargemen and as gardeners, or as workers in serge, baize, and flannel, or as cultivators of flax, canary, and teazle. What we now call market-gardening was introduced by these refugees.

Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by Lord Burleigh, her Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Sussex, her Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Lincoln, her Lord High Admiral, and the Earl of Leicester visited Sandwich in 1572. The queen reached Sandwich at about 7 o'clock in the evening, "at whiche tyme John Gylbart, mayor, accompanied with ix jurats, the town clerke, and some of the comen counsell received her Highnesse at Sandowne, the said mayor being apparelled in a scarlet gowne. And there the mayor yelden up to her Majestie his mace. And not far from them stood three hundred persons or thereabouts, apparelled in whyte doublets with black and whyte rybon in the sleeves, black Gascoyne hose and whyte garters, every one of them having a muryon and a calyver. . . . And during her Majestie's stand-

ing and receavinge of the mace the great ordynance was dischanged, which was to the number of one hundred; and that in such good order as the Queen and noblemen gave great commendation thereof, and sayd, that Sandwich should have the honor as well for the good order thereof as order of their small shott.

"Then her Majestie went towards the towne, and at Sandowne-gate were a lyon and a dragon all gilt, set up uppon ii posts at the bridge ende, and her arms was hanged up uppon the gate. All the towne was graveled and strewed with rushes, herbs, flags, and such lyke, every howse having a number of grene bowes standing against the dores and walls, which were paynted white and black. Her Majestie rode into the towne, and in dyvers places as far as her lodgings were dyvers cords made of vine branches with their leaves hanking crosse the streets; and uppon them dyvers garlands of fyne flowers. And so she rode forth till she came directly over against mr. Cripps houses almost as far as the pellicane, where stood a fine howse newlye buylt and vaulted, over wheron her armes were sett and hanked with tapestrye. In the same stode Richard Spycer, minister of St. Clement's parishe, a mr. of art, the townes orator, apparralled in a blacke gowne and a hood both lyned and faced with black taffatye being the gyfte of the towne, accompanied with the other ii ministers and the scole master. He made unto her highnes an oration which followith [say the records

of Sandwich, but it never was entered into them]; which she so well lyked as she gave thereof a singular commendacion, sayenge it was both very well handeled and very elloquent." Then he gave her a gold cup and a New Testament in Greek.

So "rode untill she came unto Mr. Manwood's howse wherein she lodged, a howse wherein Henry the viiith had been lodged twyes before. And here is to be noted that uppon every post and corner from her first entrye to her lodginge were fixed certen verses, and against the court gate all thoes verses put into a table and there hanged up.

"The next daye being twysdaye, and the first of september, the towne havinge buylded a forte at Stouer on thother syde of the havon, the capitaines aforesaid led over their men to assault the said forte; during which tyme certen wallounds that could well swym had prepared two boats, and in thinde of each boate a borde uppon which bords stode a man, and so met together with either of them a staffe and a shelde of woodd, and one of them did over throwe an other; at which the quene had good sport. And that don the capitans put their men into a battayle, and takeng with them some lose shott gave the scarmeche to the forte, and in the corde, after the discharge of ii fawkenets and certain chambers, after dyvers assaults the fort was wonne."

The next day the queen had a banquet of one hundred and sixty dishes on a table twenty-eight

FISHER GATE, SANDWICH.

To face p. 166.

feet long. Another oration was made before her and a cup of silver and gilt with a cover presented to her. She entered into the school-house and ate there "dyvers dishes without any assaye, and caused certen to be reserved for her and carried to her lodginge." And she was very merry.

Next day children, to the number of a hundred or six score, appeared on the school-house wall and a scaffold beside it "all spynning of fyne bay yarne, a thing well lyked both of her majestie and of the nobilletie and ladies. And without the gate stode all the soldiers with their small shotte, and uppon the wall at the butts stood certen great peces, but the chambers by meane of the wetnes of the morninge could not be discharged. The great peces were shott of and the small shott discharged thryes. And at her departinge mr. maior exhibited unto her highnes a supplicacion for the havon, which she tooke and promised herself to read."

In 1578 there was "a most fierce and terrible earthquake," which continued not above "the tyme as we commonlie call yt of a paternoster whole . . . yet thanks be to God [it] dyd little harme, saving that in thende of the northe vale of st. Peter's churche yt shaked down the gable and copinge of the gable end thereof, and dyd shake and cleave fower archeis in st. Maries church, and overthrewe a piece of a chymney in the howse of Catherine Christmas wyddowe, and with the fall thereof brake certen pottes and other earthen vessels of one Jerome Pynock."

The ships on the sea also felt it. This was at five in the evening of the 6th of April. A lesser shock was felt at nine on the same evening, and on the 2nd of May at two in the morning one almost as severe as the first.

In 1636 the Mayor was committed to Dover Castle by the Lord Warden's deputy for disobeying his Lordship's order respecting ship money. Many writs were issued about this time against persons who had failed to pay ship money.

Sandwich suffered from the plague during this century, as such an entry in its records as that during the mayoralty of Henry Forstall (1643), "109 houses infected; 164 persons that need relief; the weekly charge £49 19s. 4d.," bears witness.

In the Civil War Kent sided for the most part with the Royalists. This caused Sandwich to be chosen by one Cornelius Erings, or Evins, as the place at which to arrive in May, 1648, and when there, at the "Bell," to send "for the mayor and jurats and make them believe he was prince Charles. Peter Vanderslaet of Stauner sent him £100 in gold, and mr. Culling gave him a good gelding, but eer long he ran away thro' the haven like a rogue as he was."

Cromwell was at Sandwich in 1651, Charles II. in 1659, and "the mayor presented his majesty with a glass of sack, at the Bell tavern door, which his Majesty drank on horseback. Mr. Mayor and his brethren accompanied the king and his followers to Sandown gate on their way to Deal." In 1670 Queen Catherine came to Sandwich "with a great train, and there was a royal banquet

provided for her sacred majesty and her attendants at the mayor's door, for the queen would not quit her coach, and she went forward to Deal."

Sandwich appeals to those who know history and to those who do not. One of its interesting houses is that in which Queen Elizabeth slept. Notice in it the dark wood panels, the old doors with long hinges, the great fireplaces with settles inside them so that the chimney must have provided a fiery room within the room (and one in which you could not get up hurriedly to contradict a man for fear of hitting your head), the Flemish room with portraits let into its walls, the secret chamber, the old windows that drop down bodily into the wall—all these are yet to be seen. It is a brick house, half timbered near the roof, with a garden wall which rises in a curve over the gateway, and is marked 1534, and with a garden that overlooks the Stour. Apart from associations with recorded events, the whole town has its visible, tangible character that makes it agreeable to loaf in. The old market-place, the walk on the Butts, where the city walls once were, a walk with houses and gardens on one side and the open marshes with elms, fences, cows, houses, and masts dotted for an indefinite distance on the open flatness, on the other—these also are charming.

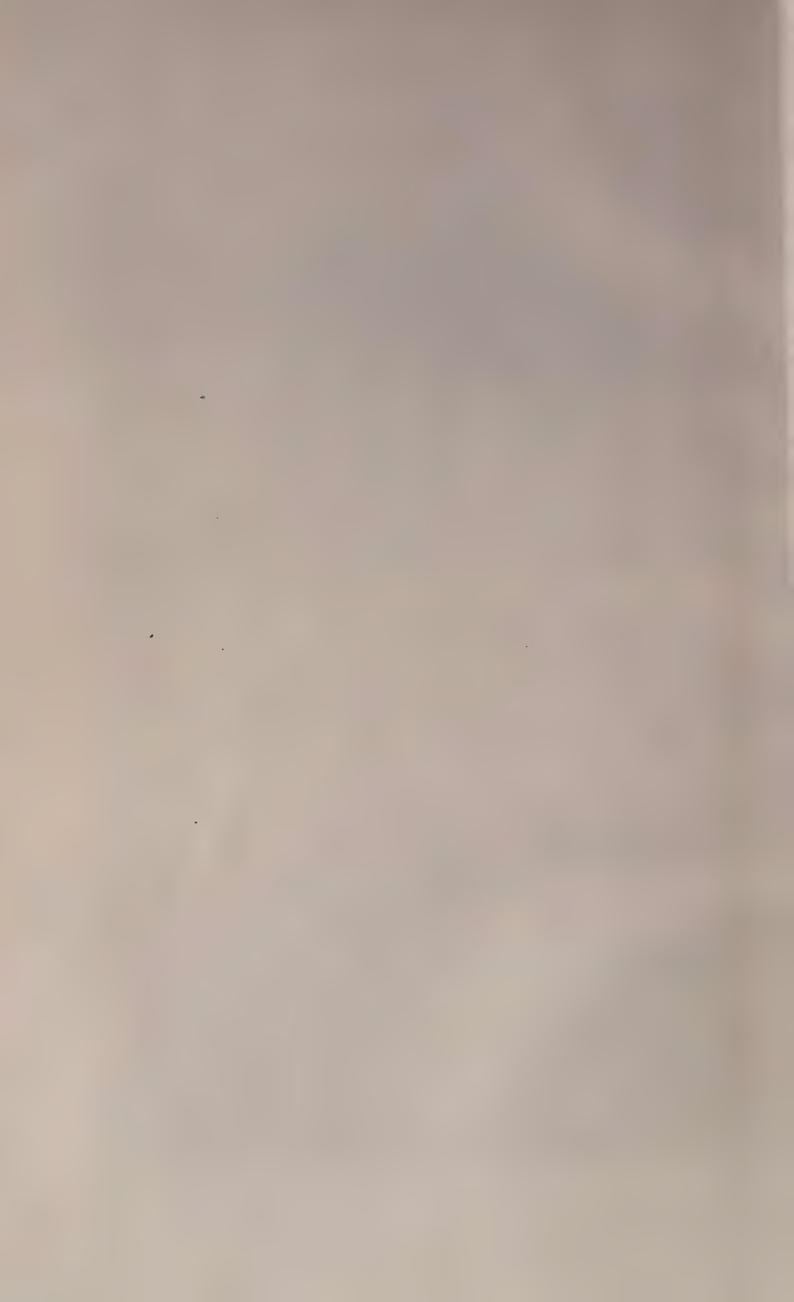
At the end of Strand Street furthest from the Barbican Gate and nearest the open country, on the right-hand side, is a little deserted house with no glass in its windows and (if you look in) leaves growing into the door and window on the other side from the neglected garden; it has a projecting

upper story that rests on curved corbels, and its woodwork is fading from brownness into a neutral colour. I have no doubt but that a painter could represent its worn and personal appearance, with indications of a stubborn will that has faced the storms and heats of life, so as to make of it a beautiful picture.

A STREET, SANDWICH.

DEAL.

To face p. 170.



CHAPTER XII

DEAL AND WALMER

From Sandwich to Deal the pedestrian who keeps moderately near to the coast-line, and prefers grass-covered open spaces to yielding sand, will pass along the St. George's Golf Links, which hold a very high position (if not the highest) among the links of England, owing to their excellence and to their use as a championship course. They are laid out on true seaside turf with natural sand bunkers "and such hazards as are only found on sandy shores" (says the "Victoria History of Kent"); their pre-eminence demands a word of mention.

Deal begins with a row of bungalow-like—I do not quite know, to tell the truth, what exactly constitutes a bungalow, but these are red buildings with white woodwork—houses facing the sea and the parade. Then Old Deal and bits of sea over bits of garden between gaps separating houses, wooden balconies propped over the beach from houses—boats in little spaces of beach—on the other side of the road red chimneys of great height in front of waving red roofs, little passages through statue-decorated gardens to the back entrances of

public-houses, and, in short, the patchwork, irregular front that seaside places often had before they were improved and a modern, straight, long parade set up from end to end of them. I like this part of Deal. If I take a deck-chair here on one of these scraps of beach, I feel I am alone,

> "The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

I can read and rest my eyes now and then on the waves or on some rambling structure of brick and wood which lolls over the shingle, and the pier and the main stretch of beach, where there are performers and the busy world of bathers and active people, is outside my world, as I am outside it. I know nowhere where the houses are so close to the sea and where the whole place seems so near to being afloat as this part of Deal. That tastes differ will be seen a little further on, when I quote what William Cobbett said of Walmer and Deal.

As soon as you get outside this end of Deal and see the pier and the long parade before you stretching up to Kingsdown, where the chalk cliffs recommence, with Walmer lifeboat-house and a bandstand rising out of the general plain of parade and green behind it, the foreground will be occupied (or if not the foreground a spot a little to the right) by Deal Castle, a mixture of aged castellated walls and a modern house put into them.

The pier was made in 1864, an earlier wooden structure made in 1838 having "succumbed to

the devastations of the sea-worm (*teredo nivalis*)—which sea-worm devoured the main tissues of its structure until a gale of wind blew down the whole affair and brought it ashore." The North Esplanades (in the old part of the town towards Sandwich) and the South Esplanades were made about 1840, the houses on the beach side of the street, "the back doors of which had opened out to the beach and fostered the smuggling propensities of the people resident along the shore, being removed." As for the castles, of which there were three within a few miles—Sandown, Deal, and Walmer—these were built by Henry VIII.

Lambarde expresses his views with vigour as he explains why Henry VIII. built the castles at Sandown, Deal, and Walmer: "Having shaken off the intolerable yoke of the Popish tyrannie, and espying that the Emperour was offended for the divorce of Queene Katherine his wife, and that the French king had coupled the Dolphine his sonne to the Popes niece, and married his daughter to the King of Scots, so that he might more justly suspect them all, than safely trust any one, determined (by the aide of God) to stand upon his owne gardes and defence: and therefore with all speede, and without sparing any cost, he builded Castles, platfourmes, and blockhouses, in all needefulle places of the Realme. And amongst other . . . Sandowne, Dele, and Walmere. All which (together with some others newly built upon the coast of Sussex) and their captaines he recommended to the surveigh, controlment, and correction of the Wardein of the Cinque Portes;

as you may read in the statute purposely therefore made 32. H. 8. cap. 48."

Records of the period show us the vigour with which the work of fortification was pushed on.

Marillac reported to Francis I. that Henry had begun "diligently to fortify all places where the enemy could land." On April 27th Wyngfeld wrote to Cromwell, Lord Privy Seal: "The new work devised by the King and set forth by Master Candysshe goes well forward. The work has been well assayed. There has never been such great storms this time of year as there have been since Easter. The labourers and victuallers cry every day for money. Their creditors will no longer trust them, and they are fain to give three half-pence for a penny for lack of money. On Saturday, two months' wages are due, which, with emptions, provision and carriage, amounts to more than £240." The King had batteries erected to protect the harbours at St. Michael's Mount, Falmouth, Fowey, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Torbay, Cowes, and Portsmouth. Castles were built at Dover, Deal, Walmer, Sandown, Sandwich, and along each side of the Thames. At Deal we find that on May 7, 1639, above 1,400 workmen were paid £859 "for last month." Next month was likely to be more, as the work was to be hastened. Sandown Castle, being held to be unsafe, was finally pulled down and its lower apartments filled with beach by Lord Palmerston. The materials taken from it were sold for £500. It was situated near the northern end of the North Esplanade and on the beach. Colonel Hutchinson, one of the judges

who sentenced Charles I. to death, was imprisoned first in the Tower and later at Sandown Castle during King Charles II.'s reign, having been accused of connection with a plot in Yorkshire to restore "the old Parliament, gospel ministry and English liberty." By boat to Gravesend, and then on horseback, he made the journey in 1664 and (says his wife) "when he came to the castle he found it a lamentable old ruined place, about a mile distant from the town, the rooms all out of repair, not weather-free, no kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet, or any conveniency of life. Before he came there was not above half a dozen soldiers in it, and a poor lieutenant with his wife and children, and two or three canoneers, and a few guns dismounted, upon rotten carriages; but at the colonel's coming thither a company of foot more were sent from Dover to help guard the place, pitiful weak fellows, half starved and eaten up with vermin, whom the governor of Dover cheated of half their pay, and the other half they spent in drink. These had no beds, but a nasty court of guard, where a sutler lived, within a partition made of boards, with his wife and family, and this was all the accommodation the colonel had for his victuals, which was bought at a dear rate at the town, and most horribly dressed at the sutler's. For beds he was forced to send to an inn in the town, and at a most unconscionable rate hire three, for himself and his man and Captain Gregory, and to get his chamber glazed, which was a thoroughfare room, that had five doors in it, and one of them opened upon a platform that had nothing

but the bleak air of the sea; which every tide washed the foot of the castle walls; which air made the chamber so unwholesome and damp that even in the summer time the colonel's hat case and trunks and everything else of leather would be every day all covered over with mould. . . .

"Notwithstanding all this the colonel was very cheerful, and made the best shifts he could with things as he found them; when the lieutenant's wife, seeing his stomach could not well bear his food, offered to board him, and so he and his man dieted with her for twenty shillings a week, he finding wine besides, and linen, &c. . . .

"The worst part of the colonel's sufferings in this prison was the company of this fellow [Captain Gregory]"—I quote this because it seems to me a characteristic passage showing the peculiar touch of offensiveness in the Puritans—"who being a fellow-prisoner and poor, and the colonel having no particular retreat, he could not wholly decline his company, and he being a carnal person, without any fear of God, or any good, but rather scandalous conversation, he could take no pleasure in him; meanwhile many of his friends gave caution to his wife concerning him, as suspecting him a trapanner [deceiver], which we had after some cause to fear."

The colonel's wife could not get permission to live in the castle with him, but came to live at Deal, and was allowed to go with her son and daughter and dine with him. He spent his time in "sorting and shadowing cockle-shells," and reading the Bible—he would read no other book. He

died of fever four months after being placed in this castle.

Sandown Castle was declared unfit for habitation in 1793, owing to the encroachment of the sea; but after that date it was repaired and soldiers placed in it.

Deal Castle is a pleasant ornament to the sea-front, but has no history at all in keeping with its appearance. It was built—as I have said—by Henry VIII., and the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports appoints a Captain of the Castle, whose duty it is to live in it, and in the past a Lord Carrington, an Earl of Mornington, Lord Maryborough, and the Earl of Dalhousie have been Lords of the Castle.

Walmer Castle, near the barracks for the Royal Marines, which was built for a naval hospital, has been occupied by the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports at least since 1730, when the Earl of Holdernesse lived there. He was succeeded by Lord North, and he by William Pitt. And because William Pitt lived there William Cobbett paid particular attention to the place.

On Wednesday night, September 3, 1823, William Cobbett sat down at Sandwich to describe his ride from Dover to Sandwich. I am glad to have a chance of quoting from his "Rural Rides," because I should like to say I fancy his character has commonly been unjustly represented. His inconsistency is the feature that his biographers draw large. But perhaps the biographers do not understand that to which he was consistent. It may be that his politics were not consistent, because what he

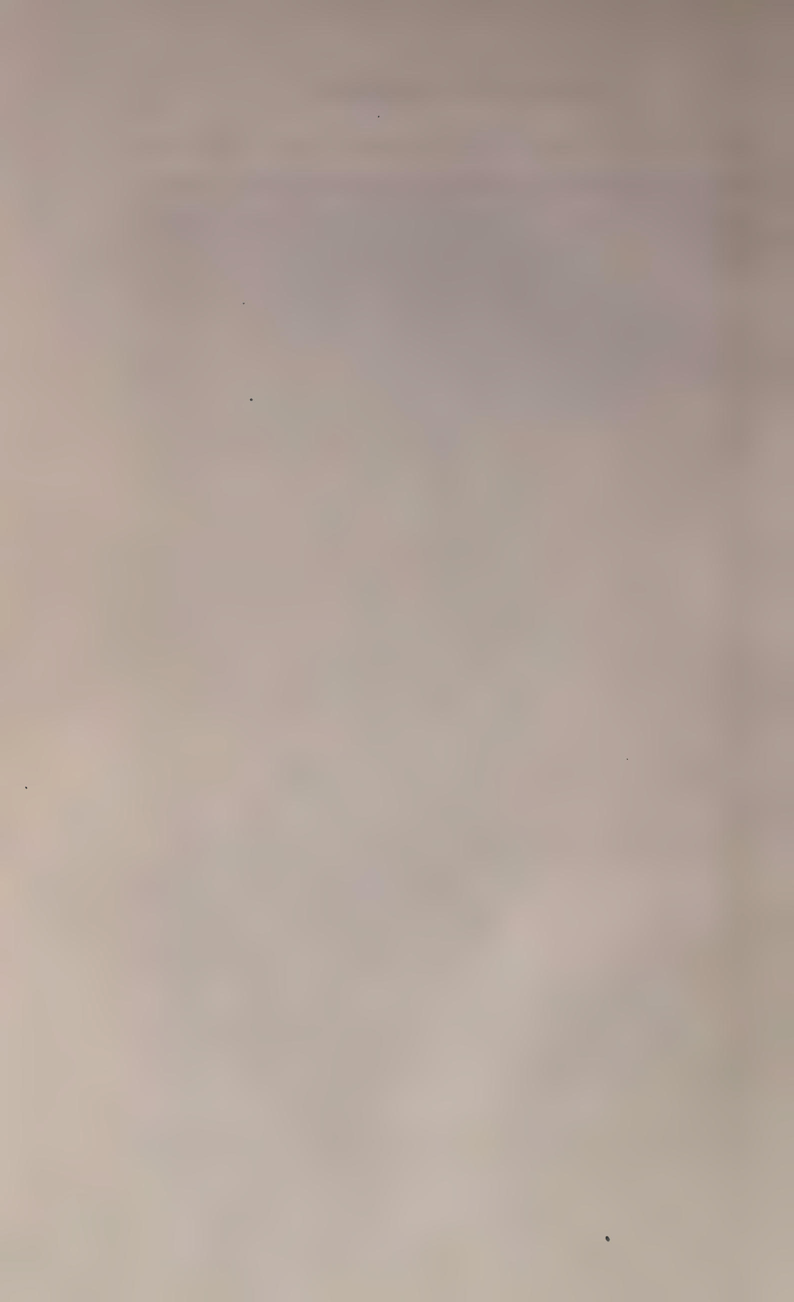
wanted was not a matter of importance to either party. The labourer's son and the soldier who taught himself how to read is not unlikely to appear inconsistent when he interferes with the politics of the comfortably-off classes: what he wants is unimportant to them, and *vice versâ*.

Cobbett had an eye for the crops as well as for chances of "rubbing in" his political morals, and his "Rural Rides" show it.

"I got to this place about half an hour after the ringing of the eight o'clock bell, or curfew, which I heard at about two miles' distance from the place. From the town of Dover you come up the Castle Hill, and have a most beautiful view from the top of it. You have the sea, the chalk cliffs of Calais, the high land at Boulogne, the town of Dover just under you, the valley towards Folkestone, and the much more beautiful valley towards Canterbury; and, going on a little further, you have the Downs and the Essex or Suffolk coast in full view, with a most beautiful corn country to ride along through. The corn was chiefly cut between Dover and Walmer. The barley almost all cut and tied up in sheaf. Nothing but the beans seemed to remain standing along here. They are not quite so good as the rest of the corn, but they are by no means bad. When I came to the village of Walmer, I inquired for the Castle—that famous place, where Pitt, Dundas, Perceval, and all the whole tribe of plotters against the French Revolution had carried on their plots. After coming through the village of Walmer, you see the entrance of the Castle away to the right. It is situated pretty nearly on the

WALMER CASTLE.

To face p. 178.



water's edge, and at the bottom of a little dell, about a furlong or so from the turnpike-road. This is now the habitation of our great Minister, Robert Bankes Jenkinson, son of Charles of that name. When I was told by a girl, who was leasing in a field by the roadside, that that was Walmer Castle, I stopped short, pulled my horse round, looked steadfastly at the gateway, and could not help exclaiming: . . . "

I suppose you remember—I didn't without the help of a dictionary—what "to lease" is? It is to glean.

> "She in harvest us'd to *lease;*
> But harvest done, to chare-work did aspire,
> Meat, drink, and two-pence, was her daily hire,"

sings Dryden.

What Cobbett exclaimed when he spoke to Walmer Castle was: "O thou who inhabitest that famous dwelling! thou who hast always been in place, let who might be out of place! O thou everlasting placeman! thou sage of 'over-production,' do but cast thine eyes upon this barley-field, where, if I am not greatly deceived, there are from seven to eight quarters upon the acre! O thou, whose *Courier* newspaper has just informed its readers that wheat will be seventy shillings the quarter in the month of November! . . ." And so on for some fifteen lines further, when he proceeds:—

"Deal is a most villainous place. It is full of filthy-looking people. Great desolation of abomination has been going on here; tremendous

barracks, partly pulled down and partly tumbling down, and partly occupied with soldiers. Everything seems upon the perish. I was glad to hurry along through it, and to leave its inns and public-houses to be occupied by the tarred and trousered and blue-and-buff crew whose very vicinage I always detest. From Deal you come along to Upper Deal, which, it seems, was the original village; thence upon a beautiful road to Sandwich, which is a rotten borough. Rottenness, putridity, is excellent for land, but bad for boroughs."

Well, "there never was in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs, or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity," says Montaigne; and this is true of the agreeableness of Deal as it is of all other things. Clark Russell in his book "Betwixt the Forelands"—in which there is much of interest—speaks of Deal as "the very spirit of the Downs," and says "a salter, a tarrier, a woodener, a more box-ended hull of a place, if one may so speak of structures of timber and of brick and mortar," the imagination cannot conceive, so far as its sea-board (and to that of course we should now have to add the older part of that seaboard) is concerned. "The seawardly houses come down close to the wash of the water; at flood you might fish with a rod out of the bedroom windows of some of them. . . . It is like being on board ship . . . the colours are oceanic to a degree." Such are the enthusiastic phrases in which he praises the town in which he loved to dream of those who in days gone by sailed in

ships now sunk in the waters or decayed on the land, of the carving and pennons on them (enough to make fresh suits of sails), of regal ships, carved and decorated as all things were before our ages of drab clothes and utilitarian minds, of fire-ships and pirates and smugglers and battles at sea, and slavers and of all the other things that the sea-romancer loved. To him Deal was not a villainous place.

At Walmer Castle—to get back there—Pitt lived at various times when in retirement. He wrote to Dundas on September 5, 1802, from there:—

"I have been gaining a great deal of health and strength by riding and sailing; and am delighted more than ever with my residence here. I am just now in the midst of partridge-shooting; and am prepared to enter on a beautiful farm which I have taken in the neighbourhood, and which will furnish me with constant occupation till Parliament meets."

On the same day, to Addington he wrote:—

"I should be very glad to show you all the improvements of this place, both in beauty and comfort. . . . My new farm (if Parliament fortunately can be deferred till after Christmas) will keep me constantly employed for the remainder of the year, or till the *pacificator of Europe* takes it into his head to send an army from the opposite coast to revenge himself for some newspaper paragraph."

In September he had an illness here, referred to in the letter from Sir Walter Farquhar:—

"The alarming symptoms, it is true, did not

last very long, but minutes in such a situation I found long hours. The day is our own now, and the last battle proves the mainsprings are good. I become more and more interested about the first of human beings, and at last I have carried the point I have so long wished to accomplish—I mean the Bath Waters. Mr. Pitt is to go there about the month of November."

In the early part of 1803, Pitt returned to Walmer, and was again somewhat unwell with gout and biliousness. Not to enter into details, which could be of interest only to those well acquainted with the history of the period, who would prefer to go direct to the sources where they are recorded, I may quote one letter only—that to Mr. Rose, written from Walmer Castle in February, 1803.

Mr. Pitt to Mr. Rose.

WALMER CASTLE, *Feb.* 16, 1803.

DEAR ROSE,—The return of something like fine weather gives me so much occupation here, and will probably give me so much health, that it would alone have tempted me a good deal to change my plan, and remain here some time longer. But, besides this selfish reason, I am more and more persuaded, by all that I see of things and parties, that any part I could take at present, if I were in town, would be more likely to do harm than good; and that I am, therefore, in every point of view, better where I am. There are, however, many points in our situation, and particularly on the subject of finance, which I should have been very glad to talk over with you; and if it was not proposing to you anything very inconvenient, it would be a great satisfaction to me, if (whenever you are released from your Southampton Bill, or anything else you wish to attend) you could spare a few days to let me have the pleasure of seeing you here. According

to my present notion, I should not be likely, if I can help it, to move from hence for some weeks. I am now quite free from gout and bile, and am gaining strength every day. The picture from my windows this morning is as delightful as in the middle of summer.

Ever sincerely yours,

W. P.

About August, 1803, when volunteers were being enrolled to defend the country from the expected invasion by Napoleon, Pitt enrolled a regiment of volunteers within the Cinque Ports, of which he took command. It numbered at least three thousand. "He was constantly seen on horseback, and in full Volunteer uniform as Colonel-in-chief, exercising and reviewing his men."

Lord Mahon was living at Deal Castle at this time, and we find Pitt writing to him in October that he had settled to go down to Barham Down to see a review of horse artillery and suggesting that "some of the party at Deal Castle" might like to join them.

Earl Stanhope made notes of the Duke of Wellington's reminiscences of Pitt's life at Walmer in October and November, 1805. He was then "*by way* of being an invalid. . . . A great deal was always said about him taking his rides —for he used then to ride eighteen or twenty miles every day—and great pains were taken to send forward his luncheon, bottled porter, I think, and getting him a beef-steak or mutton-chop ready at some place fixed beforehand. That place was always mentioned to the party, so that those kept

at home in the morning might join the ride there if they pleased. On coming home from these rides they used to put on dry clothes, and to hold a Cabinet, for all the party were members of the Cabinet, except me and, I think, the Duke of Montrose. At dinner Mr. Pitt drank little wine; but it was at that time the fashion to sup, and he then took a great deal of port-wine and water."

Modern doctors would not, I fancy, approve of the porter and port for a man who had been ill from gout and biliousness: but then doctors go from one extreme to the other. More food and more drink was once their great remedy as less now are.

Mr. Pitt's residence here was followed by the Earl of Liverpool. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. W. H. Smith have since occupied the castle as Lord Wardens. The furniture of the rooms in which Pitt slept and Wellington died is shown to visitors.

Wellington was Warden of the Cinque Ports from 1828 till his death in 1852. In consequence of his duties as holder of this post, he lived at Walmer at various times—particularly the autumns—during that period. Of his habits in 1843, Mr. Raikes gives an account (quoted in G. Latham Browne's "Wellington") from which we learn that although then growing old, he continued all his Spartan habits—rose early, shaved himself (though his hand shook), walked on the platform at six before he was fully dressed, and breakfasted at ten. "He converses the whole time, and then retires saying 'Well, we shall dine at seven.' He remains

in his room writing letters and dispatches and making notes, some rather droll and concise, on the different letters to be answered by his secretary in his name, and Greville's hand is so like to his, that few people can distinguish the difference. . . . About two he generally gets on his horse and gallops over the downs, or perhaps to Dover, where he is very active in attending to his business as Warden of the Cinque Ports. He seems to be worshipped all over the country. . . .

"On his return he walks again on the platform, till he enters to dress for dinner, at which he also eats with appetite; mixing meat, rice and vegetables in a mess with which he fills his plate; he drinks very little wine, and during the evening two decanters of iced water are placed by his side, which are generally empty when he goes to bed."

The Duke attended the parish church on Sundays, though he did not go to church in London; this, however, was because he was deaf and could hear little of the service and none of the sermon; but he thought his presence there right as an example in the country where presence or absence was more traceable.

Queen Victoria lived here for a time in early life before she came to the throne; and she visited the Duke at Walmer in 1842.

CHAPTER XIII

DEAL (*continued*)

THE history of Deal extends far back. Cæsar is believed to have landed in England about here. He came "because he found in nearly all war with the Gauls help was given to the enemy from that country"; also, he wished for knowledge of a country, unknown to any one except merchants, and to them only on the coast opposite Gaul. He landed at a place (he says) "where the sea was so shut in by mountains that a dart could be thrown from their heights on to the beach."

Cæsar's troops were (as you may remember) a little upset by the barbarian Britons' way of fighting with chariots, and he withdrew as soon as he could, having exacted hostages from the enemy.

His second landing took place at a spot near to where the first one was, for he aimed at a place that he had noted as convenient when first there, and makes no remark about not reaching it. He left his ships on "an even and open shore"; the Britons were protected by woods; but there were hills at a little distance from where

the Romans made their camp: these are the main hints given as to the nature of the landing-place. and are quite consistent with a spot north of Kingsdown where the streets of Walmer or Deal now are. Cæsar notes concerning the Britons that the hare, cock and goose are held by them tabooed (or as the Bible would say "unclean") animals: they do not sow corn, and have wives in common: but "the most civilised of all these nations are they who inhabit Kent."

Deal was early a Cinque Port, subsidiary to the Port of Sandwich. As Sandwich decayed and Deal grew larger, jealousy arose between the two.

The older Deal was Upper Deal, away from the sea, as Hasted says:—

"The spot where great part of the *town* of *Lower Deal* now stands, was an open plain, and the only village here, was that now called *Upper Deal*, which was composed of the habitations of a few poor fishermen only, though at a less distance from the sea than at present, owing to a great increase of beach thrown on this shore afterwards.

"But when *Sandwich Haven* likewise decayed, and the royal navy of *England* increased, as well in number as largeness of ships, and the trade of Britain likewise, the channel called the *Downs*, opposite to *Deal*, as the only safe and commodious rode in these parts, became the general resort and rendezvous, not only of the men-of-war but of the trading ships, as well of our own as of other nations, sailing from and towards the *River Thames*, and the metropolis of *England*.

"This of course brought hither a continual supply of the stores necessary for the shipping, and quantities of provisions. It occasioned a great resort of sea-faring people, passengers and others, on their account, so that a *new town* arose along the shore, which, in opposition to the more antient village, since called *Upper Deal*, acquired the name of the *town of New*, alias *Lower Deal*."

This entirely agrees with Leland's description :—

"Deale, half a myle fro the shore of the se, a fisscher village iii. myles or more above Sandwice, is apon a flat shore and very open to the se, wher is a fosse or a great bank artificial betwixt the towne and se, and beginneth aboute Deale, and rennith a great way up toward S. Margaret's Clyfe, yn so much that sum suppose that this is the place where Cæsar landed *in aperto litore*. Surely the fosse was made to keep owte ennemyes there, or defend the rage of the se; or I think rather the castinge up beche or pible."

One of the great events in the history of Deal is the landing there of Perkin Warbeck in 1495. Of this Holinshed gives an account in his usual picturesque fashion :—

"Perkin Warbecke, being in Flanders, sore troubled that his juggling was discovered, yet he determined not to leave off his enterprise, in hope at length to atteine the crowne of England: and so gathering a power of all nations, some bankrupts, some false English sanctuarie men, some thieves, robbers, and vagabunds, which desiring to live by rapine, were glad to serve him. And thus furnished he took such ships as his

friends had provided for him: and departing from Flanders towards England, he arrived upon the Kentish coast, and then cast anchor, purposing to prove how the people there were affected towards him: and therefore he sent certeine of his men to land, to signifie to the countrie his arrivall with such power, that the victorie must incline to his part."

They landed at Deal, says Hasted, but "were beaten back by the trained bands of *Sandwich*."

Holinshed explains:—

"The Kentishmen understanding that Perkin was but Perkin, and had none with him (to make account of) but strangers borne, like faithfull subjects determined to fall upon those that were thus new come to land. . . . Perkin wiselie considering that the manner of a multitude is not to consult, and sagelie to advise with themselves in anie deliberate sort, but suddenlie and rashlie to run headlong into rebellion, would not set one foot out of his ship, untill he saw all things sure." Some of his soldiers landed and were surrounded and driven back as soon as they were well inland. Perkin fled to Flanders.

The next great event in the history of the place was the landing of Anne of Cleves.

Ladie Anne of Cleve, as Holinshed calls her, after having lodged in "the King's place called the Checker" [in Calais] "fifteene daies for want of prosperous wind." "On S. Johns daie in Christmasse, she with fiftie saile tooke passage about noone, and landed at Dele in the Downes about five of the clocke, where sir Thomas Chenie, lord

Warden of the ports received hir. She taried there a certeine space in a castell newlie built, and thither came the duke of Suffolke, and the dutches of Suffolke, and the bishop of Chichester with a great number of knights and esquiers, and ladies of Kent and other, which welcomed hir grace, and brought hir that night unto Dover castell, where she rested till mondaie, on which date (notwithstanding it was verie foule and stormie weather) she passed towards Canturburie, with the bishops of Elie, S. Asse, S. Davies, and Dover, and so brought hir to S. Augustines without Canturburie, where she laie that night. The next day she came to Sittingbourne, and laie there that night." So she passed, welcomed on Rainham Down by the Duke of Norfolk and other nobles, to Rochester where the king "longing to see her," "privilie" arrived and "suddenlie came to hir presence."

Slipping from that time onwards over a few reigns, we come to the point when "*Prince Charles*, afterwards K. Charles II., came into the *Downs*, in August 1648, with a considerable fleet, and whilst he lay there, he attacked, on the fifteenth of that month, the town of *Deal*, and the forces under *Colonel Rich*, intrenched there for its defence; but his force was soon put into disorder and entirely routed, with considerable loss." So says Hasted. Powell, Mayor of Deal, in 1703 tried hard to make the people go to church and give up swearing. His methods were thorough. When in church "when we came to sing psalms [he says] being part of the 75th Psalm, and at particular verses which

were appropriate to certain persons present, I stood up, spreading my hands, pointing round the church to some whose ill lives I knew, as well as their conversations, which this Psalm most peculiarly hinted at. After church, as we came home, I discovered some public-houses open; I made two men pay twelve-pence each for being found in one of them, and threatened that, if on another Lord's Day any men were found there, I should fix a fine on the house.

"During the following week, some of my brothers on the Bench told me they were tired, and said they would not keep my company nor support me, if I took such extreme measures. I replied, I had begun a good work and should continue it, and would not abandon it, for it was the Lord's cause. I felt it to be a duty to be more zealous for that than my own worldly affairs, though I hoped I should find time to attend to both."

He once took a swearing sailor by the collar, ran him to the stocks, and stood lecturing him while he sat there chained by the legs.

A tale of circumstantial evidence at fault the scene of which is laid at Deal is contained in Joshua Watt's "Remarkable Events in the History of Man." A young man who had been born in Deal, came to spend a holiday there in 1723. He could not find a lodging for the night, there being many men ashore from ships in the Downs. At last he found an inn where he could share a bed-room with the landlady's uncle, boatswain of an Indiaman by trade. He paid for his room overnight

wishing to start early in the morning for Sandwich. He woke up in the night, and finding the room—an old-fashioned low-pitched room—very hot, wished to get a breath of air outside. He could not lift the latch. The boatswain directed him to take a knife from his clothes and use it to push up the bolt. This the young man did and returning in half an hour found the boatswain gone.

The landlady next morning found the room empty and blood-stains on floor from bed to door and on sheets.

The young man was found; his clothes were stained with blood; in his pocket was a knife and a rare coin which the landlady swore belonged to her uncle.

Sentenced to death and hanged, the young man, however, escaped, because his friends were allowed to prop him up with their shoulders as he hung for the proper half-hour. He enlisted on a man-of-war. After various adventures at sea in the West Indies he met the boatswain, and said to him, "I have been hanged for you master." He then heard that the boatswain had been bled the day before the two slept in one room and, finding the wound open and the vein bleeding, had got up to get help from the barber. The press-gang seized him as he stepped into the street. How the young man had the knife we know, and may surmise that the coin slipped between the blade and the haft, and was taken by him in the dark from the sea-man's pocket when he took the knife.

"A very extraordinary piece of old ordnance was dragged out of the sea in 1775, near the *Good-*

win Sands, by some fishermen, who were sweeping for anchors in the *Gull-stream*, being a part of the roads leading into the *Downs*." Hasted says it might, judging from the ornaments on it, have been cast as early as 1370, and was certainly Portuguese, but possibly had been preserved until the Spanish Armada, and went down on one of the ships of that fleet.

The great growth of the town and increase of its prosperity was—to tell the truth—due to the smuggling done during the Napoleonic period. Napoleon's blockade made smuggling almost a virtue.

The Government made several attempts to discourage it ; but Deal opinion apparently did not entirely go on their side. Pritchard says in his "History of Deal":—

"1856. October 13,—Government suddenly took measures to check smuggling, which occasioned some irritation among those engaged in the business. Three large luggers were seized by revenue officers, which raised the ire of the owners of the boats and cargoes to the highest pitch of resentment. A large quantity of gunpowder was placed close to the Custom House, and a train laid to explode it. In consequence of this demonstration a military guard was stationed there to protect government property, as well to insure safety from molestation to all revenue officers employed in the department."

The smugglers as well as boatmen were not wanting in feelings of humanity towards French officers who, breaking their parole, found their

way to this coast and—they have wife, children, aged parents—asked help—they paid for it—to get over to France. Three officers paid £60 for help according to Pritchard.

In King William III.'s reign the growing importance of Deal and the decay of Sandwich enabled Deal to obtain a charter by which Deal was made a free town and borough, and no longer dependent at all on Sandwich.

When the Government in 1816 made determined efforts to stop the business of smuggling and stationed the *Ganynede* in the Downs to examine and search all vessels landing on shore, and seize excisable articles and the boatmen who were in charge of them, a great outcry arose among those whose trade was attacked. Smuggling called for considerable sums of capital, and was therefore not entirely disreputable. Necessity was the mother of improvements and inventions. False bottoms to vessels and hollow masts were introduced. Informers made money by informing. On March 7, 1821, one of the informers was seized as he walked along the street, tied to a frame inside a cart, stripped, well tarred, and feathered. A second informer was met as the cart proceeded and placed in the cart with his colleague.

"The procession," we are told, "was permitted to pass through the town without let or hindrance. The *passe comitatus* was at a dead lock, and no signs of magisterial or police interference visible in any manner!" On another occasion a coastguard was placed in a sack and left in the cemetery of St. George's Church. Fights were of constant

occurrence, and once, when a number of men were brought before the magistrates for smuggling, the trial was attended by a mob of friendly roughs who shouted, "Begone! Be off! What business have you here?" Whereat the fearful magistrates were so upset that one fainted and another was seized with cramp. At any rate, official records state they did so. Whether the fainting and the cramp were what they seemed cannot now be determined. G. P. R. James, in the first chapter of "The Smuggler," describes the attitude of the unpaid magistracy in the following sentences:—

"The magistrates of the county, when called upon to aid in the pursuit of the smugglers, looked grave, and swore in constables very slowly, despatched servants on horseback, to see what was going on, and ordered the steward or butler to '*send the sheep to the wood*,' an intimation that was not lost upon those for whom it was intended. The magistrates and officers of seaport towns were in general so deeply implicated in the trade themselves, that smuggling had a fairer chance than the law in any case that came before them, and never was a more hopeless enterprise undertaken in ordinary circumstances than that of convicting a smuggler, unless captured in *flagrant delict*."

G. P. R. James lived in Deal for some time. The wages for this night work are said to have been seven-and-six for an unarmed man and fifteen shillings for a man carrying cutlass and pistols. Guinea smuggling was specially profitable at one time, as the English guinea fetched thirty shillings over the water.

I suppose really that it was because the trade called for some capital that it was looked upon as respectable. Even the highwayman is a more attractive and heroic figure than the burglar. I cannot, I confess, quite understand why smuggling at sea is looked upon as so much more attractive than robbing on land; or not paying your full income-tax, which is perhaps not precisely analogous to it. Anyhow the smuggler and his love affairs are subjects for poems.

> "Attention give, and a tale I'll tell,
> Of a damsel fair that in Kent did dwell,
> On the Kentish coast when the tempest rolled,
> She fell in love with a Smuggler so bold.
>
> Upon her pillow she could not sleep,
> When her valiant Smuggler was on the deep,
> While the winds did whistle, she would complain,
> For her valiant Smuggler that ploughed the raging main."

When *Will* came back to his native coast, Nancy called her friends to behold their wedding and to sing a cheerful song.

> "Young Nancy then bid her friends adieu,
> And to sea she went with her lover true;
> In storms and tempests all hardships braves,
> With her valiant Smuggler upon the foaming waves."

At last, one stormy night, they were driven from shore, and:—

> "At length a cutter did on them drive;
> The cutter on them did soon arrive:
> 'Don't be daunted!—though we're but two
> We'll not surrender—but fight like *Britons* true.'"

They beat their enemies, too, and made them run, but—I must remind you, virtuous and law-abiding reader, that their enemies were the sea-police, or blockaders—in morals the balladist is rather deficient—unhappily a second cutter then appeared and chased them with all its might, and the ballad tells the tragic end of Nancy and her Will :—

> "A shot that moment made *Nancy* start,
> Another struck William to the heart;
> This shock distressed lovely *Nancy's* charms,
> When down she fell and expired in *William's* arms.
>
> Now *Will* and *Nancy* love bid adieu,
> They loved and died like two lovers true.
> Young men and maidens now faithful prove,
> Like *Will* and *Nancy* who loved and died in love."

Smuggling at this time was one of the most lucrative trades of the country. In December, 1743, a pamphlet was published on "A Proposal for Preventing of Running Goods," in which the author relates that "some years ago the treasurer of an East India company received a letter from Holland intimating that one person in the province of Zealand smuggled yearly for England no less than half a million pounds [weight of tea]. Though this seemed incredible, the directors, upon inquiry, were convinced of the fact that such a person there was who, some few years before had been but an English sailor, was now married to a woman that kept a china shop, and had so well managed affairs that he had four sloops of his own constantly employed in smuggling; that the quantity of tea which he was supposed to export had not at all

been magnified, and that he had more guineas and English specie in his house than any banker in England." Mr. Henry Baker, supervisor of Customs for Kent and Sussex in 1703, said that formerly silks, lace, and such fine goods had been brought in such loads that six oxen could hardly pull the waggons. Large gangs of from twenty to fifty men, armed with guns, bludgeons, and clubs rode through the country and defied quiet folks. This Mr. Baker had fifty "riding officers" under him, and could also order out the dragoons stationed in Kent. But smuggling, in spite of all efforts on the part of the authorities, flourished fairly till a comparatively recent period. In 1832 it was necessary to issue instructions to officers of coastguard stations to try and discover bribed men, "by looking to the mode of living of the men, and by ascertaining if the men off watch are really in their beds, as a case lately came to knowledge where a bribed character (a boatman in the Deal district) actually assisted the smugglers in working a cargo of fifty tubs upon the guard of one of his messmates after he had been relieved from day-watch, and, of course, supposed to be in bed, for which he received a bribe of £10, and returned to his quarters ready for midnight relief." As late as 1842 a patrol was seized by smugglers at Sandgate and had his arms taken from him. He was heard whistling, and on going to see the reason for it was tripped up by five men, who held him down and tried to stop his mouth. His cries gave the alarm, however, and the smugglers ran off.

The smugglers had a great advantage over the

guards because the latter had to stretch a thin chain over the whole coast, while the former could concentrate large numbers on a single point. Both through observation and through recruits coming to them from the revenue service, they had an excellent knowledge of the routine and methods of the coastguards. The goods were either brought over on a "direct run," or sunk near the shore. If the former procedure was adopted, fast boats with ten or twelve oars or mere tub-boats towed by French luggers were used. If the latter procedure was resorted to a long drift line was fastened round the gunwale of the boat with tubs slung to it and with stones between the tubs, so that the line could be cut loose from the boat in an instant and sunk with all its freighted tubs at once to the bottom. The line of tubs was secured by an anchor, or by two, one at each end. Here it could safely remain, if well sunk, for weeks. The goods would be raised and conveyed inland whenever convenient, the "tub-carriers" conveying their burdens to the ordinary places of concealment. The more exciting conveyances of goods took place on what were called "forced runs." On these an encounter with the coastguard patrol was expected, and an armed force, or "fighting gang," was employed to protect the tub-carriers. Kentish boatmen had, however, ingenious methods of conveying contraband articles apart from open tub carrying. Tea and dry goods were concealed in the petticoat trousers worn by pilots, or in their tarpaulin jackets and trousers. Spare masts and outriggers, hollowed out from end to end, and hollow iron ballast were also used to

conceal tea, spirits, or silk. Tobacco was placed inside ships' hawsers. The *Strawberry*, of Deal, in 1821, was going about the seas with a double bottom, in which contraband could be stored. In the following year the *Black Rover*, of Sandwich, and the *Isis*, of Rye, were found to have well-planned concealments.

(Those who are sufficiently interested in the subject to desire to read more on it are recommended to read the Hon. H. N. Shore's "Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways." I am indebted to that work as well as to *The Kentish Garland* for information on smuggling.)

Government naval stores were kept at Deal from the days of Queen Elizabeth until 1864, when the whole property was sold.

DEAL CASTLE.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DOWNS AND THE GOODWIN SANDS

THE Downs, which is the name given to the passage between the Goodwin Sands, four miles out at sea, and this part of the coast, is the main line of passage for ships passing from the Channel to London.

The longshoremen of Deal are perhaps the most experienced and adventurous of all the men that put off to help ships in distress. The terrible Goodwins provide them with constant practice. The old days of wooden ships, even more than the present times, were days of constant accidents, great or small. The wooden ship was never really watertight. The constant work at salvage and life-saving and smuggling of the old days built up men magnificent for courage and enterprise. The smuggling—if rumour speaks the truth—paid the Custom's officers as well as any one. Not all the seized goods supposed to be destroyed were destroyed. The old Deal lugger is less in use than formerly. In this in the old sailing days men went out hovelling or assisting ships in distress and selling cables and anchors to vessels that had

lost them. Captains and pilots often assisted the sales by losing what they had. The Deal lifeboat was not instituted until 1865. Before that time, the luggers did all the work of rescue from the Goodwin Sands; and the substitution of iron for wooden vessels, improved charts, and better marking of rocks, have lessened the accidents to vessels.

The luggers are about 40 feet long and 13 feet beam. The smaller luggers are called "cats." They are heaved up the steep stony beach by a capstan and capstan bars, which have to be manned by twenty to thirty men. The boats are launched by letting go the "trigger" which fastens the stern chain rope through a hole in the keel called the "ruffles"—the crew being already on board and the mizzen set, so that the lugger rushes down the beach impelled by her own weight.

Landsmen, who see men on shore profiting by one another's needs, and take it as a matter of course that men haggle as to the price of bread, or loans of money, or destroy one another to establish a new business, have in the past much blamed the Deal men because the Goodwins by wrecking vessels provided a chance of earning money to those who rescued whoever was on board them. Defoe, though he praised the humanity of the Mayor of Deal, Mr. Thomas Powell, who offered to pay five shillings out of his own pocket for each life saved, blames "the townspeople of Deal" for "their great barbarity in neglecting to save the lives of abundance of poor wretches; who having hung upon the masts and rigging of the ships,

or floated upon the broken pieces of wrecks, had gotten ashore upon the Goodwin Sands when the tide was out."

Galley punts carrying one lugsail on a mast amidships are used to take off pilots or put them on board. These punts are boats from 21 to 30 feet in length and 7 feet beam. They hook on to steamers which are seen showing the signal "pilot to drop," or "pilot wanted." Often such steamers prefer, though showing the signal of "pilot to put off," to drop him at Dover, and will not slacken speed at all before Dover. It is then dangerous work to shoot across the steamer end on, haul down the sail, and lay in the same direction as the big steamer is. A tow-line is cast up and hooked into anything that will hold it, and the galley punt falls behind into the eddying wake of the steamer and the men, smothered in spray, are rushed along behind her until the vessel slackens to drop the pilot.

The work is extremely dangerous, and men are frequently drowned by a miscalculation that puts them too near the steamer or by the frantic pull of a towing-rope that can cut off a limb.

The number of vessels wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, of lives lost, and of heroic actions done in saving others, is so great that no short narrative can be given of what has occurred there.

Concerning the origin of the sands, Hasted sums up all we know when he says:—

"There are various opinions among the learned, some affirming them to have been an *island*, called *Lomea*, once the estate of Earl Goodwin, whence

they took their name, and to have been destroyed by the sea in 1097; whilst others, with a greater probability of truth, suppose it to have been occasioned by that inundation of the sea, about the time of K. William Rufus or Henry I., which was so great and violent, as to drown a great part of *Flanders* and the *Low Countries*, before which this shelf or sand was only a kind of shallow, lying between the *English* and *Flemish* coasts, and was so far covered with water, as never to lie dry, but had so high a sea running over it, as never to endanger the sailing over it, the same as in the channel elsewhere; but so much of the water between the two shores having flowed beyond its ordinary bounds, and gained so much more room over those parts, the sea usually loosing in one place what it gains in another, this shelf or sand, for want of that sufficiency of water which before entirely covered it, became so near the surface of it, as when it was low, to appear part of it dry, and to admit of people's landing on it."

Lambarde in sceptical mood doubts both the drowning of Goodwin's land and his choking himself with a morsel of bread because he said, "May this bread choke me if I caused my brother's death," when, in reality he had procured it.

Across the main body of the sands are various "swatches," or passages of water, but the sands shift from month to month, according to the weather and the seas, so that where at one time a boat can safely pass, at another it strikes the bottom.

At high water the highest part of the Goodwins is covered by 8 to 10 feet of water. At low water, the northern part is at least 6 feet out of water, and you can walk along it for miles, crossing gulleys which are like the larger "swatches." Much of the sand is very hard; some of it, however, is so soft that a pedestrian sinks in it very rapidly.

The remains of ships are to be seen half sunk in the sands in many places, and under the sands others lie. That the sands are really a quicksands, however, though often stated, is probably incorrect.

There was no lightship on the Goodwins until 1795, when the North Sand Head light was erected. The Gull lightship was stationed in position in 1809, and the South Sand Head lightship in 1832. The East Goodwin lightship followed in 1874.

It would be interesting to compare the stories current in Deal of famous wrecks with such accurate accounts as have come down to us from the times of their occurrence: some strange instances of the effects of traditional narrative would be found.

The *Times*, of Thursday, December 22nd, 1814—price 6½d. for 4 pages—and it is the first mention in it of the event I can find, although the vessel was lost on the 17th December, reports:—

"SHIP NEWS.

"MARGATE, *Dec.* 20.

"The loss of the *British Queen* packet is established beyond a doubt by the arrival here of part of the wreck, and amongst it the stern, with her

name on it; but no tidings as yet of any one that was on board. A number of fresh sand banks have been found during the late gales, along the whole of the French and Flemish coast, which renders it extremely dangerous except with vessels of a small draught of water. We are anxiously looking out for, and daily expecting the arrival of the next packet, the *Britannic*, to learn particulars of the passengers. The weather is now very fine, and the several ships that have put in here are expected to sail this evening." All on board had actually perished. At an earlier date there was a great storm on November 26, 1703, which began at 11 in the evening and lasted till 7 next morning, "during which thirteen men-of-war were lost, of which the *Restoration* and *Stirling Castle*, third rates; the *Mary*, a fourth rate, and the *Mortar-Bomb* were lost on the *Goodwin Sands*, with the greatest parts of their crews; 70 men only being saved from the *Stirling Castle*, and one from the *Mary*, in which latter *Rear-Admiral Basil Beaumont* himself perished."

About two hundred men cast away upon the Goodwin Sands were saved through the exertions of Mr. Thomas Powell, the Mayor of Deal at the time.

I can, of course, only mention a very insignificant number out of the great quantity of wrecks and of heroic actions in life-saving which have occurred near Deal. The cases I shall take are those of the sinking of the *Dolphin* in 1885, after it had collided with the *Brenda*, and the drowning of 17 men who had tried to keep alive on

the rigging and other fragments of the vessel; the saving of Deal men who had gone on to the Goodwin Sands in October, 1885, to salve the wrecked *Friedrik Carl* and were caught by the sea when the tide entered the water-logged wreck; the saving of the Captain of the brig *Auguste Hermann Francke*, which was lost in 1886 with all the other men on board her; the removal of the crew from the schooner *Golden Island*, which struck on the Sands in May 1887; the removal of the passengers from the burning Hamburg-American liner *Patria;* and the saving of the passengers on the liner *Mahratta.* The screw steamer *Brenda*, 1,700 tons burden, of West Hartlepool, collided with the *Dolphin*, a London Steam Navigation Company's steamer, bound from London to Havre with passengers and a general cargo on board, including 200 or 300 barrels of wine, on the morning of Friday, September 18, 1885. Between 1 and 2 o'clock, the weather calm and clear but with drizzle falling, the two steamers collided, when all were asleep on the *Dolphin* except the watch. The captain ordered that the *Dolphin* be run ashore. But before she had gone far, the water entering the vessel's side in the hole made in it, put out the engine's fire and she sank. The shock of the blow brought every one on deck. There were four boats aft and one forward: two were got off. They were filled with passengers, firemen, and seamen. Most of the people were only partly dressed—some in their nightdresses. The chief mate, Amos Selden, says, "Everything was done orderly: there

was no panic." But some had to be left on board after the boats were launched. And scarcely were they gone when the vessel sank. The shrieks of those swept into the sea and drowned are described as fearful. Some had climbed into the rigging and were taken off by the Kingsdown lifeboat, though not without some danger, as a heavy sea was running. One seaman, one fireman, the captain, and the mate were in the rigging. "When the vessel went down, the force of the water lifted the bridge off and it became a raft, but the water washed over it very much. The men remained on the mast until day-break, about 5 o'clock, before they were saved by the lifeboat, and they were then greatly exhausted. One passenger named Whyman lashed himself to the rail of the bridge with a handkerchief with which he tied his leg to the rail. When the bridge was torn off the ship and floated away he was kept on the rail, but the washing of the waves over him stunned him. He was taken off by the lifeboat and recovered when treated by a doctor on shore. A Frenchman when rescued was found lying over the mouth of the funnel of the sunken vessel."

The masts were 18 feet out of water and a portion of the funnel just above water at high tide after the *Dolphin* was fully sunk.

Seventeen persons were drowned out of a total of twenty-five crew and twenty-five passengers.

The cargo was, so far as possible, got up out of the sunken vessel, which was then destroyed where it lay.

On October 30, 1885, the *Friedrik Carl*, a small Danish schooner, ran aground on the Goodwin Sands. Her crew was taken off by the Ramsgate lifeboat, towed by the steam-tug *Aid*, but they failed to get the schooner afloat again. The schooner's cargo was oats: next day she was seen standing upright and without any apparent hole in her and many Deal boats were attracted out to try and salve her. Two galley-punts, in particular, the *Wanderer* and *Gipsy King*, put off for this purpose. Their crews waded on to the sands with difficulty—the sea was moderately rough, and it would have been unsafe to let their heavy boats touch the bottom—and left two men in each schooner. They walked along the hard sands, circling round the gullies or swimming across them, avoiding the "fox-falls," or deep holes with perhaps 20 feet of blue sea-water in them, and reached the wreck. Though no hole was visible in her, they found sea-water had got in up to her cabin seats, and many of the men believed when the tide returned she would again ship water and it would be unsafe to be on board. Some decided to stay on her, some to go back to their boats. Unfortunately, on trying to pursue the latter course, they found the sea had increased and all the difficulties of their walk were intensified. A tug-boat, on its way to the wrecked schooner, put off a punt and took the men to their own boats. These and the tug went then to the wreck. They found this in a dreadful sea, great rollers from the north-east breaking on the sands, and the water had so

gained on the wreck that the men had been driven into the rigging, or behind the raised quarter-deck and wheel-house aft. There was no tide and no wind but endless swells, of the kind that precede a gale. Only a lifeboat could possibly reach the wreck, and the Deal lifeboat came out and was anchored by the stern and allowed to veer down bows first, so that the rudder should not be injured. The rollers drove the lifeboat with great force. The men were then taken off the wreck on a line thrown to them, by which they were hauled into the lifeboat through the waves. A great wave broke over Wilds, the lifeboat's coxswain, dashed him against the Samson post, and pushed the lifeboat up on end and within a fathom of the wreck, and then, on the return, took her fifteen fathoms away from it. A great wave, when but two men were left on the wreck, covered the whole of it, breaking into her fore-top sail, and Mansly, one of the men remaining, was washed away by it, and only found next day, dead and disfigured, entangled in wreckage.

On April 20, 1886, the Norwegian brig *Auguste Hermanne Francke*, bound from Krageroe to San Sebastian with a cargo of ice, a crew of seven on board under Captain Jargersen, at eight in the morning struck the Goodwins, the night being foggy. Here successive waves hammered it on the hard sand. The men in thick darkness climbed into the rigging—the captain fore, the rest aft. All except the captain were carried away as the mainmast broke, the shocks of the vessel

on the ground breaking the mast and the rigging. All were killed—one boy dashed against the hull, the men washed away and drowned. The captain alone, lashed at last to the windlass, remained alive until the tide went down and left dry sands for miles. He walked and ran, shouting and waving his arms. He waved canvas fastened to a pole. Evening came on and he went back to his lonely station on the wreck.

He had been seen from Deal running on the sands at about five o'clock in the evening. Wind and tide unfortunately came in one direction and the lifeboat could not be got out to the sands against them. At Ramsgate the lifeboat and tugs were disabled. At nine, the Deal lifeboat succeeded in getting out. In the darkness nothing could be found on the sands. The men anchored and ate their bread and cheese; they "hollered and shouted both outside and inside them breakers," on the outside and in the cross-channels of the sands, but nothing could be heard because of "the way the sea was a roarin'"—as the men said. Morning broke and at about half-past three the one survivor was seen running on the sands, and picked off; they ran through the surf to help him off the sands.

On May 14, 1887, at midnight, the three-masted schooner *Golden Island*, carrying a cargo of glass-sand from Antwerp to Liverpool, felt itself struck with great force on the Goodwin Sands. Immovable, she lay, and the water rose within her. The crew (of six and a lad) lit a flame, and this was seen at Deal. At two in the morning the

lifeboat bell was rung and the men, dressing as they came, hurried to the beach and the lifeboat. The Ramsgate tug *Aid*, they found, with the Ramsgate lifeboat, by the wreck before them. The breakers were flying over the wrecked vessel, which lay with her head to the north-west and leaning to port, her starboard quarter exposed to the great masses of the easterly waves that fell on her. The crew was between the main and mizzen masts, behind the slight shelter of the weather bulwarks and the longboat, which were still in place. The Ramsgate lifeboat miscalculated the force of the current and was almost dashed against the wreck; it anchored, but, contrary to expectation, veered away instead of towards the wreck. A fender with line attached thrown from the wreck would not float to the lifeboat, but was held close to the wreck by the waves. The Deal lifeboat, judging the current by these events, succeeded, however, in anchoring in a better position. The cane loaded with lead, to which a light line was attached, was thrown on board, and the lifeboat got into touch with the wreck. The lifeboat was also fastened by a line round her mast which had to be eased and tightened with each sea. The crew, with lines fastened round their waists, were dragged one by one through the boiling waves into the lifeboat. The boy was naturally much frightened at the start of this journey into the sea, but by force and persuasion was got to start. The lifeboat tore loose from the wreck, the wind in the rigging of which was like distant thunder, before the

work of rescue was complete; however, the lines were refastened and the dangerous work at length finished.

The Hamburg-American liner *Patria*, of 6,664 tons, on a voyage from New York to Hamburg, was found to be on fire.

It carried a crew of 118, and about 150 passengers. On entering the North Sea, twelve miles from the North Hinder lightship, she sighted the *Ceres*, a Russian steamer. She was then enveloped in smoke. The *Ceres*, with great difficulty, took the passengers off on boats. The *Ceres* then steamed to Dover.

The passengers had been woke up about 6 in the morning on Wednesday, November 15, 1899, and told to go on deck at once. Many were hurried off wrapped in blankets, having had no time to proceed far with dressing themselves. Among the passengers were from forty to fifty women and children. One old lady arrived at Dover shoeless. The transferring of the passengers to the boats was done with the greatest coolness and sacrifice by the crew and officers. The women and children were transferred first. The cargo contained wax and linseed which burnt furiously. The captain was soon surrounded by dense smoke as he stood on the bridge. Many of the passengers were put on board the *Patria's* eighteen lifeboats and picked up by various vessels—some, for example, by the Ramsgate fishing smack *Adieu*. Two of the crew were put in each lifeboat, others were taken to Hamburg on the *Athesia*.

The crew and the captain worked the pumps

manfully after the passengers were taken off, but at length the captain ordered the crew to take to the boats, as it was unsafe to remain longer on board. The first officer, engineer, boatswain, and one sailor remained with the captain for another hour, but the wind changing, the flames were driven to the after part of the ship where the men were and it was impossible to endure the heat. The men got into the boats and were picked up by the *Athesia*, who took them to Hamburg. This was about 8 o'clock on Wednesday night. "The *Athesia* stood by the *Patria* all night. Very fierce flames were then sweeping the whole length of the deck, accompanied with volumes of dense smoke." After the *Athesia* left the *Patria*, it met the *Hansa*, a Hamburg-American tug, and the captain went back and sighted the *Patria* at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning 27 miles north-east by east of the East Goodwins light. There were then two English steamers standing by, which had endeavoured to tow her, but so fierce was the heat that their tow-lines had broken and they had had to give up. On board right forward were six French fishermen: they had found the *Patria* derelict and had gone aboard hoping she might be towed ashore on the French coast and salved. These were taken off at once. Strong wire hawsers were fastened to the *Patria* and she was towed along. The German tug *Simson* offered help and it was accepted, for it was heavy work towing. The *Patria* entered the Downs at 8.30 on Sunday, November 19, 1899;

she was white hot from end to end. She was brought close to Deal, but before she could be put ashore out of the passage-way, she gave a lurch and went down. She was a huge floating furnace, spitting flames and lighting up a vast volume of smoke over the sea, the night before she sank. "For a long time after the vessel sank she presented an extraordinary sight, immense volumes of steam and smoke continuing to pour forth from the fore end of the ship."

"It was in January, 1900, that the *Patria* foundered with loss of five lives while an effort was being made to tow her into deeper water."

After two years' work, involving an expenditure of some £6,000, the Trinity House authorities sufficiently dispersed the wreck of the *Patria* to be able to remove the lightship denoting its position. This was done in January, 1902.

At the present moment the remains of a large steamer is to be seen, humped, with a broken hull, on the Goodwin's. This is the four-masted passenger steamer *Mahratta*, nearly 4,000 tons, and belonged to the Brocklebank line. She was homeward bound from India to London, carrying passengers and a general cargo, consisting chiefly of rubber, rice, tea, and jute. The vessel seems to have got out of her course on Thursday, the 8th of April, 1909, and struck the part of the sands known as Fawk Spit. "On the following day, which was Good Friday, lifeboats were launched, but the steamer was found to be hard on the sands." Two of the most powerful tugs obtainable were sent from Dover, and other tugs attended

the ship, but it was impossible to drag her afloat. The passengers were landed at Deal pier by the lifeboat. All the boatmen of Deal were engaged to transfer baggage and jettison cargo in order to lighten the ship.

The passengers included two families with women and children.

On Saturday night the ship broke in two. The engineer officer, Mr. J. Matthews, says the ship was strained, and there was a continual grinding and snapping as plates sheered and buckled and heavy iron rivets broke away by dozens. The crew and the boatmen from shore were salving tea and throwing jute overboard. Men were working up to the knees in water. Suddenly the ship broke with a sound like that of a cannon, breaking across the bunkers and saloon. "One labourer was so scared he caught hold of me round the body and I found it hard to get clear from him. Steam was shut off as the water was rising rapidly in the engine-room and an explosion was feared. The water in the engine-room was up to our waists when we went down there."

The chief engineer on finding the ship on the sands committed suicide by cutting his throat.

Three passengers were on board when the ship broke, including a lady, who had declined to go ashore because her dog would have had to stay six months under veterinary supervision. The crew of ninety and one hundred boatmen and labourers from Deal and the neighbourhood were also there.

A strong westerly wind and a heavy sea soon

began to damage the ship, as it lay right on the sands in shallow water—a position rendering salvage operations difficult. The salvage steamer *Cheshire* was used to take rice and jute out of Nos. 4 and 5 holds. As the vessel sank and listed over further, salvage grew more and more difficult.

The following paragraph in the *Times* of April 27th may be worth reproducing:—

"A Deal hawker's cart which was stopped in Dover was found to contain two chests of tea, weighing 170 lb., from the wrecked liner *Mahratta*. The man . . . said he found the tea on the Deal sand hills. He was charged yesterday with having shipwrecked goods in his possession and with the intention to defraud the Customs. He was fined £9 5s., including costs, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment."

The running of a ship right on to the Goodwins in calm weather is so unusual that it may be of interest to know how the accident occurred. The Board of Trade inquiry at Liverpool found that the pilot had failed to recognise the Gull light when he first saw it and in consequence had taken a wrong course. The second mate and the pilot, it was held, ought to have called the master, who was not then on duty, at the time when the second mate reported the light to the pilot and the pilot failed to recognise it.*

Almost every spell of bad weather on the coast means some assistance needed by ships

* I am indebted for certain particulars to "Heroes of the Goodwins," by the Rev. T. S. Treanor.

in danger of drifting on the sands. In the winter of 1910, the *Antonia Julia*, which was formerly named the *Jubilee*, but had been bought by a Portuguese firm, got into difficulties, and a galley went out to help her. This boat, struck by a heavy sea, sank, and the men had to be rescued by the tug *Columbia.* The lifeboats from Deal and Walmer, the latter of which was launched with great difficulty, saved the schooner.

However, as I said, of tales of wrecks on the Goodwins there is no end.

CHAPTER XV

DEAL TO DOVER

On Deal pier there are usually men fishing. Deal is a favourite place for sea-fishing, and cod, especially, are caught in great quantities. The houses facing the sea in the older, eastern end of the town looking out on all the sea activities through the short gaps in the opposite line of houses, are my favourite part of the place. Here and there, old walls of red brick in the courts and streets at the back have that touch of the picturesque which romantic characters, like smugglers, leave where they have lived. There are several little cupolas of metal and glass over the roofs of buildings in the town that catch the sun. One is on St. George's Church, and I like the effect of them—"barn-like," one of the guide-books called this church. It is one of those solid brick churches with four plain, straight sides, a little portico in front, and a square tower; it has a cupola with a golden ball and weathercock on its summit; one of those eighteenth-century churches, which have no Gothic or nonsense about them; it is partly covered with

ivy and is outlined here and there with stucco —to me the golden ball gleaming in the sky above the staid brick, modified by time in many places to many colours, has its beauties. I will praise it, if no one else has praised it.

Leaving Deal, the way is flat through Walmer, but soon after the cliffs rise up, to form a background to the Kingsdown houses which straggle over a flat space towards the sea. Kingsdown is older than it looks, but has no history—no history except the inevitable deeds of incredible courage with which obscure boatmen help men in danger from the sea every winter. Hasted mentions it in this way: "About half a mile *eastward* from the village of *Ringwold*, within the bounds of this parish, is the *ville and hamlet of Kingsdown*, which adjoins to the seashore, and appears to have been, in early times, a place of some account, by its being mentioned by name with *Ringwold*, in the charters of the *Cinque Ports*. It is now a *small fishing village*, where on the side next to *Walmer*, the poor fishermen by a capstan wind up on shore their boats commonly called *Kingsdown boats*."

Ringwold, or Ringwould, to this day stands, a small village, a few miles inland.

Then soon begins the chalk-edged cliffs, with their green open crests against the moving patterns of the sky and the foam-edged moving patterns of the sea below.

A profusion of wild flowers is found on the spaces between here and St. Margaret's Bay,

especially from May to October. Sweeps of pink sainfoin and of rich red clover give place to yellow vetches and lady's slipper, as the season progresses. Campion, thyme, knapweed, tansy, John's wort, poppy, and several wild orchids are found here. Indeed, nearly six hundred varieties of wild flowers have been collected in and around St. Margaret's. The chalk soil has the effect of intensifying colour in flowers and insects. The butterflies found in the district include some that are rare.

Four miles from Deal, St. Margaret's Bay is reached, where all down the bush and tree-covered cliffs houses cling to the steep slopes, and on either side ribbed chalk closes in the bay. The cliffs are over 300 feet high. The luxuriant vegetation, among which the gorse, wallflower, sweet briar rose, and wild cabbage with its beautiful variegated leaves will be recognised, contrasts sharply with the chalk. Seagulls and sand-martins are plentiful, and the former tamer than is usual in frequented places.

Deep down below, the little beach bordered with villas, is to be seen under blue scabæus bushes.

The distance of the station for St. Margaret's Bay, which is Martin Mill, and two miles away, from the houses has kept this beach one of the most exclusive of all those in Kent. There are no amusements here except the sea and picnics. It is a genuine do-what-you-please seaside place. The boys on the beach—and the girls—shout up at their parents and guardians

far overhead. More cod are caught by anglers than landladies will cook. The Kingsdown Golf Links enable fathers to fill up their days, while mothers and children are on the beach. "Truly, as a place for perfect quiet, where the chances against being disturbed by even an itinerant musician, must be as eighty-five to one, it would be difficult to find a better than this same Bay of St. Margaret's," said Burnand in his "Z. Z. G., or Zig Zag Guide, Round and About the Bold and Beautiful Kentish Coast."

Half a mile inland is the village of St. Margaret-at-Cliffe — mainly one street. The interest here is the church, standing above the level of the street, the downs behind it ending the view, with trees overhanging the road and varying the street sky-line. The church is Norman and of great beauty. A long row of the typical small arches of Norman style extends between the broad roofs of the aisle and nave, or as Sir Stephen Glynne explains in technical language :—

"The clerestory externally presents a range of Norman arches having piers with shafts attached, and every third arch pierced for a window. This range of arches was continued uninterruptedly round three sides of the tower, but on the west side it is stopped by the modern work."

The west doorway is even more remarkable. The doorway is surmounted by a triangular pediment; between the pediment and the arch are several tiers of mouldings in relief of vary-

ing depths, but mostly low, the topmost treated with a succession of separate medallions, filled with scrolls, foliage, heads, and in the centre with scroll-bodied figures.

The village is proud of the healthy old people, still keen on life, to be found among its inhabitants.

From November to March the curfew bell is rung at eight for five minutes by the sexton. During his term of office the ringer of the curfew holds the "curfew land."

There are common lands or free downs in abundance round here, but the builders, now so busy putting up villas, are inclined to steal and build on them.

An aviation centre is now being established just outside St. Margaret's.

The remains of the *Preussen*, driven ashore here in November, 1910, are still in the Bay, and efforts are still being made to recover cargo from it.

On the morning of Sunday, November 6, 1910, the Brighton Railway Company's mail steamer *Brighton*, bound from Newhaven to Dieppe, collided with the five-masted sailing vessel *Preussen* of 5,081 tons, the largest sailing vessel in the world, and the only five-masted full-rigged ship, which was on its way from Hamburg to the West Coast of Africa, with a mixed cargo of pianos, sugar, umbrellas, cement, railway metal, and bricks. This enormous sailing vessel carried on each of her five masts a lower yard, upper and lower topsail yards, upper and lower

top-gallant yards, and a royal yard. She could set about fifteen fore and aft sails in addition to the square sails extended from these yards. Her spread of canvas was about twice as great as that of the largest British sailing ship. The sailing vessel was badly damaged about the bows. It was brought-to and anchored off Dungeness. Here during the gale it broke loose. Three tugs took it in tow, but the cable parted and it went ashore at Fan Bay, half-way between St. Margaret's Bay and Dover. The night was wild, the sea furious, and a heavy rain fell. The *Preussen* washed ashore till the waves ground it on to the rocks. The Dover lifeboat went out and encountered a sea so heavy that it rose and fell like a cork, and the men had difficulty in keeping their seats. When they got near the *Preussen* they shouted but could get no reply, "although lights were burning in the deck-houses and other parts of the vessel. The lifeboat had one or two narrow escapes of being capsized," and its position became so dangerous that the tug which had been in charge of it towed it off, and with great difficulty returned to Dover.

"When the St. Margaret's coastguards had got their rocket apparatus into position on the high cliff above the wreck, it was found that it would be impossible to get a line over the ship from that position, and that it would be necessary to get the apparatus to the foot of the cliffs. Coastguard Hughes, at great risk, went down the face of the cliff by means of a

rope-ladder in order to take the apparatus down. When he was part of the way down a rocket fired by the East Cliff coastguards fell over the *Preussen's* main rigging, carrying with it a line which established communication between the ship and the shore. Coastguard Hughes safely reached the foreshore, but the conditions were too bad for him to make any communications with his comrades on top of the cliff, and as it was too hazardous for him to attempt to return by the ladder, he made his way nearly a mile along the foreshore and ascended by a zigzag path."

Lifeboatmen from Dover and the rocket apparatus coastguard crews watched the *Preussen* all Sunday night. The Dover lifeboat made a second attempt to reach the ship that night, and after some hours, during which it was impossible to get near it, succeeded in communicating with the captain, who, however, declined to allow attempts to be made to take the crew of the vessel, and the lifeboat returned to Dover at 5 o'clock.

By 9 o'clock the lifeboat had returned and twelve tugs—English, Belgian, Dutch, and German—were round the vessel. None, however, could get near enough to get a hawser aboard. For over an hour before high tide the sea broke violently over the stranded ship. The crew were huddled on the enclosed deck above the midships deckhouse and wet through. Most of them wore cork jackets. Shortly after 2 o'clock the tugs gave up trying to get near the vessel and sailed to Dover Harbour. The Dover tug *Lady Vita*

was unable to get the lifeboat between the *Preussen* and the cliffs.

The *Preussen* had then lost her jibboom and her foremast had fallen, and her rigging was a mass of wreckage. Twenty feet of water was in her forehold.

On Tuesday morning, to the surprise of the Dover people, they learnt that the vessel had two passengers on board. The weather was then moderately fine, and a Dover galley in charge of boatman Walker succeeded in getting the passengers off and putting them on the German tug *Albatross*, which took them to Dover. A lighter was towed to the wreck in the afternoon, and eighteen of the crew taken to Dover, where they landed about 4 o'clock.

The wrecked ship having broken its back, it was determined to abandon the hull, and the salvors removed the sails, steel rigging, and movable deck-fittings and placed them on the *Albatross*.

The vessel gradually drifted out to the Fair Point reef of rocks.

The German Emperor sent a telegram to the crew of the vessel expressing his regret at the accident to the vessel and his gratification at the gallant behaviour of the crew.

So much for St. Margaret's.

Between St. Margaret's and Dover the cliffs at the South Foreland rise to 374 feet. The white lighthouse shows a white flash-light visible for twenty-six miles. There has long been a light here. In 1634 a coal fire was used, an oil light followed in 1793, dioptric apparatus was in-

stalled in 1843, and the present electric lights in 1881.

Fine open cliffs enclosing little bays lead on to Dover. The view over the sea is very fine, and a sea-walk is being cut on the face of the cliff starting from Dover. In the distance, the surf breaking on the Goodwin's may be seen—"a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lye buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word"—to such effect could Salarino in Venice speak of it; all around sails and steam move over the waters.

And the air is excellent. Before we enter Dover, I must digress on the air. Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Margate, Deal, and Dover all claim the best air. Which is right, I do not know, but all may make good claims. For the air of this prong of Kent, almost sea-surrounded, is excellent—dry, sun-penetrated, invigorating. No damp collects here in the ground to rise in vapour; land fog is almost utterly unknown, and sea-fog very rare; the winds of the ocean rush unstopped and give appetite as the sunshine gives cheerfulness. Doctors unselfishly—but, after all, money-making is not the only interest of professional men, and doctors cure for curing's sake—doctors praise Kentish seaside air.

"Bad air, a cause of melancholy," is one of the subsections in Burton's book of curious, rambling charms, in which we seek on and on and never find precisely what we want! "Air is a cause of great moment [he says] in producing this, or

any other disease, being that it is still taken into our bodies by respiration, and our more inner parts. 'If it be impure and foggy, it dejects the spirits, and causeth diseases by infection of the heart,' as Paulus hath it, *lib* 1. *c.* 49. Avicenna, *lib* 1. *Gal de san. tuendâ.* Mercurialis, Montaltus, &c. Feinalius saith, 'A thick air thickeneth the blood and humours.' Lemnios reckons up two main things most profitable, and most pernicious to our bodies: air and diet; and this peculiar disease, nothing causeth sooner (Jobertus holds) 'than the air wherein we breathe and live.'" And in "Air Rectified," he says, speaking of cures for melancholy: "The citizens of Barcino . . . otherwise penned in, melancholy, and stirring little abroad, are much delighted with that pleasant prospect their city hath with the sea, which like that of old Athens besides Ægina Salamina, and many pleasant islands, hath all the variety of delicious objects: so are these Neopolitans and inhabitants of Genoa, to see the ships, boats, and passengers go by, out of their windows, their whole cities being situated on the side of a hill, like Pera by Constantinople, so that each house almost hath a free prospect to the sea, as some part of London to the Thames; or to have a free prospect all over the city at once, as at Grenada in Spain, and Fez in Africa, the river running betwixt two declining hills, the steepness causeth each house almost, as well to oversee, as to be overseen of the next."

Well, there are lots of houses in Deal, Dover, Broadstairs, Margate, and Ramsgate, where you

may see boats pushed out to sea, unloaded on return, sails catching the breeze, children running to school, or trundling hoops, and by these (and many other) sights of the sea and land in the clear air lose the melancholy engendered by soot-stained towns.

CHAPTER XVI

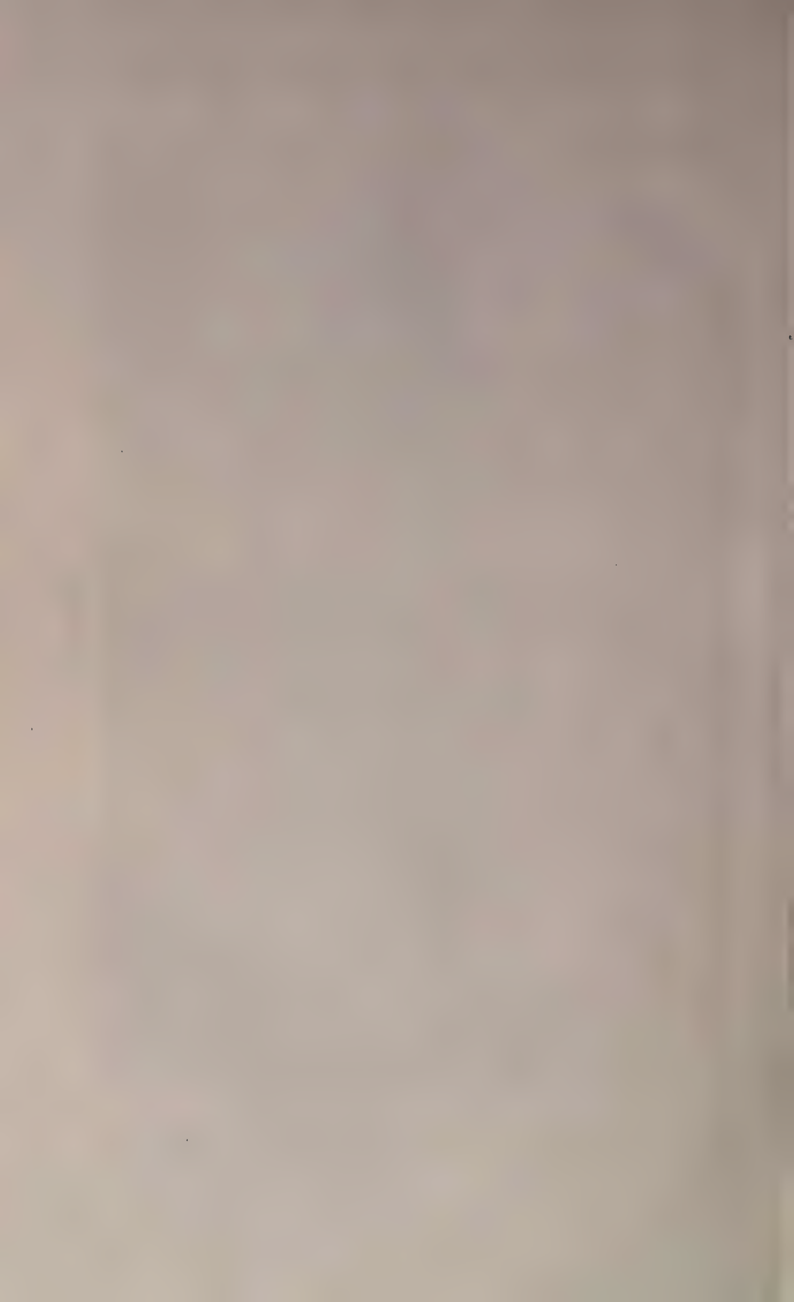
DOVER: PART OF ITS HISTORY

DOVER is a town of great age. The ancient Britons called it Dwffyrrha, the Saxons Dofra, or Dofris, the Romans Dubræ. It is one of the Roman nine forts of the British shore. The remains of Roman baths were in existence in the churchyard of St. Mary's till the eighteenth century. The tiles are marked C J B R, possibly meaning *Cohors Prima Britannica.*

Severus surrounded it with walls about the year 200, and King Withred of Kent protected it from the sea by a sea-wall about 700.

The fight between the followers of Eustace, Count of Boulogne, and the citizens of Dover is an incident well known. Edward the Confessor, receiving the sad news of the death of Hardecnut, was uncertain what to do, since he, Edward, was held in little esteem owing to the slothful character of his father Ethelred. He therefore sent for Godwin, who was a man "powerful in speech." Godwin represented that Edward was the son of Ethelred and the grandson of Edgar, and the kingdom was his by right, and Godwin

DOVER CASTLE.



proceeded to win over by presents, by authority, and by persuasion, sufficient support to have Ethelred crowned King of England. Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, father of Godfrey and Baldwin, soon after crossed the Channel from Whitsand to Dover, and "went to King Edward on unknown business!"

William of Malmesbury relates what then happened at Dover in the following way:—

"When the conference was over and he had obtained his request, he was returning through Dover, where one of his avant-couriers dealing too fiercely with a citizen, and asking for lodgings with blows instead of requesting them and offering payment, so angered the citizen that the man killed the Frenchman. Eustace on hearing of this went with his followers and revenged the murder of his servant, and killed the perpetrator of the crime and eighteen others; but the citizens of Dover armed themselves, and he lost twenty of his men and had many wounded, he and one man with difficulty escaping in the confusion. He returned to court and had a secret interview with the king, and made the best of his story and excited the king's anger against the English. Godwin, summoned by messengers, arrived at the palace. When the business was related, and the Earl was speaking at length on the insolence of the Dover men, the better informed intelligence of Godwin saw sentence should not be passed, as the allegations were all obtained from one side. Consequently, when the king ordered him to go with an army into

Kent, he refused and would not take vengeance on the people of Dover, both because he saw all foreigners were gaining the king's favour, and because he desired to show favour to his own countrymen. Besides, he more justly was of opinion that the chief citizens should be summoned mildly to the king's court on account of the riot; if they could excuse themselves, they should go back unpunished; if not, they should satisfy with their purses or their persons the king whose peace they had broken, and the earl whom they had injured; in any case, it was wrong to sentence them unheard, and they had a special right to protection. Afterwards this conference broke up; Godwin paid little attention to the king who was angry with him, regarding his anger as temporary. The nobles were ordered to meet at Gloucester in order to discuss the matter further. Godwin and his sons, seeing the king's anger at the opinion they had expressed, thought it imprudent to come unarmed, and made an excuse that they were about to attack the Welsh who were (they said) ready to revolt against the king; the Welsh, however, came to the conference and accused Godwin and his followers of conspiracy." Godwin refused to come unarmed to a further conference at London and was banished from England. Godwin's son Harold fled to Ireland; from Bruges and Dublin later Godwin and Harold returned to figure further in English history.

At the Norman Conquest, William obtained the town and castle apparently without needing

to fight. Some of William's soldiers burnt property in the town, but the Conqueror punished them and compensated the owners.

William's architect, Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, thickened the castle walls on the ground floor. William is also believed to have enclosed the town with walls of Caen stone.

At Dover, Anselm, deposed from the Archbishopric of Canterbury by William Rufus, was despoiled of his property by the king's orders, and left to cross to France "with his scrip and staff."

In the eleventh century, as we learn from Domesday book, the king gave up his right in Dover to "sac and soc" (sake and soke), or cases and suits, in return for the fitting out of twenty ships for fifteen days with twenty-one men in each. This means, no doubt, that the town retained the fines imposed in law-courts in return for what it did to defend the realm.

When the rebellion against Stephen took place, the queen was sent to besiege Dover Castle, and she drew from Boulogne enough ships to blockade the harbour. It was in Dover that King Stephen died.

We will take the account of the death from Holinshed:—

"King Stephen also after the end of the parlement went to Dover, there to meet the earle of Flanders, who came thither to talke with him of certeine businesse. The earle was no sooner retuned backe, but the king fell sicke, and was so greevouslie tormented with a paine in his

bellie, and with an old disease also, wherewith (as should appeare), he had been often troubled, namelie, the emrods, that finallie he died in the abbey on the five and twentith day of October, in the nine and fortith yeare of his age, and after he had reigned eighteene yeares, ten moneths, and od daies, in the yeare after the birth of our Saviour 1154. His bodie was interred in the abbeie of Feversham in Kent, which he had builded, where his wife also, and his sonne Eustace were buried before."

Richard I. sailed from Dover in 1189 to the Holy Land:—

"On the fift day of December, he departed from Canterburie, and went to Dover, there to take water, and so on the eleventh day of December he passed over unto Calice, where he found Philip earle of Flanders readie to receive him, who attended upon him till he came into Normandie, where the king held his Christmas at Burun, and immediatlie he came to an interview with the French king at Gue S. Remige, where they concluded peace togither, to be kept betwixt them and their countries on ech part: the which was put in writing, and confirmed with their oths and seales in the feast of saint Hilarie."

Holinshed reports this of the history of 1190,—when Richard I. set out for Palestine. Richard sailed with a hundred large ships and eighty gallies.

In 1208, when the Pope laid an interdict on the kingdom, the barons of Dover wavered

in their allegiance to John, who brought a hired fleet of fifty gallies and quickly made them obedient.

In 1213, while preparations were being made in France for an invasion of England under the commission of the pope, Innocent "tried to bring John to his terms by negotiation, and sent his legate Pandulph to Calais. Two Templars came over to obtain permission for an interview between the King and the Legate. John sent for Pandulph," and on May 13 met him at Dover and accepted his terms. Four of his chief barons swore on the king's soul that he would keep the agreement. Two days later, at the house of the Templars near Dover, near the foundation of the round church on the Western Heights which may still be seen, John in the presence of the barons surrendered his kingdom to the pope and received it back to be held as a fief, and did "homage to Pandulph as the representative of the pope," and promised "for himself and his heirs the annual payment of 700 Marks for England and 300 for Ireland in lieu of feudal service."

In Shakespeare's "King John," Act V., Scene 1, the place where this abdication of the crown and where Pandulph returned the crown—

> "From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
> Your sovereign greatness and authority,"—

is usually made to be at "Northampton." The locality is chosen variously by different editors—the first folio giving no direction about it.

Louis of France besieged Dover in 1216, but could not take it.

"On September 10th, 1224, there landed at Dover a little band of four clerks and five laymen, sent by St. Francis himself to extend the new teaching into England. At their head was the Italian, Agnellus of Pisa, a deacon, formerly warder of the Parisian convent, who was appointed provincial minister in England. His three clerical companions were all Englishmen, though the five laymen were Italians or Frenchmen."

Dover figures in the dissensions and wars between Henry III. and the Barons. "*Richard* King of *Romans*, having a desire to see the King his brother and his lands in *England*, not without a purpose to bring an Armie, or such a number of men as might greatly strengthen the King against the Barons, as they suspected, was advertised that they provided for his resistance as well by Land as Sea. This made him, his Wife, and Sonne, to lay aside that purpose, and to arrive in a private manner at *Dover*, with a small traine, in which there were onely two Earles, and about nine Knights. The King met him with great congratulation at the Sea side, but not King, nor hee could be suffered to enter into *Dover* Castle, because (for sooth) it was the principale Key of *England;* for the safeguard whereof they openly exacted an Oath of him at *Canterbury* in this manner. The holy Gospels being laid upon the Pulpit in the Chapter-house of *Canterbury*, the Barons reverently brought in thither the Kings

of *England* and of *Almaine;* then *Richard*, Earle of *Gloucester* (for *Simon* Earl of *Leicester* was gone with others into *France*, to dele with the King and States thereof about a perpetuall league) standing in the midst openly, and in humble sort, cals *Richard* King of *Romans* unto him, by the name onely of *Richard*, Earle of *Cornwall*, who obeyed accordingly, to whom he distinctly ministered the Oath following :—

"*Here all men, that I Richard Earle of Cornwall sweare upon the holy Gospels, to be faithfull and forward to reforme with you the Kingdoms of England, hitherto by the counsell of wicked men too much deformed. And I will be an effectuall Coadjutor to expell the Rebels and troubles of the Realme, from out the same. This oath will I observe upon paine to forfeit all the Lands I have in England.*"

The Earl of Leicester, in 1265, having taken the king prisoner at the battle of Lewis, "got all the chief Castles of the Kingdome into his hand, leading his Soveraigne as his prisoner about the Country (yet with all outward respect and honour) the rather to procure a more quiet surrender. The King of *Romans* he imprisoned in the Tower, Prince *Edward* and Lord *Henry* in Dover. The Earle feeling now his greatnesse, began to be lesse tractable; neither could the *Popes* authority interposing itself for the King prevaile. . . . So great account made Souldiers of the Popes curse. . . . *Simon* treacherously combines himself with *Lewelin* Prince of *Wales*, and with their joynt Forces takes *Hereford* Castle;

thither they remove Prince *Edward* from *Dover*."

Speed's "Historie of Great Britain" narrates the matter in the above words.

Simon de Montfort held the town for some years.

King Edward I. and Queen Eleanor landed at Dover on their return to England on August 2, 1274, and went to Westminster for his coronation.

Edward confirmed the Charter of the Cinque Ports, and Dover, of course, was one of them.

Dover was burnt by the French under the Admiral Matthew of Montmorenci, in 1295, and so much damaged that for many years it did not fully recover.

In the wardrobe accounts of Edward I. we find that messengers who took the letters of important officers of state from York to Dover received 3s. 6d. for each letter.

Edward II. was here in 1303, and sailed from here in 1308, on his way to fetch Isabella of France, with whom he returned in the same year. He was here again in 1319.

In the Calendar of Patent Rolls we find "*Memorandum* that on Friday, 26 May, the King put to sea in Dover harbour at noon on board a ship of Winchelse to pass beyond seas on business of the duchy of Aquitaine, attended by the bishop of Lincoln and other magnates."

Edward III. was here in 1331.

During this century, several riots took place, caused by the monopoly of carrying passengers across the Channel acquired by the richer ship-

owners, who, moreover, charged prices which prevented poor passengers from crossing at all.

Edward II. enacted that each ship should make three voyages and then wait until all the rest of the ships in the fellowships had had their turns. The Middle Ages had no idea of allowing things to get settled by competition.

In 1382 Anne of Bohemia landed at Dover on her way to marry Richard II., and remained two days in the Castle to recover from her passage, which took place in a terrible storm, believed to have been caused by an earthquake.

In October, 1396, the king landed at Dover with his second wife, Isabèlla of Valois, a child of eight; four years after, she was taken back, after Robert's murder, three "balyngers," vessels propelled by oar or sail, and two armed barges conveying her and her attendants, "without her dowry and plundered."

John Shute, of Dover, received £92 6s. 8d. for the passage over to fetch the queen and the return passage with her and her retinue.

The office of Constable of the Dover Castle and Warder of the Cinque Ports ceased to be hereditary in Richard II.'s time. The Lord Warden was a king's officer, not strictly speaking set to govern the ports and their barons, but to see that they did the work in return for which their privileges were granted. He resembles in this the head of a modern Government Department. At his installation he took a solemn sacrament or oath to protect the liberties, usages, and customs of the Cinque Ports.

By a charter of Richard II. Dover was made

the sole port at which pilgrims and official visitors, such as ambassadors or convoys, might enter the country.

In 1422 a strong pier had to be built to protect the town as the "eastward drift" was depositing pebbles by Shakespeare's Cliff which caused waves in rough weather to sweep into the town.

"In the fourth yeare of King Henries reign"—it is Henry V. that Holinshed is speaking of and the year is therefore 1416—"the emperour Sigismund, cousine germane to king Henrie, came into England to the intent that he might make an atonement betweene King Henrie and the French king"—Henry had (you will remember) claimed the crown of France, or at any rate large sessions of French territory if the other claim was to be waived, and won the Battle of Agincourt, in a campaign against the French—Sigismund, "bringing with him the archbishop of Remes, as ambassadour for the French king. At Calis he was honorablie received by the earle of Warwicke lorde deputie there, and diverse other lords sent thither of purpose to attend him. Moreover, the king sent thither thirtie great ship to bring him and his traine over. At Dover the duke of Glocester, and diverse other lords were readie to receive him, who at his approaching to land, entered the water with their swords in their hands drawen; and by the mouth of the said duke declared to him, that if he intended to enter the land as the kings freend, and as a mediator to intreat for peace, he should be suffered to arrive: but if he would enter as an emperour into a land

claimed to be under his empire, then were they ready to resist him. This was thought necessarie to be donne for saving of the kings prerogative, who hath full preheminence within his owne realme, as an absolute emperour.

"When the emperor hereupon answered that he was come as the kings freend, and as a mediator for peace, and not with any imperiall authoritie, he was of the duke and other his associats received with all such honor as might be devised."

Sigismund was anxious for peace (you will remember) because he wished France and England to help him to unite Christendom again under one pope—this being the period when two were claiming power. An agreement favourable to England made between Emperor and king they passed together through Dover to Calais, the king accompanying him across partly to show him honour and partly because of his own affairs.

When peace was concluded in 1421, King Henry "tooke ship the morrow after Candlemasse daie, and landed at Dover, and came to Canturburie, and from thence to Eltham, and so through London to Westminster."

As is well known, however, he passed again to France to fight, and there died. "His bodie embalmed and closed in lead, was laid in a chariot roiall, richlie apparelled with cloth of gold"; on his coffin was a figure of his person with diadem, sceptre and ball like a king: six horses, on whose hangings were the arms of France, Saint George, Normandy, King Arthur, Saint Edward, and England

and France; kings and great lords attended the chariot and carried banners and the standard while captains bore hatchments, and five hundred men of arms in black armour with reversed spears surrounded it, and they came from Bois de Vincennes to Paris, to Calais, to Dover, to London, and to Westminster.

During the fifteenth century the seamen of the Cinque Ports made private treaties of peace with the shipmen of France. These, however, were not well observed, and the town was burnt in spite of the garrison at the Castle.

The Warden of the Cinque Ports as Constable of Dover Castle held his court-martial in Dover. When the king, feeling the need of more money in his exchequer or anxious about his sovereign powers, sent from Westminster a writ of inquiry as to the privileges of the Ports, delegates were summoned from the different ports and kept at Dover while "inquisition was made for the king." They might be called to assemble on the seashore or at the church of St. James under the walls of the Castle. In return for a new charter or confirmation of a doubtful privilege, a fine would probably be levied on them.

From Dover proclamations were issued "warning us of the Danes"; ordering "no man should quarrel with other for none old sores"; calling for vessels to watch the sea or to serve the king in siege or battle during the French war; calling for men to keep the Castle; decreeing the amount of benevolences to be paid to the king.

The supremacy of the Warden in the confedera-

tion of Cinque Ports was shown annually at the Court of Shepway when he summoned mayors and jurats from each port to offer the required gifts and due "wine and swans and fish and spices to furnish breakfast for officials and suitors at court; or costly offerings to soften the hearts of wardens and judges." *

In Shakespeare's "King Henry VI.," when that king, "to stop effusion of our Christian blood," agrees to a treaty with France and to betrothal with Margaret of Anjou, the king gives to the ambassador "this jewel, pledge of my affection," and closes the interview by saying—

> "And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
> And safely brought to Dover; where, unshipp'd,
> Commit them to the fortune of the sea."

During this disturbed reign the Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, embarked and re-landed here in 1452, and again in 1460. Falconbridge and the nucleus of the forces with which he marched on London landed here in 1461. Edward IV. ordered Southampton to pay the Earl of Warwick as Constable of Dover Castle £154 a year out of its farm.

When in 1474 (as will be remembered) Charles of Burgundy, wishing to war on Louis XI., turned to his brother-in-law, Edward IV., for help, and Edward, in return for Charles's recognition of him as King of France, assisted him, King Edward "when all things convenient for such an enterprise

* See A. S. Green, "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," to which I am indebted for other particulars.

were in a readinesse, . . . came to Dover, where he found five hundred ships and hoies readie to transport him and his armie. And so the fourth day of Julie he passed over, and landed at Calis with great triumph; but his armie, horsses and munitions of war scarce passed over in twentie daies. In this armie (being one of the best appointed that had passed out of England into France in manie years before) were fifteen hundred men of armes well horssed, of the which the most part were barded and richlie trapped, and manie of them trimmed in one sute. There were also fifteene thousand archers with bowes and arrowes, of the which a great number were on horsebacke. There were also a great companie of other fighting men, and of such as served to set up tents and pavilions, to attend the artillerie and to inclose their campe, and otherwise to labour and be imploied in service."

The government of the Cinque Ports at this period was largely democratic. The whole commonalty elected mayor, jurats, and other officers; moreover, when new laws were to be made or cesses granted the whole people were called together at a "hornblowing," and the mayor and commonalty together made the necessary decrees. The mayor at any such gathering of freemen, however small, could make the decrees, but the mayor might, in order to get a complete expression of opinion, send the common wardman or any one else to shut the windows of cellars and shops and hinder those who would not come to the meeting but continued the pursuit of their ordinary business.

"A whole community might be charged with a breach of the King's peace" or one of the injured corporations might ask officers of the Ports to be sent to help arrest and punish a stranger who had committed a crime in their town; "prisoners from the various towns who were accused of coining false money, treason, or counterfeiting the King's seal were tried, and if found guilty were forthwith tied on a sledge, drawn round the circuit of the Stepway, and hanged on the spot."

In Henry VII.'s reign John Clark, master of the *Maison Dieu*, built a strong pier with two round towers to facilitate the approach of ships.

Henry VII. embarked at Dover with his army in 1492 to help Emperor Maximilian besiege Boulogne. Henry re-landed at Dover the same year.

In Henry VIII.'s wars, as in all wars up to this period, the ships which the Cinque Ports were obliged to supply for the defence of the kingdom were kept hard at work—the king had, it is true, added to his private stock of ships and artillery. There were no permanent naval officers and the crew was disbanded after each voyage. When on the 15th of June, 1513, the king came to Dover with the queen, and having rested a few days at the Castle, made arrangements for the government of the kingdom during his absence and taken leave of the queen, sailed over to Calais with his fleet, the army "in numbers and splendour of equipment" was such as had seldom been seen. "Such a train of artillery" had indeed "never yet crossed the Channel. There were also with him

priests and the singers of his chapel, secretaries, clerks, sewers, grooms and pages of the chamber. And the great nobles had with them retinues little inferior to that of their sovereign."

After Mary, sister to the king, was betrothed to Louis XII. of France, she was "conveyed to Dover by the king hir brother and the queen, and on the second daie of October [1514] she was shipped, and such as were appointed to give their attendance on hir, as the Duke of Norffolke, the marquesse Dorset, the bishop of Durham, the earle of Surreie, the lord de la Warre, the lord Berners, the lord Montеagle, the foure brethren of the said marques, sir Maurice Berklie, sir John Pechie, sir William Sands, sir Thomas Bulleine, sir John Car, and manie other knights, esquiers, gentlemen and ladies. They had not sailed past a quarter of the sea, but that the wind arose and severed the ships, driving some of them to Calis, some into Flanders, and hir ship with great difficultie was brought to Bullen not without great jeopardie at the entering of the haven, for the maister ran the ship hard on shore."

In 1520 Dover was the landing-place of the Emperor Charles V., who was anxious to prevent the alliance between Henry and Francis of France, which he feared was to be entered into. The history of the period seems a struggle between egoistic kings on a scale which modern Western Europe cannot show. Holinshed says——

We are not now talking of a period so far from the time when he lived, and therefore I may well quote him, but you will have

wondered long ago why I quote him about distant passings through Kentish ports and not some more *historical* history (as you probably think it) by a great modern historian. In the first place, Holinshed gives just that outward appearance of such events as royal landings and embarkations which is all I want for my purpose, seeing that I have no time to do more than refer to shows which men at Dover or Deal (or wherever it may be) once saw. Holinshed, with a naive pen that gives romance to everything, depicts the red, white, or blue of their clothes, their horses' trappings, and their banners. Some historians—probably most—write in a way no one would tolerate in novelists. You will say, however, that the histories are true and the novels fictitious. Is it so, however? Can the historians find the significant truth or only unusable facts? And whose version of the facts do they find? The official documents are careful not to tell of the obscure people who (usually while being much discouraged) did the work for which prominent people got credit. We are too fond of a learning that prides itself on knowing what is no good (and amusement is a good) to any one. The historians cannot question the past, but only tell us what it chances to have recorded; and——

However, this takes us away from Dover, where, on May 26, 1520, the Emperor Charles V. "towards evening . . . departed from his ships, and entered into his bote, and comming towards land, was met and received of the lord cardi-

nall of Yorke with such reverence as to so noble a prince appertained.

"Thus landed the emperour Charles the fift at Dover, under his cloth of estate of the blacke eagle, all spread on rich cloth of gold. He had with him manie noble men, and manie fair ladies of his bloud. When he was come on land, the lord cardinall conducted him to the castell of Dover, which was prepared for him in most royall manner. In the morning, the king rode with all haste to the castell of Dover to welcome the emperour, and entering into the castell, alighted. Of whose cumming the emperour having knowledge, came out of his chamber, and met him on the staires, where either of them embraced other in most loving maner, and then the king brought the emperour to his chamber. On Whitsundaie earlie in the morning, they took their horses, and rode to the citie of Canterburie, the more to keepe solemne the feast of Pentecost: but speciallie to see the queene of England his aunt was the emperour his intent, of whome you may be sure he was most joifullie received and welcomed.

"Thus the emperour and his retinue, both of lords and ladies, kept their Whitsuntide with the king and queene of England, in the citie of Canterburie with all joy and solace. The emperour yet himselfe seemed not so much to delight in pastime and pleasure, but that in respect of his youthfull yeares, there appeared in him a great show of gravitie; for they could by no meanes bring him to danse amongst the residue of the

princes, but onelie was contented to be a looker on."

When the Emperor went back from Sandwich to Flanders, King Henry on the same day "made saile from the port of Dover, and landed at Calis about eleven of the clocke, and with him the queene and ladies and manie nobles of the realme." Of the magnificence displayed by King Francis, and the great festivities held, it is not for me to speak.

The Emperor Charles V., on his second visit to England, made for the purpose of securing an alliance with Henry VIII. against France, landed "on the Mondaie," the 26th. May 1522, "he and al the nobles of Spain, Flaunders, and Germanie . . . at Dover, at four of the Clock of after noone, and with hym the duke Daluoy, the Prince of Orenge, the Countie Nassaw, the Countie Vascord, the lorde Ogmand, and the Marquis of Brandēbrough, all in one ship bote. The Cardinall received hym on the Sandes, accompaignied with three hundred Lordes, Knightes, and Gentlemen of Englande: themperor embrased the Cardinall, and toke hym by the arme, and so passed forward and toke horses and rode together to Douer Castle, where thei wer lodged. Thenglish Harbingers diligently lodged the Emperours train, every man according to his degree. The king of England was come to Canterbury, the xxvii daie of Maie, and received by the Archbishop; and hearing of the Emperors arrivall, with a small compaignie on the Wednesdaie, beyng the Assension euen, he rode to Dover, and with muche ioye and gladnes the Emperour

and he met, and there taried the Assension day, and on Friday the kyng brought the Emperoure aborde on his newe ship, called the *Henry grace a dieu*, a shippe of xv. C., and rowed aboute to all his greate shippes, whiche then lay in Dover rode, the Emperor and his lordes muche praised the makyng of the shippes, and especially the artilerie, they saied, they never sawe shippes so armed.

"The same day at after none, the two noble princes marched forward to Canterbury, where the Maior and Aldermen receiued them without the toune with a solemne oracion, to whom the Emperors Secretary answered ornatly . . .

"The Wednesday, the more to doo the Emperer pleasure, was prepared a justes royall: on the one pairt was the kyng, the Erle of Devonshire and x more compaignions, al mounted on horsebacke, their apparell and bardes, were of rich Clothe of golde, embroudered with silver letters, very riche, with great plumes on their heddes. This compaignie tooke the felde, and rode about the tilte: then entered the Duke of Suffolke, and the Marques Dorset, and x. with them barded, and their apparel was russet veluet, embroudered with sundery knottes and culpyns of golde. The emperor and the Queene, with all the nobles stode in the galery, to behold the doyng. The king ran at the duke of Suffolk viii. courses, and at every course brake his spere. Then every man ran his courses, and that done, all ranne together volant, as fast as they could discharge, and when the speres appoynted were broken, then they disarmed and went to supper."

Such are the accounts of this landing that Hall's *Chronicle*—bearing the date of 1548—gives us.

In 1523 a prisoner escaped from Dover Castle and established himself at sea as a naval volunteer, who (he said), with a hundred men, undertook at his own great cost to withstand and depress the king's enemies. As he dared not put in anywhere for provisions, for fear of being imprisoned, he found life difficult and prayed the king for pardon. It was granted on payment of a small fine to the Constable of Dover Castle and Warden of the Ports.

CHAPTER XVII

DOVER: ITS HISTORY CONCLUDED

On May 11, 1527, Cardinal Wolsey passed from Dover to Calais as ambassador sent to King Francis I.

On September 1, 1532, "being Sundaie, the King beng come to Windsor, created the ladie Anne Bullogne [Bullein] marchionesse of Pembroke, and gave to hir one thousand pounds land by the yeare; and that solemnitie finished, he rode to the college where after service was ended, a new league was concluded between and sworne betwene the king, and the French king, Messire Pomeraie, the French Ambassador, being present. On the tenth of October the king came to Dover, and on the eleventh daie in the morning at three of the clocke hee took shipping at Dover rode, and before ten of the same daie, he with the ladie marchionesse of Pembroke landed at Calis where he was received with all honour, and lodged at the Eschecker." When he was ready to come back there arose such "sore weather, storms and rigorous winds, continuing for the most part of north and north-west, that

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the king staied at Calis for a convenient wind till tuesdaie the thirteenth of November at midnight, and then taking his ship, landed at Dover the next daie about five of the clocke in the morning."

Complaint having been made to Henry VIII. of the trouble caused by forcing rents to be paid at the paymaster's tower of Dover Castle, the king ordered that rents to be used for the defence of the Castle should be paid to the King's exchequer on the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude. Before this order was made tenants had to pay while the banner flew on the tower, and if they were late and had not paid at sunset when the banner was furled, their rents were doubled each time the tide set eastward.

New harbour works were begun in 1534. Henry VIII. frequently visited the town to observe their progress. Queen Mary also after him "caused great and excessive sums of treasure to be bestowed upon the making of a pier or mole into the sea." The pebbles, however, persisted in drifting that way and making the harbour into a state of "utter ruin."

Sir Walter Raleigh wrote "A discourse of seaports," principally for the purpose of advocating the improvement of the port of Dover. Now that Sandwich, Rye, and Camber were no longer good havens nor Calais in the possession of the English, no safe harbour (he said) was left between Portsmouth and Yarmouth. "No promontory, town, or haven of Christendom, is so placed by nature and situation both to gratify friends and annoy ennemies, as this your Majestie's town of Dover,"

he asserts in this paper, which is addressed to Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth agreed there was need for improving the harbour. She gave the town leave to export free 30,000 quarters of wheat, 10,000 of barley and malt, and 4,000 tons of beer, in order to raise money for work on the harbour. Further in her reign an act was passed directing every vessel that passed by Dover to pay three pence per ton towards its repair. John True was appointed to have a wall built 200 rods in length, but he was so slow in getting it done that he was dismissed. Ferdinand Poins was put in his place and started in 1583, and built it of earth and chalk, with sleech on the outside and faggots. ("Sleech" is mud or sea-sand.) In three months he had completed his harbour walls at a cost of £2,700.

However, by Charles II.'s time, the harbour was quite decayed again.

Speaking of Charles II., it was at Dover that he landed when invited to occupy the throne. He came over from the Hague in the *Royal Charles*, which he re-christened—its former name was the *Naseby*. "And upon the 24th of May" [1660] says Clarendon, "the fleet set sail, and in one continued thunder of cannon, arrived so early on the 26th near Dover that his majesty disembarked, and being received by the general at the brink of the sea, he presently took coach and came that night to Canterbury, where he stayed the next day, being Sunday, and went to his devotions at the cathedral, which was very much delapidated and out of repair; yet the people seemed glad to hear the

Common Prayer again." Charles was accompanied by "twentie sayl of hiss majestie's great ships and ffrigatts, the right hono[ble] Edward Lord Montagu being Generall, and landed the same day at the Towne. . . ." Pepy's view of the passage shows us "the ship setting sail in the most happy weather." The king walked up and down, "very active and stirring." He gave an account of his escape from Worcester. Pepys wept thinking of his travelling on foot, up to his knees in dirt and with sore feet and a green coat and pair of country breeches on. Some knew him and some did not. On the 24th Pepys made himself as fine as he could, and walked much with persons of honour. On the 25th the Duke of York called him "Pepys," and there was great expectation of the King making some knights, but he made none. "About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our captain steered, and my Lord [Sir Edward Montagu] went along bare with him." Pepys, Mr. Mamsell, a king's footman, and a dog went in a boat by themselves. The dog dirtied the boat, which, says Pepys, "made us laugh, and methink that a King and all that belong to him are but just as others are." (Can it be so ?) General Monk received the king with all imaginable love and respect at the entrance to Dover, and there was an infinite crowd, and the mayor gave the king his white wand of office and received it back, and also gave a rich Bible, which the king said he loved above all things in the world.

In 1676 the "ancient custom" was revived by which the mayor summoned every householder by beat of drum to go with a shovel and remove shingle from the harbour. Every defaulter was fined a shilling for each time he was absent.

The editor of Raleigh's "Discourse" asked Charles II. to improve the harbour at Dover. Who this editor was we do not know—perhaps Sir Henry Shears. The writings are reprinted in the "Harleian Miscellany." The writer, who addressed King Charles, says:—

"I told his Majesty, that the port was at this time, become entirely useless, the pier within being filled and cloaked up with sand and mud, and the depth of water lost; that there was a bank of beach, at the mouth of the harbour, of many thousand tons, which barred up the entrance; that the town (which was wont to abound in shipping, seamen, commerce, peoples, and plenty of all things) was become poor, desolate, and dispeopled; which was visible every where, by their decayed buildings and habitations, where half the houses, at least, throughout the whole town, had bills on their doors. All which could be ascribed to no other reason, than the decay of their harbour; touching the true cause whereof, or the cure, the inhabitants, with whom I had frequent conference, could give me little or no light."

In Charles II.'s reign, in consequence of various reports on the bad state of the harbour, an act was passed to enable it to be repaired and money to be borrowed at 6 per cent. for the purpose. However, in 1718, it was again reported by John Perry,

who surveyed it for Lord Aylmers, the Lord Warden, to need great works to make it serviceable.

In 1737 the cross wall was faced with Portland stone, and new gates built at the entrance of the basin. The rents of houses built on land which by the Charter of 1606 was given to the Warden and Assistants of Dover Harbour for its maintenance had increased in value, and so, too, had the tonnage duty on shipping entering it; but in spite of this the repairs executed between 1737 and 1757 cost more than the revenue available.

The harbour, in short, for many generations past has demanded the expenditure of much money and labour to keep it in a state fit for use, and down to the present great have been the works with stone and diving-bells and powerful engines which have been done in the eddies of its waters. Five acres were added to the harbour in 1836.

In 1776 a Court of Peers, who sat in Westminster Hall, together with the Judges, the Garter King of Arms, and Earl Bathurst, the Lord High Steward, having declared that the Duchess of Kingston had committed bigamy by marrying the Duke of Kingston while her husband, Hervey, Count of Bristol, was still alive, she left Dover in an open sailing-boat, being afraid that the Duke's nephews would proceed against her and have severe punishment inflicted on her.

We may now note a few particulars about the Castle and the fortifications. The stump of the Roman Pharos, with walls fourteen feet thick, once carried a light to guide navigators entering the natural harbour of Dover. Curiosity and idle

mischievousness have probably damaged the solid walls more than fair wear and tear and wind and weather. Whether or not British fortifications stood here before the Romans came is a point on which disputes may be held. This tower, octagonal outside and square within, but worn shaggily rough with age, is probably the oldest Roman ruin in the country. Originally a similar Pharos stood on the western heights. The remains of this were found when constructing the Drop Redoubt.

The Pharos was built of green sandstone, Kentish rag, tufa and Roman brick, cemented with salmon-coloured Roman mortar. In 1259 Richard de Grey, of Codnore, Constable of the Castle, repaired the Pharos, cased it with flint, and had his arms cut in a small square stone placed on the north side of the tower. An octagonal storey of small bricks was added, probably in Tudor times. By the reign of Henry III. the tower must have been in use as a bell-tower for the neighbouring Church of St. Mary in Castra, for the exchequer accounts for Dover Castle include the cost of "making bands for the big bells in the Tower of July Cæsar."

In 1345–8 two new bells were cast and hung in the Pharos: they cost £15 18s. 5¾d.

In 1630 the Master of the Ordnance received a warrant telling him to deliver "two brazen sakers" to the Lieutenant of Dover Castle to be converted into bells. In case any one does not know, a saker was a piece of ordnance of three inches and a half bore, weight of shot five pounds and a half. (Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic

ST. MARY'S CHURCH AND PHAROS, DOVER.

and Provincial Words" tells me so, and quotes in illustration of its use from Butler's "Hudibras":—

> "The cannon, blunderbuss and saker,
> He was the inventor of and maker.")

In 1780, the Church of St. Mary in the Castle was converted into a cooperage and storehouse, in order that the keep might be given up for the use of the troops and the bells were taken from the Pharos. The Pharos itself, unprotected by a roof, and patched with incongruous materials, shows how much we need a Government Department for Fine Arts which would take charge of the nation's old buildings.

The date of the Church of St. Mary has been a subject of controversy. Some authorities believe it to be a building of Roman origin, other late Saxon, or later. When Sir Gilbert Scott restored the building in 1860, the foundations were laid bare. Sir Gilbert Scott came to the conclusion the work was Saxon. Canon Puckle, who also examined the foundations, thought they were Roman. The use of clay, the evenness of the work, laid in "something like courses"; the green sandstone, the oolite similar to the materials in the Pharos, are arguments in favour of Roman origin. The doorways, windows, east and west arches, splayed outward and inward, are like the work at the Roman baths at Trèves according to one authority and "distinctly Saxon" according to the other. In size and height the windows are certainly large for a Saxon building. But Canon

Puckle says this is because the Saxons here copied Roman work.

The mouldings of the arches of the east and west towers were said by the late Mr. Loftus Brock, secretary of the Royal Archæological Institute, to be clearly late Roman work.

If part of the church be held to be Roman, it is probable that it was originally a fortification connected with the Pharos, and was converted into a church during the latest period of the Roman occupation.

In order to join the church to the Pharos which was (as I said) used as its bell-tower, a building which originally formed a porch below and probably a dwelling above, was put between the two.

In Henry III.'s time, the altar, double piscina, ambry windows and sedilia in the south-east corner of the nave were inserted, and two recesses made in the east walls of the transepts.

The church was kept in good repair till the time of Queen Elizabeth. As already stated, it was turned into a storehouse in 1779 and not restored to its ecclesiastical use till 1860.

The Saxons had an earthwork consisting of an inner and outer defence at the eastern heights; there were probably also buildings on the heights. Under the charge of Odo of Bayeux, William I. had the fortifications modernised and brought up to the Norman standard. Later he gave the Castle into the care of John de Fenes and gave him 56½ knights' fees to maintain it. With him as Constable were eight other knights, each with

manors to provide his expenses. William de Albrincis was one: he provided twenty-two knights to defend the castle. Fobert de Dover was another: he provided three knights per month for five months in the year. William Piperell provided three knights per month for five months. And William de Mamignot, Robert de Porth, William de Crevequer, Adam Fitzwilliam, were the other knights.

The keep was made in 1187. The curtain is of flint rubble quoined with ashlar; it is supported by fourteen rectangular towers. Two gates led into the inner ward, the King's Gate and the Duke of Suffolk's Gate. "An outwork, consisting of a wall with towers, was thrown out in front of each of these gates, and the entry to these works was placed obliquely to the main gate so as to allow the approach to be commanded." The approach to the King's Gate is but little altered to-day.

The keep, chiefly built of Kentish rag, eighty-three feet high, with turrets twelve feet higher, is extremely fine. The walls are eighteen to twenty-two feet thick, and contain twenty-seven mural chambers—a most unusual arrangement.

The possibility must be faced that some of the fortifications, held to be Norman, are of later date, possibly Edwardian, the names of the knights having being transferred from the earlier buildings of which they were the first commanders to the later ones, which improved arms rendered necessary if the fortifications were still to be of service. The chief points in the progress of fortification consisted in the addition of towers to simple earth-

works in order to remove archers from exposure to the enemies' arrows which became able to penetrate greater distances, and the addition of curtain walls and flanking towers so placed that every assailant was exposed "to a cross-fire of arrows and stones from towers on either side."* Sally-forts and barbicans were also added in mediæval times.

A Norman hexagonal tower on a square base, Colton Gate defends the inner ward of the castle. Here the chaplains of the Castle lived, and were therefore called Coclico.

Edward I. built Harcourt's Tower. This was entirely destroyed in 1797.

In King John's time Louis VIII. of France besieged Dover Castle and hurled stones and battering-rams against its walls and rained darts on to its defenders. He threatened to hang Thomas de Burgo, brother of the Constable of the Castle, Hubert de Burgo, unless Hubert would surrender. Hubert refused to give up the "key to England" and, receiving reinforcements at last, Louis was forced to retire.

Hubert raised numerous new defences—Canon's Gate, Rokesley Tower, Peverell's Tower, and other buildings. Among them Constable's Tower, the grand gateway through which the modern traveller approaches the Castle. The gate has, as will at once be seen, been altered and added to at various times, but in general shape it still preserves the appearance of the original work.

* See Major G. T. Plunkett's paper, "Development of the Fortifications of Dover Castle," in the Journal of the Archæological Society, 1884.

Henry VIII. appropriated the lands granted by William I. for the upkeep of the Castle, and the pay of its defenders and himself directed the expenditure of money for keeping the Castle in an efficient condition. Arncliffe Fort and Moat's Bulwark at the foot of the Castle Cliff, as well as the castles at Sandown, Deal, Walmer, and Sandgate, were his work—of which the castle at Sandown has now been destroyed.

In Elizabeth's reign many repairs were made. An earthquake in 1580 threw down part of the cliff on which the Castle stands and part of its walls. Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol, the long gun still in the Castle grounds, was presented to the Queen by the States of Holland. A Dutch inscription on it states:—

> "Or hill and dale I'll throw my ball,
> Breaker my name of mound and wall."

Prisoners for debt were formerly put into Fulbert de Dover's old tower in the Castle. The charges made for their keep were very heavy—far in excess of those made at the King's Bench, London. "To the gaoler on commitment 13s. 4d," "To discharging the prisoner £1," are two items of the tariff. There was a grating in the prison, through which the debtors could let down a purse to receive gifts from visitors to the Castle. This prison was in use till quite recently.

Stone was brought from Boulogne, Portland, and Purbeck to repair the Castle in 1624 and 1625.

On a dark night in 1642 a Dover merchant, Mr. Daux, accompanied by ten civilians, scaled the cliffs and took the outer walls on behalf of the Parliamentary party. There were only four men guarding it. The inner ward was obtained by stratagem, and sixteen soldiers surrendered. The Castle was successfully defended against two attempts of the Royalists to recapture it.

In 1645 a conspiracy "for the Surprise of *Dover* Castle" was set on foot—the garrison to be entertained and have a merry day, with drugged wine, which should put them to sleep for six days; a party of friends to be let into the Castle, scaling ladders being ready to help them; the prisoners one of whom, a Papist, was to be provided with a false key, to break out upon the soldiers; ammunition and provision to be ready for the next garrison: commissioners then to go forth and rouse all Kent. Bray, a carpenter, goes frequently to Oxford to arrange all with the King; but two persons appointed to take charge of the conspiracy refuse; and the whole business is by a spy related to the parliamentarians and the news of the "commitment of those Gentlemen on whom [the conspirators] fixed their expectations to head the party soon after was announced."

The Royalists later held the Castle but were dislodged by Rich.

By the middle of the eighteenth century much of the Castle had become a ruin. The Government set to work to repair it and added batteries and barracks.

Pitt spent £50,000 on it.

"In 1802 the bomb-proof guardroom passages and hanging doors, with 'a proper drawbridge' in the spur, were constructed, and the ravelin cut to its present shape."

Fort Burgoyne to the north was added about 1858.

The exact history of the Castle is not necessary for the enjoyment of its romantic flavour. The tourist who is conducted round to inspect its key, dating from 1066—who wanders into huge rooms looking at armour of all ages, and down underground passages, which were so made that floors would rise and pitch an invader on to spikes and drop boiling lead and red-hot gravel on to him—may get a good conception of a building that has outlived generations of men—the little church up there (or some part of it) has seen three creeds—these walls have, some of them, seen ancient British ships, seen Roman lords, seen feudal lords of the manor, whose dues were paid in service and in kind (for money was hardly in tangible use, though its names were expressions of value), has seen the rise of the new age of commerce and a new race of money-masters, and the stretching out of that straight Admiralty Pier, whose tide-resisting power transcends the strength of all past piers—old as all this and yet this as nothing by the age of the pyramids, and their age nothing by that of the Nile, and even its age nothing by that of the earth; for the general tendency of modern thought (I must not stretch back further)

is to lengthen history far beyond what once was dreamed of as conceivable.

I grow too philosophical. This old Dover from time immemorial was the natural entrance into England, and celebrated people who have passed through it are so numerous that it is impossible to refer to more than a small number of them. Real and fictitious personages: the Duke of Marlborough, Queen Victoria, Wesley, George Fox, D'Artagnan and Milady, Dickens and David Copperfield, Garabaldi and Lord Roberts, King Stephen and Wellington (who was given a banquet here when an old man in 1839), Byron, Wordsworth, King Richard I., and King John, Henry III., Edward II., who landed here from the Holy Land in 1274, Edward III., Catharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Charles V. (the holy Roman Emperor), Charles I., Don Juan (Byron's), Louis XVIII., and Marshal Blücher, the Persian Ambassador and Napoleon III.

In fact, Dover on the nose of England's plain that faces the most prominent part of the Continental plain, which in northern France and the Netherlands fronts the sea, is the natural way to and from the main land, and as such here (or near here) from the earliest times was England approached. Here are the white cliffs that gave a name to Albion. Here were seen the pale untrodden shores where in early days ghosts were thought to live.

Dover can only be seen aright by one who comes to it from the sea. He must come as Don Juan did, of whom it is said:—

". . . With a flowing sail
  Went bounding for the Island of the free,
Towards which the impatient wind blew half a gale:
  High dashed the spray, the bows dipped in the sea,
And sea-sick passengers turned somewhat pale;
  But Juan, seasoned, as he well might be,
By former voyages, stood to watch the skiffs
Which passed, or catch the first glimpse of the cliffs.

LXV

At length they rose, like a white wall along
  The blue sea's border; and Don Juan felt—
What even young strangers feel a little strong
  At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—
A kind of pride that he should be among
  Those haughty shopkeepers, who sternly dealt
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,
And made the very billows pay them toll. . . .

LXIX

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest beauties,
  Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover! harbour and hotel;
Thy custom-house, with its delicate duties;
  Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;
Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
  To those who upon land or water dwell;
And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

LXX

Juan, though careless, young and *magnifique*,
  And rich in rubles, diamonds, cash and credit,
Who did not limit much his bills per week,
  Yet stared at this a little, though he paid it,—
(His Maggior Duomo, a smart, subtle Greek,
  Before him summed the awful scroll and read it):
But doubtless, as the air—though seldom sunny—
Is free, the respiration's worth the money."

Dover means the return to the land of hedges and poetic mists, of beer, roast beef and apple dumplings.

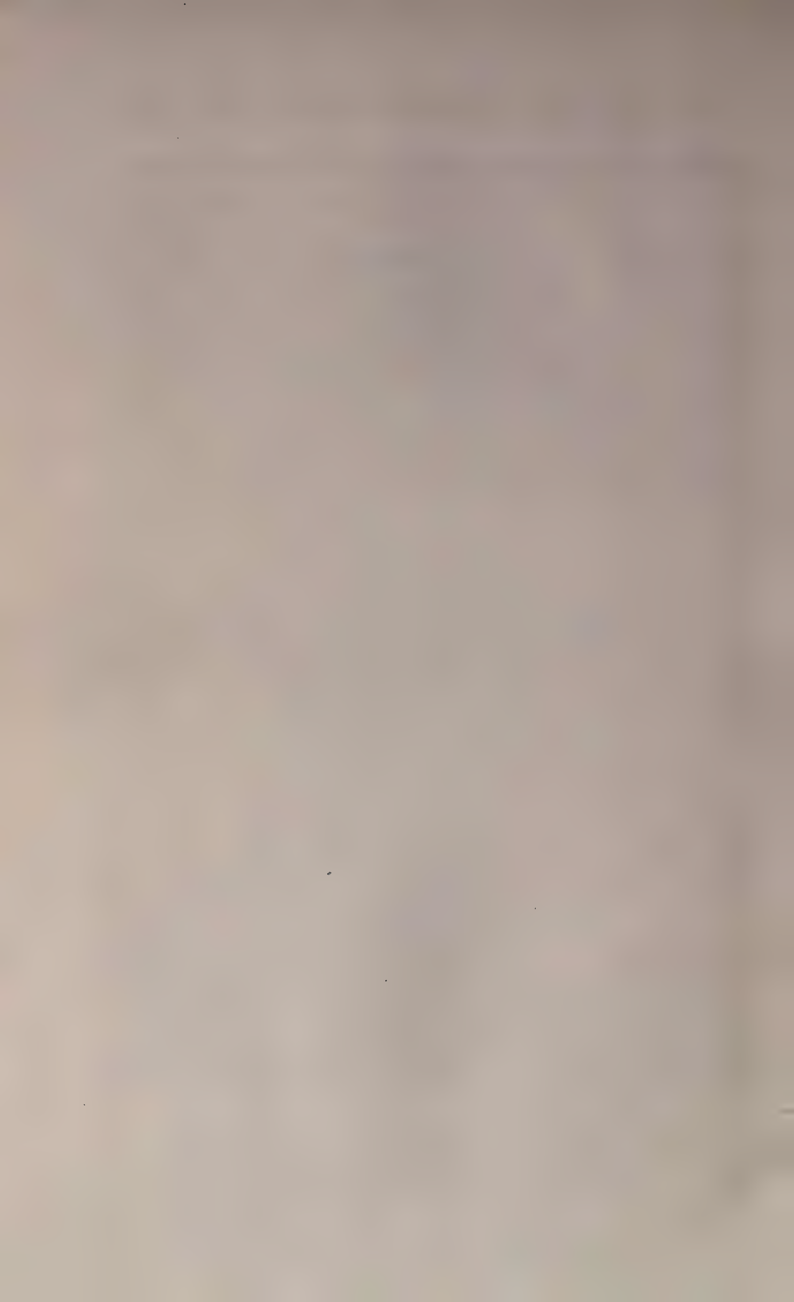
Dover has meant England once more to innumerable travellers. This is the thought of Wordsworth in his Sonnet, "composed in the valley near Dover, on the day of landing":—

> "Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
> The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
> Of bells;—those boys who in yon meadow-ground
> In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
> Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore;—
> All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
> With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found
> Myself so satisfied in heart before.
> Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,
> Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
> My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride
> For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
> Of England once again, and hear and see,
> With such a dear Companion at my side."

Another sonnet, headed "September, 1802. Near Dover," is more a political survey from English soil—in the year of the establishment of Napoleon as Emperor:—

> "Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood;
> And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
> The coast of France—the coast of France how near!
>
> . . . . .
>
> Winds blow, and waters roll,
> Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
> Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
> Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
> Only, the Nations shall be great and free."

DOVER HARBOUR.



In 1820 Wordsworth made a four months' tour with his wife and sister and other friends up the Rhine to Switzerland and the Italian lakes returning by Paris and Dover. At this time he "had become respectable and conservative"; all his early enthusiasm for liberty and the emancipation of the drudges of civilisation had disappeared: he was a Justice of the Peace for Westmoreland and was alarmed at the discontent of the working classes; so that politics in his sonnet "After Landing—The Valley of Dover, November, 1820," is referred to apparently in a tone of contempt, and nothing of the divorce of George IV., of the Cato Street conspiracy, of revolutions in Naples, Sicily and Portugal, of "debating despots" and their Troppau meeting, of Castlereagh and Metternich—nothing of all those public matters that are so often referred to by the more liberal writers of the day, is here thought worth distinct naming. He merely says:—

"Where be the noisy followers of this game
Which faction breeds; the turmoil where; that passed
Through Europe, echoing from the newsman's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame.
Peace greets us;—rambling on without an aim
We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate, couched on the grassy lea;
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound
Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange delight,
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
And makes this rural stillness more profound."

Perhaps the feeling here intended to be conveyed is that England is outside the violence of continental quarrels.

Two very different poems refer to Dover pier. One is the sonnet by Wordsworth, when standing on the pier he feels the "streets and quays" crowded yet "hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath peace," and a spirit whispers the cause:—

> "Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set free
> Thy sense from pressure of life's common din;
> As the dread Voice that speaks from out the sea
> Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of Time
> Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of crime,
> The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin."

Chateaubriand was in Dover "unknown and penniless" in early life, about to live by translating, to starve, and to receive news of the guillotining of relatives. In 1822 he returned as ambassador.

In folk-tales "Jack of Dover" appears as a seeker for the greatest of all fools. In the prologue to the Cook's Tale of Gamelyn, commonly regarded as a spurious Canterbury Tale, mine host of the Tabard says to Roger the Cook:—

> "Full many a pastie hast thau lettin blode;
> And many a jack of Dovyr hast thou sold,
> That hath ben twicé hot and twicé cold."

Dr. Brewer thinks—and these lines seem to show it is so—a "Jack of Dover" is a twice-cooked fish. The title "Jack of Dover, His Quest of Inquirie, or His Privy Search for the Veriest Foole in England" (London, 1604) may be there-

fore meant to imply that all Jack's tales of fools are stale. I learnt this about Jacks of Dover from a book full of curious information; and if any diner-out, music-hall performer, or writer who fills odd spaces in comic or serious journals desires the name and a further specimen of its contents, I will tell him: W. A Clouston, "The Book of Noodles," and it is full of tales such as that a pedant was looking for a good place for a tomb for himself, and on a friend pointing to a suitable one, "Very true," said he, "but it is unhealthy."

CHAPTER XVIII

DOVER TO FOLKESTONE

Even now I have said nothing of modern Dover. It is notably picturesque, with the tree-clad castle-surmounted hill at one end of most of its streets and the chalk sides of cliffs at the other. (I do not care so much about the north to south streets that run up the valley.)

Blériot landed in these Castle grounds at the end of his Channel flight and a stone marks the spot where he touched earth. Many attempts at swimming the Channel have been started at Dover—that of Burgess for instance. They are very exhausting to watch: the tug moves for the distance of its own length and then waits for the swimmer, and so jerkily moves and waits while the swimmer keeps under its lea.

Captain Webb's famous swim from Dover to Calais took place on the 24th and 25th August, 1875. He took 23¾ hours to do 22½ miles.

But your idea of Dover is perhaps different—more like that which Dickens gives in "The Calais Night Mail" chapter of the "Uncommercial Traveller," a Dover in which the Lord Warden

FOLKESTONE HARBOUR.

A VIEW IN FOLKESTONE.

To face p. 272.

Hotel is cruelly stationary and annoys the wind so that it rushes round it with an anger that seems displayed too soon, since the open sea will give too much opportunity for its vigour—a Dover which on firm land jeers at the rocking voyager.

Or if you are a yachting man, you think of Dover as having a peculiarly troublesome harbour to enter.

However, Frank Cowper, in his "Sailing Tours, Part II." says: "To enter Dover by day is not always so difficult as is usually made out. When the eastern entrance is opened it should not be difficult at all, if due attention is paid to the tides. Of course, a strong stream will set in and out of the narrow entrance into the Admiralty Harbour, where mooring buoys and chains are the most serious obstructions."

Cobbett liked Dover and described it carefully, so I think I will quote what he says, though it is rather long:—

"The town of Dover is like other seaport towns, but really much more clean, and with less blackguard people in it than I ever observed in any seaport before. It is a most picturesque place, to be sure. On one side of it rises, upon the top of a very steep hill, the old Castle, with all its fortifications. On the other side of it, there is another chalk-hill, the side of which is pretty nearly perpendicular, and rises up from sixty to a hundred feet higher than the tops of the houses, which stand pretty nearly close to the foot of the hill.

"I got into Dover rather late. It was dusk

when I was going down the street towards the quay. I happened to look up, and was quite astonished to perceive cows grazing upon a spot apparently fifty feet above the tops of the houses, and measuring, horizontally, not, perhaps, more than ten or twenty feet from a line which would have formed a continuation into the air. I went up to the same spot the next day, myself; and you actually look down upon the houses, as you look out of a window upon people in the street. The valley that runs down from Folkestone is, when it gets to Dover, crossed by another valley that runs down from Canterbury, or, at least, from the Canterbury direction. It is in the gorge of this cross-valley that Dover is built. The two chalk-hills jut out into the sea, and the water that comes up between them forms a harbour for this ancient, most interesting, and beautiful place. On the hill to the north stands the Castle of Dover, which is fortified in the ancient manner, except on the sea side, where it has the steep cliff for a fortification. On the south side of the town, the hill is, I believe, rather more lofty than that on the north side, and here is that cliff which is described by Shakespeare in the play of *King Lear*. It is fearfully steep, certainly—very nearly perpendicular for a considerable distance. The grass grows well, to the very tip of the cliff; and you see cows and sheep grazing there with as much unconcern as if grazing in the bottom of a valley.

"It was not, however, these natural curiosities that took me over the hill; I went to see, with

my own eyes, something of the sort of means that have been made use of to squander away countless millions of money. Here is a hill containing, probably, a couple of square miles or more, hollowed like a honeycomb. Here are line upon line, trench upon trench, cavern upon cavern, bomb-proof upon bomb-proof; in short, the very sight of the thing convinces you that either madness the most humiliating or profligacy the most scandalous must have been at work here for years. The question that every man of sense asks, is: What reason had you to suppose that the French would ever come to this hill to attack it, while the rest of the country was so much more easy to assail? . . . It is a parcel of holes made in a hill to hide Englishmen from Frenchmen. Just as if the Frenchmen would come to this hill!"

Time takes away the passion from the politics of the past, and the money spent by Pitt will not greatly excite the average tax-payer of to-day. Still, it is pleasant to read of a man humane enough to feel indignant at matters of public importance that do not specially concern himself: therefore a feelingless creature like myself reads his words with pleasure.

But I must proceed towards Folkestone. You must keep near the harbour station to get on top of the cliff—the new road further inland takes you into that area of the Western Fortifications that is "no thoroughfare" to those not on business. This great white military road that tunnels through hill-slopes and passes over draw-

bridges between them, even the long shaft that by a winding staircase proceeds from the barracks sheer through the chalk cliff near by to the beach, have an interest—the impediments created to stop the attacker so that he must stand exposed to the defenders' fire, connect the *unwarlike* present (and long may it remain so!) with the life of all times back to the prehistoric past and its forgotten prehistoric wars. The future, perhaps, will let all the fortifications go to ruin, being able at Hague and other courts to settle its national quarrels quite as easily as men sue and defend themselves in other Law Courts.

Shakespeare's Cliff, through which the railway tunnel goes, was once higher than it now is. There was a great landslip from the cliff in 1810 and a greater one in 1872. This by tradition is the cliff—

> "Whose high and bending head
> Looks fearfully in the confined deep,"

to which blind Gloster believed that he was brought.

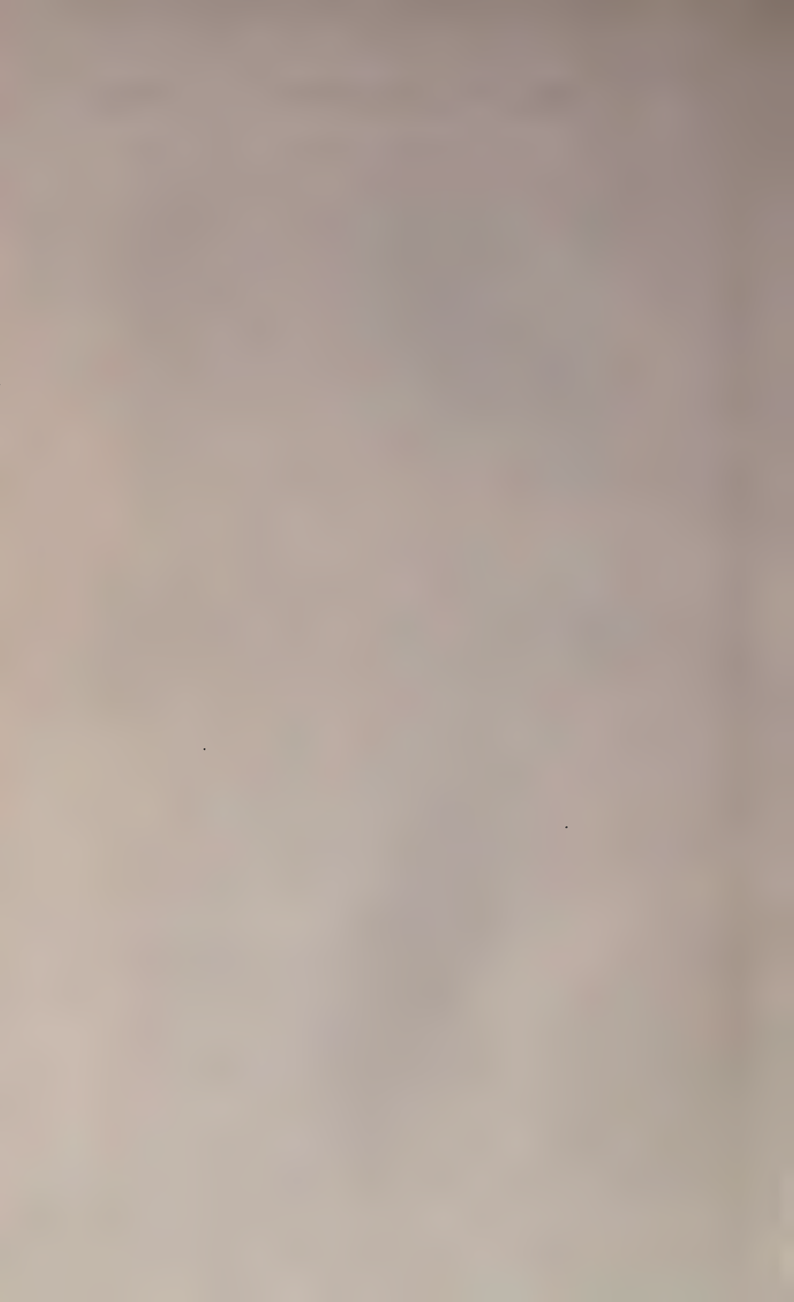
When last I went that way the wind blew in my face, and not only was the "murmuring surge, that on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes," almost inaudible, but the sea was all lost in the general greyness of the mist, except a few white curves of foam at its borders.

A little colony of white coastguard houses stands a little inland from here.

It would seem that the Belgian coalfield con-

SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF.

To face p. 276.



tinues so as to come near the surface in this part of Kent. Godwin Austin in 1858 had suggested that there might be a line of coal between Bristol and the Belgian and Northern France coalfield. After boring from 1886 to 1890, it was found at a depth of 1,100 feet both behind Shakespeare's Cliff and to the north, on the road to Canterbury. Active coalfields may yet be seen in Southern England.

The cornfields are disfigured here and there with conical gratings which cover the ventilation shafts for the railway far below, and disagreeable fumes come up out of them.

The cliff is a little broken, so the path descends skirting the garden of a moderate sized house which stands on a wooded surface below the summit, but far above the beach.

A keen observer will find many wild flowers on the cliff—the wild cabbage and the little "boots and shoes" (a modest yellow flower that hides under the taller grass), for instance. I have often seen grass-snakes here.

Just after the Royal Oak Inn, choice must be made between going down into the Warren or keeping a little inland.

The Warren is an undercliff, two miles in length, largely covered with brambles and thickets, with numerous hollows and shallow ponds, where in winter the wild fowl take shelter. Large landslips in 1877 greatly altered the appearance of the place, stopped the traffic on the London and South-Eastern Railway that goes through it, and crushed two men.

Several rare insects are found at the Warren near Folkestone. The Rev. J. G. Wood, in "Insects at Home," tells of a lady who had "sufficient observation to see that the insect was a peculiar one, sufficient courage to capture it, and sufficient discrimination to send to" him, who found the rare earwig *Labidura riparia*. Several grasshoppers are to be found in the Warren. *S. lineatus* is a local variety; the handsome *S. rufipes* is found there, and *Gomphocerus rufus* has been found, as well as the great green grasshopper, which is common on the south coast, and the not rare *Thamnotrizon cinereus*.

Small fossil shells are so common that any party of picnickers can find some to take back with them — ammonites, belemnites, nautili, for instance, are most common. They make good paper-weights. The first martello towers (two near one another) we meet in our journey round Kent are just east of Folkestone.

The wind-swept cliffs bordered by foam-edged sea here must be left for the streets of Folkestone.

"Ingoldsby" in one of his prose legends represents Folkestone as situated on a chaos of hills. He says of it:—

"A limb of one of the Cinque Ports, it has (or lately had) a corporation of its own, and has been thought considerable enough to give a second title to a noble family. Rome stood on seven hills; Folkestone seems to have been built on seventy. Its streets, lanes, and alleys—fanciful distinctions without much real difference—are agreeable enough to persons who do not mind

running up and down stairs; and the only inconvenience at all felt by such of its inhabitants as are not asthmatic is when some heedless urchin tumbles down a chimney or an impertinent pedestrian peeps into a garret window. . . .

"Here, in the early part of the seventeenth century, flourished in somewhat doubtful reputation, but comparative opulence, a compounder of medicines, one Master Erasmus Blackthorne; the effluvia of whose drugs from within mingling agreeably with the 'ancient and fishlike smells' from without, wafted a delicious perfume throughout the neighbourhood."

Of course, both the seventy hills and the ancient and fish-like smells must be understood as being chiefly created by the author's fun.

Folkestone stands on a cliff which is broken across by a valley which leads down to the harbour. Behind it stands a further row of hills, the Downs, on which is Cæsar's Camp, where tradition places the strong castle or fort which Camden believes the Romans made under Theodosius the Younger, to guard the country against Saxon depredations; a fort which was, after the departure of the Romans, occupied by the Britons and later by the Saxons, whom it was intended to repel. King Ethelbert, it is said, rebuilt it, but Eadbert, his successor, neglected it and built in lieu of it that castle near the sea and the nunnery to which Lambarde, as we shall see, refers; the Danes and Earl Godwin ravaged this: William de Albrincis or Averenches, after the Norman Conquest, rebuilt it, but the sea finally

ate it away, and eighteenth-century Hasted saw of it only the precinct with "some small length of the ancient wall."

For the coast here has lost land, as it at Hythe has gained it.

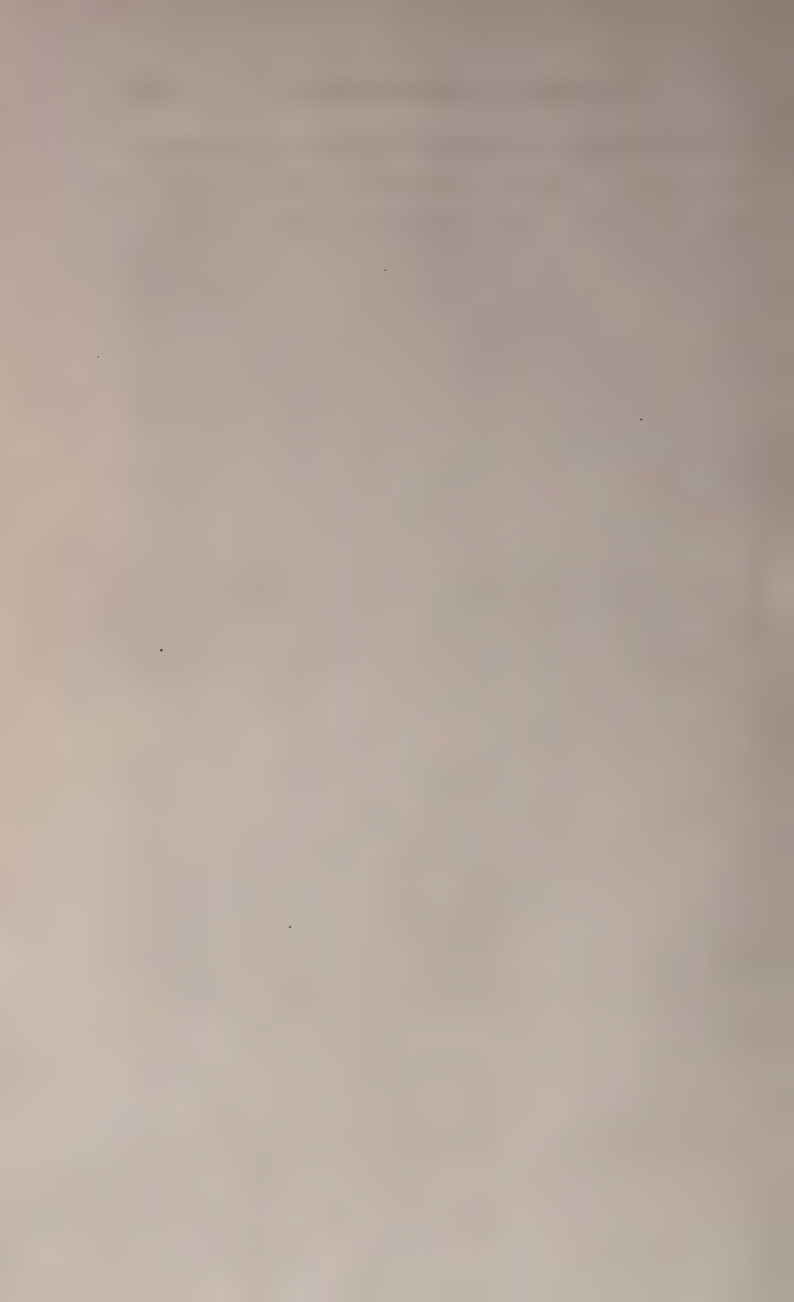
Leland says: "The towne shore be al likelihod is marvelusly sore wasted with the violens of the se; yn so much that there they say that one paroche chyrch of our Lady and a nother of S. Paule ys clene destroyed and etin by the se. Hard apon the shore ys a place cawled the Castel Yarde, the which on the one side ys dyked, and ther yn be great ruines of a solemne old nunnery, yn the walles therof yn divers places apere great and long Briton brikes [bricks]; and on the right hand of the quier a grave trunce of squared stone. The castel yard hath bene a place of great burial; yn so much as wher the se hath woren on the banke bones apere half stykyng out. The paroch chyrch ys therby, made also of sum newer work of an abbay. Ther is S. Eanswide buried, and a late therby was a visage of a priory."

The solemn old nunnery is lost entirely, and of a later priory only a few stones near the Vicarage remain. The place of great burial can also not be located with certainty.

St. Eanswide gives her name to the parish church, which stands on the western edge of the cliff, which here is called the "Leas," and provides the one prominent sign of ancient beauty in a town mostly of modern commonplace. The harbour and the old fishermen's match-boarding

CLIFFS BETWEEN DOVER AND FOLKESTONE.

To face p. 280.



houses, slanting a little in different directions, with ladders outside for reaching the upper floors, with overhung upper stories, and others of plaster with stone doorsteps that cover nearly all the breadth of the pavement, must likewise be declared free from any reproach on the score of commonplaceness.

I know that many people will resent any reproach against any part of Folkestone. I hear it praised as "so clean." Unfortunately clean grey stucco villas may be of a cold, unfriendly clean greyness, and I must confess that where along the sea-front a long series of similar crescents curve away inland and an uninteresting series of grey walls faces you, I can get tired of the view.

I speak, of course, of the western end of the Leas. The town here is a series of grey villas with flat green gardens in front of them, from which a bush-covered cliff leads down to the beach, while behind the houses is a blue distance of hills, where the Downs hide from view the deserted open higher ground. Sugarloaf and Cæsar's Camp are the names of the two peaks behind Folkestone.

Saint Eanswide, I might have mentioned, made water run up-hill to give drink to her monastery, and she caused it to run through another stream of water on its way. Whether or no the water does at any part of its course get up-hill, a Dr. Packe, referred to by Hasted in a note, endeavoured by measurement to find out.

Here, at any rate, on these Leas is the most

fashionable part of the coast we shall pass through. Here the most interesting ladies' dresses in Kent —I believe—are to be seen, listening to the band. Strange to think that on the Leas once must have walked, as remains found in this neighbourhood show, the woolly rhinoceros and the reindeer; ichthyosaurians or fish-lizards are found fossilised in the chalk-marl; the ox, the stag, the hyena, the Irish deer have all been found here. The marl is found on the West Cliff and the best lodging-houses stand on it now. The bone-bed was discovered in 1851, and a description of it appears in the Geological Society's Journal for that year.

Palæolithic man, who hunted these animals with the feeble claws of flint weapons that he chipped for himself, came here no doubt in pursuit of the deer, as remains of some of his weapons have been found.

On the Leas will be found a statue to William Harvey, who discovered the use of the heart.

For William Harvey was born at Folkestone in 1578. He went to school in Canterbury. He took a degree at Cambridge, and then went to study medicine at Padua, where he took an M.D. degree. He returned to Cambridge, where he took their M.D. degree, and then went to London, where the rest of his life was for the most part passed. He became physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital and later lecturer at the College of Physicians.

In his first course of lectures, Harvey explained the theory which has given him fame: that the heart is the means by which the blood is made

to circulate. Earlier doctors had held mostly that the heart, like the lungs, served to pump air into the blood and that the pulse was due to the circulation of air in the veins and arteries and not to waves of blood. Galen had also said (though apparently contradicting himself) either that heat is conveyed from the heart, or that spirits are, in order to warm the body and its parts.

Harvey's discovery, it may be noted, was largely based on what he observed when vivisecting animals. He begins his first chapter by saying how hard he found it to observe the actual meaning of the heart's action "when I first gave my mind to vivisections, as a means of discovering the motions and uses of the heart."

His second chapter begins: "In the first place, then, when the chest of a living animal is laid open, and the capsule that immediately surrounds that organ is slit up or removed, the organ is seen now to move, now to be at rest."

In Harvey's time, though, vivisection was not carried on as painlessly—could not be—as it is now, when very few operations on animals are felt by them. The anti-vivisectionists, too (it is complained by the defenders of the practice), have used accounts of old and of foreign experiments as if they were accounts of what is done here and now; and for this reason, having mentioned Harvey's vivisections, it is worth while to point out that methods have changed since then, in case any energetic researcher now turns up accounts of his work and feels inclined to use them in attacking the medical men.

Harvey's views were at first almost universally disbelieved.

It was in 1615 that he gave the first course of lectures which contained his discovery, and he was thirty-seven. A few years after he was made physician extraordinary to James I., and was physician to Charles I. for some time. Yet in spite of his fame, "'twas believed by the vulgar he was crack-brained,' and the learned were not agreed that "his therapeutique way" and his prescriptions were good.

He left most of his property to the Royal College of Physicians.

The history of Folkestone seems to call for little space. Queen Elizabeth was here—if you want the date, it was in 1573. The town was then as big as Hythe, and Hythe a place of some importance, though its harbour was beginning to decay. From that time onwards Folkestone suffered a period of decay: the sea got the better of its harbour. But in 1807 Parliament gave it power to build a new harbour, which was done by the celebrated engineer Telford. Its prosperity increased then fairly steadily, though the building of that first harbour ran not quite smoothly, and the Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway had to make himself personally responsible for a large sum in 1842 when the work seemed a failure.

Like all the places facing the Channel, the history of Folkestone tells of furious storms which have occurred at different dates. To mention only one of them: a storm occurred on Wednesday, November 11, 1891, which unroofed

FISHERMEN'S HOUSES, FOLKESTONE.

To face p. 284.

part of the harbour station, and blew chimneys down at the Langford Hotel in such a dangerous way that the authorities closed the Leas and Langford Terrace. The driver of a butcher's cart was blown off his seat and the cart overturned.

* "The full-rigged steamer *Benvenue*, 2,033 tons, laden with a general cargo and bound from London to Sydney, was proceeding down the Channel in charge of a tug, when off Sandgate she parted her cable tow-rope, and the vessel rapidly drifted ashore. This was about 6 a.m., when it was blowing a hurricane and a fearful sea was running. Seeing that his vessel was drifting ashore, the captain dropped his anchor." This was of no use—the vessel struck and sank, and the crew took to the mizzen top. Thousands of spectators collected on shore. The Sandgate coastguard fired rockets, but every attempt failed. Attempts were made to send a line to the men by firing a 12-pounder breech-loader, but with this the lines broke. "Although thousands of anxious and willing hands were so near the vessel, no help could reach the persons on board; the rockets fired all failed, and no lifeboat could be obtained. There was such a terrific sea running that it was impossible for any boat to approach the ship. The Sandgate lifeboat had capsized, and the Dungeness and Littlestone boats were engaged on other wrecks." The Dover lifeboat attempted to put off, but the heavy seas drove the tug which pulled it eastwards, and it was impossible to

* The story of this wreck is written from the account in the *Times*.

take it out. Both tug and lifeboat shipped fearful seas.

At low water on Thursday the ship lay in seven fathoms, with about six feet of water above her decks.

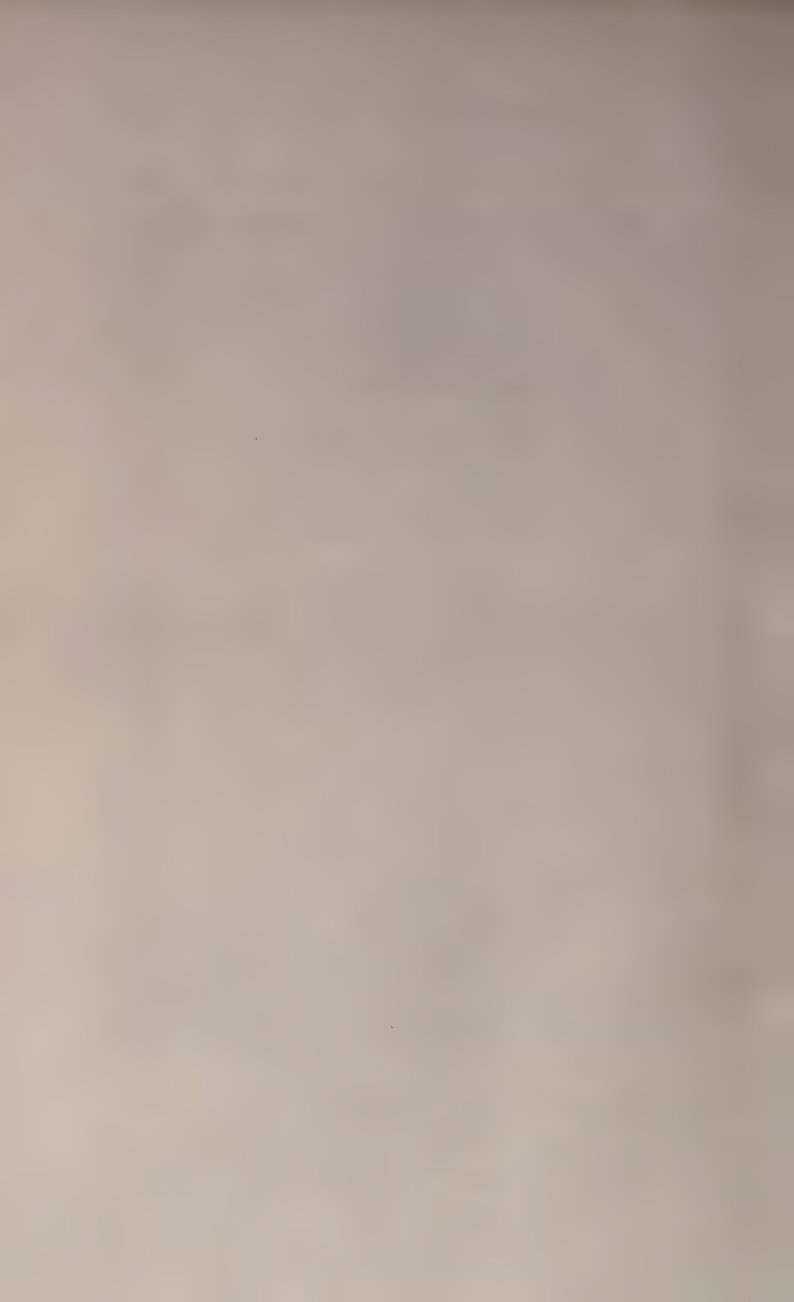
Two apprentice boys, Bruce of Gravesend and Ironmonger of London, were drowned. So, too, were Arthur Swanage, the steward, Captain James Moddrel of Liverpool, and an able seaman, Charles Winter. The steward and seaman tried to swim ashore in life-belts and had perished in the fearful sea. The boy Bruce, fourteen years of age, was dashed against the rail and cut his head badly, and ultimately washed overboard. The captain had been in the rigging and probably safe, but as the huge waves swept right over the decks he jumped down again and went into the cabin; as soon as he got there the vessel went under, "and the captain was sucked into the cabin by the tremendous force of water which was rushing down."

Some of the rockets appear to have reached the men in the rigging but not to have been seizable by them: some of the men were cut by the lines which struck them, but which were of no service to them.

In the end the survivors were taken off by the Sandgate lifeboat, after having been in the rigging for sixteen hours.

MR. H G. WELLS.

To face p. 286.



CHAPTER XIX

THE H. G. WELLS COAST

THE coast from Folkestone to Romney could be described in notes to certain of Wells's novels.

This coast forms a background for the Wellsian coast-dwellers who are not indigenous. Kipps's uncle, the retired butler, who kept a shop at New Romney; Ponderevo's cousin, Frapp, the baker, resigned to the will of God and with no fight against a world in which Bladesover's magnificence left nothing but sordidness for him: the uncle Teddy Ponderevo, who had set up as chemist at Wimblehurst: Mrs. Ponderevo in the housekeeper's room at Bladesover: these are all people who have migrated to where they are more or less by chance. They are not the rooted children of local residents. Kent, apart from the part of its population that fishes (or goes on the sea) and works in the fields—and even that is augmented for hopping and harvest by migrants—is largely composed of such aliens. In New Romney, Folkestone, Sandgate, Dover, Broadstairs, the lodging-houses, shops, and offices are in most cases run by people not coming from this part.

The Wells world, of course, has its Folkestones, Londons, and Hythes, of ascertainable sizes and distances from one another; and its Wimblehursts, Bladesovers, and Port Burdocks, which, if they remind you of Bromley, Eastry village, Cobham Park, and Sandgate, are probably given fictitious names so that they need not be precisely in locality and character like any real places. These are largely used to typify some quality in actual places—Bladesovery, or the ordered subordination of little houses to big, or Bromsteadishness, which is the growth of an ugly commercial disorder of slums, brick-fields, smoking factories, and villas.

Then, too, the Wells world lays bare before us the society of England as Kent can show it in miniature. The large hotels where people who have gone up in the world can spend money and learn what it will buy: the houses that once were kept by rent and now are kept by finance: the picturesque, insanitary, dirty cottages—we hear of them all. Kipps, a simple soul, questions nothing, while the younger Ponderevo questions everything. Ponderevo flies over England in more than one sense. Wells, so far as I know, is the novelist who invented the novel in which there are characters who have views on everything, and all put into the book. "Tono-Bungay," "Kipps," and "The New Machiavelli" are intellectual biographies with social backgrounds. "Tono-Bungay" has a story that makes the introduction of the hero's opinions fitting. Bladesover House contrasted with Chatham back-streets; slightly

injurious rubbish (such as Tono-Bungay is), which being advertised gives a fortune far greater than scientific research or any true service of man would have yielded; Marian's romantic beauty, with no originality of mind behind it, which leads Ponderevo to a marriage that the world says should be unbreakable and unbearable; Ponderevo's scientific interests, his desire to invent and construct something of real use; his uncle's rise and fall and the world taking him for a Napoleonic hero in spite of his imaginative vigorous silliness—all this, and more, forms a story that cuts a section through the whole of the present-day world.

Wells is a very sympathetic observer of most human beings: Kipps and Ponderevo and still more Mrs. Ponderevo or Aunt Susan, are extremely likeable; and I should like to say more about some of them, but my business here is with backgrounds rather than with figures.

It is some of Wells's slighter novels that contain most landscape. If you turn to "The Sea Lady," for instance, you will find in it a sketch of the houses in Sandgate.

"The villa residences to the east of Sandgate Castle, you must understand, are particularly lucky in having gardens that run right down to the beach. There is no intervening esplanade or road or path, such as cuts off ninety-nine out of the hundred of houses that face the sea. As you look down on them from the lift station at the western end of the Leas, you see them crowding the very margin. And as a great number of high groins stand out from the shore along

this piece of coast, the beach is practically cut off and made private except at very low water, when people can get round the ends of the groins. These houses are consequently highly desirable during the bathing season, and it is the custom of many of their occupiers to let them furnished during the summer to persons of fashion and affluence.

"The Randolph Buntings were such persons—indisputably."

A touch of local colour in the story is the question of smuggling. "Smuggling is over and past, you know. Forty years ago. It always has been forty years ago. They trotted out the last of the smugglers, interesting old man, full of reminiscences, when there was a Count of the Saxon Shore. He remembered smuggling—forty years ago. Really, I doubt if there ever was any smuggling. The existing coastguard is a sacrifice to a vain superstition." Such is the light wisdom of Chatteris: but scepticism of this kind would destroy all the romance of life and there were sea-thieves while sea-thieving paid.

I dare say you remember "The Sea Lady." It is a book in which an observant mermaid comes to Sandgate and finds a man "dreadfully worried by a spot of ink" on his sleeve—a thing that might worry many people, being visible to others, more than any injury they had inflicted and no one had seen. The mermaid in the midst of the most prosaic and limited of people is found distinctly inconvenient.

Folkestone at night is described in Chapter V.:

when the canopy of the band-stand is a "focus of bright light," having round it a territory of votaries, while below steps lead down the declivity and "in a few moments it was as if those imposing fronts of stucco, those many-windowed hotels, the electric lights on tall masts, the band-stand and miscellaneous holiday British Public, had never existed. It is one of Folkestone's best effects, that black quietness under the very feet of the crowd. They no longer heard the band even, only a remote suggestion of music filtered to them over the brow. The black-treed slopes fell from them to the surf below, and out at sea were the lights of many ships. Away to the westward like a swarm of fire-flies hung the lights of Hythe."

Of Wells's larger novels, "Kipps" is the one that is most carefully located in this part of Kent. Kipps is born in New Romney, works at a draper's in Folkestone, and after a brief period of wealth, keeps a bookseller's at Hythe. The village and broad marshes round Romney, were his first world. Among the proximate realities of Kipps's earliest recollections were "the cat, the High Street, the back yard, and the flat fields that are always so near in that little town. He knew all the stones in the yard individually, the creeper in the corner, the dustbin and the mossy wall, better than many men know the faces of their wives." (He lived with his aunt and uncle and the shop they kept was one at which were sold toys and other things—local photographs, books, china, and mats and terra-cotta dishes, and milking stools

for painting were sold there, and also fire-screens, fishing-tackle, air-guns, bathing-suits and tents.)

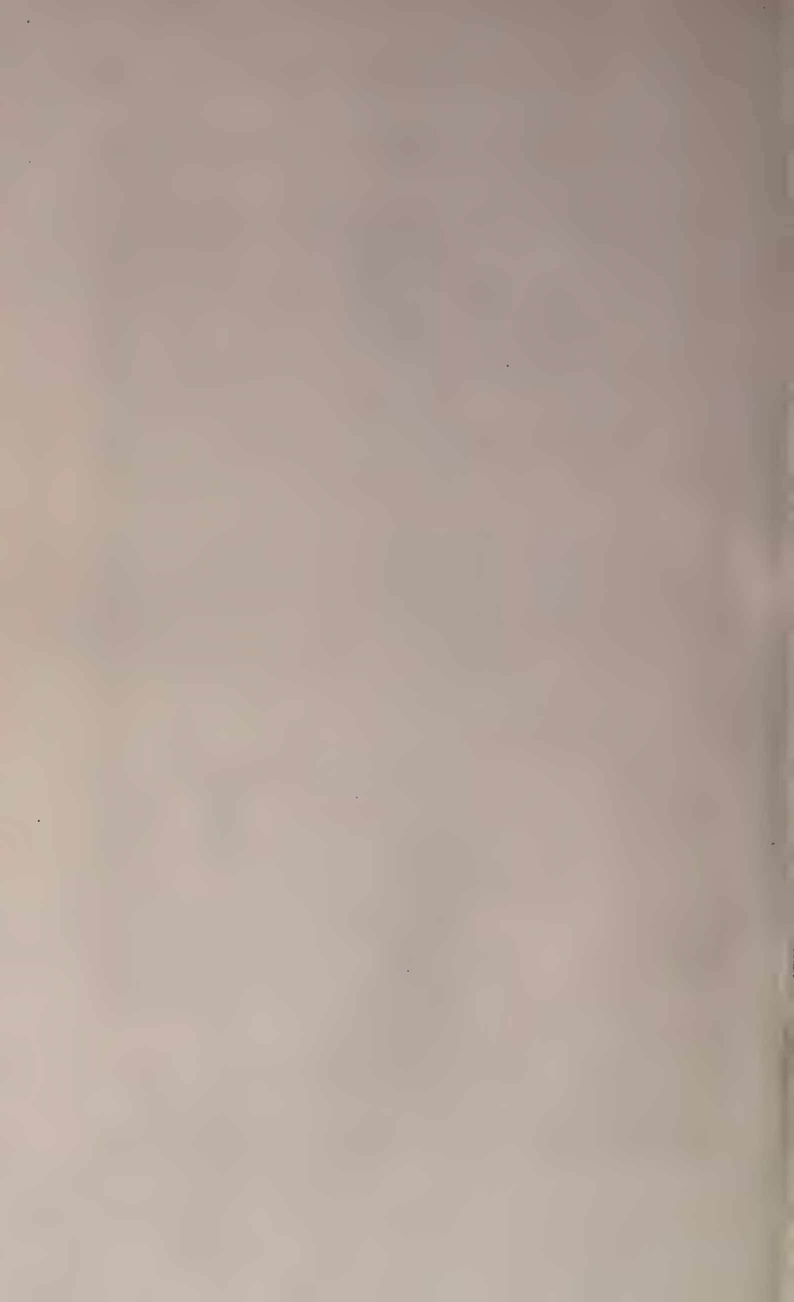
When Kipps had gone out into the world and was employed by the Folkestone Drapery Bazaar and was sent out *matching*, he made discoveries as to the points of interest in Folkestone. "He made remarkable discoveries in topography, as, for example, that the most convenient way from the establishment of Mr. Adolphus Davis to the establishment of Messrs. Plummer, Roddis and Tyrrell, two of his principal places of call, is not, as is generally supposed, down the Sandgate road, but up the Sandgate road, round by West Terrace and along the Leas to the lift, watch the lift up and down *twice*, but not longer, because that wouldn't do, back along the Leas, watch the Harbour for a short time, and then round by the churchyard, and so (hurrying) into Church Street and Rendezvous Street. But on some exceptionally fine days the route lay through Radnor Park to the pond where little boys sail ships and there are interesting swans.

"He would return to find the shop settling down to the business of serving customers."

The green park island, or the Leas and Church looking down on the sea and harbour with their continuous changes of light and shadow and colour and their moving ships must be of extraordinary interest to any one who is usually shut up in a shop with windows darkened with goods, looking at and helping in a series of processes which, however interesting at first, become most monotonous when repeated very often every day,

SPADE HOUSE, SANDGATE.

To face p. 292.



and who is surrounded by a heterogeneous mass of "goods" there only in order to be sold and deficient for him in every possible interest.

And every harbour has its charm, and Folkestone Harbour not the smallest quantity of it.

Folkestone Harbour is a busy place—700,000 tons have been entered and cleared in one day. But quiet spots can be found where any one who likes to loaf in harbours can look at the reflections of luggers and rigging in the water, watch men unloading their vessels, and putting ice, timber, or coal on shore, and smell the harboury (but not too strong) smell of drying piles. The arrival of a sailing vessel, the landing of the crew if the tide is out and they have to climb up the slimy piles, is enough amusement for a true idler. The soothing lapping of the waves, the rigging of the vessels, the arrivals and departures, are pleasures that have sufficed for long generations of men who have loafed on landing-stages.

Kipps's proposal to Helen was made about two miles from the coast at Lympne Castle, behind Hythe—that pathetic proposal in which poor Kipps is so modest in his estimate of himself. At Lympne, "where the sunniest little terrace-garden in all the world" looks down "the sheep-dotted slopes to where, beside the canal and under the trees, the crumbled memories of Rome sleep for ever. One climbs the Keep, up a tortuous spiral of stone, worn now to a pitch of perforation, and there one is lifted to the centre of far more than a hemisphere of view. Away below one's feet, almost at the bottom of the hill, the Marsh begins, and spreads and

spreads in a mighty crescent that sweeps about the sea, the Marsh dotted with the church towers of forgotten mediæval towns, and breaking at last into the low blue hills by Winchelsea and Hastings; east hangs France between the sea and the sky; and round the north, bounding the wide perspectives of farms and houses and woods, the Downs, with their hangers and chalk-pits, sustain the passing shadows of the sailing clouds."

At present the Castle (incorporated in modern buildings) is inhabited and, I am afraid, not open to the public at all.

The proposal, as we know, though accepted, never led to marriage; and there are several things we can learn perhaps even from this novel—a book Mr. Coote might despise—but of them I cannot stop to speak. When Kipps was happily married and had lost the uncomfortable excess of his fortune, he settled down and kept (you will remember) the bookshop on the left-hand side of the "Hythe High Street coming from Folkestone, between the yard of the livery-stable and the shop window full of old silver and such-like things—it is quite easy to find"—but I have not found it.

And on an early-closing evening Kipps took Ann for a row on the Hythe canal. "The sun set in a mighty blaze, and left a world warm and very still. The twilight came. And there was the water, shining bright, and the sky a deepening blue, and the great trees that dipped their boughs towards the water. . . .

"Out of the darknesses beneath the shallow reedy stream of his being rose a question, a question that

looked up dimly and never reached the surface. It was the question of the wonder of the beauty, the purposeless, inconsecutive beauty, that falls so strangely among the happenings and memories of life. It never reached the surface of his mind, it never took to itself substance or form; it looked up merely as the phantom of a face might look, out of deep waters, and sank again into nothing. . . . 'I expect,' he said [to Anne], 'I was thinking jest what a Rum Go everything is. I expect it was something like that.'"

Wells has written, as every one knows, more than one kind of book. Tales of scientific experiment and prophecy—novels of contemporary manners and life—sociological studies. Living at Sandgate for many years as he did, he naturally took his examples in these studies from his experience as a Sandgate householder and a keen observer of the life around him.

Sandgate High Street, the only continuous street in Sandgate, many of whose houses have backs opening on the beach, serves Wells as an example for an argument about the Saving Small Man, which occurs in his book, "New Worlds for Old."

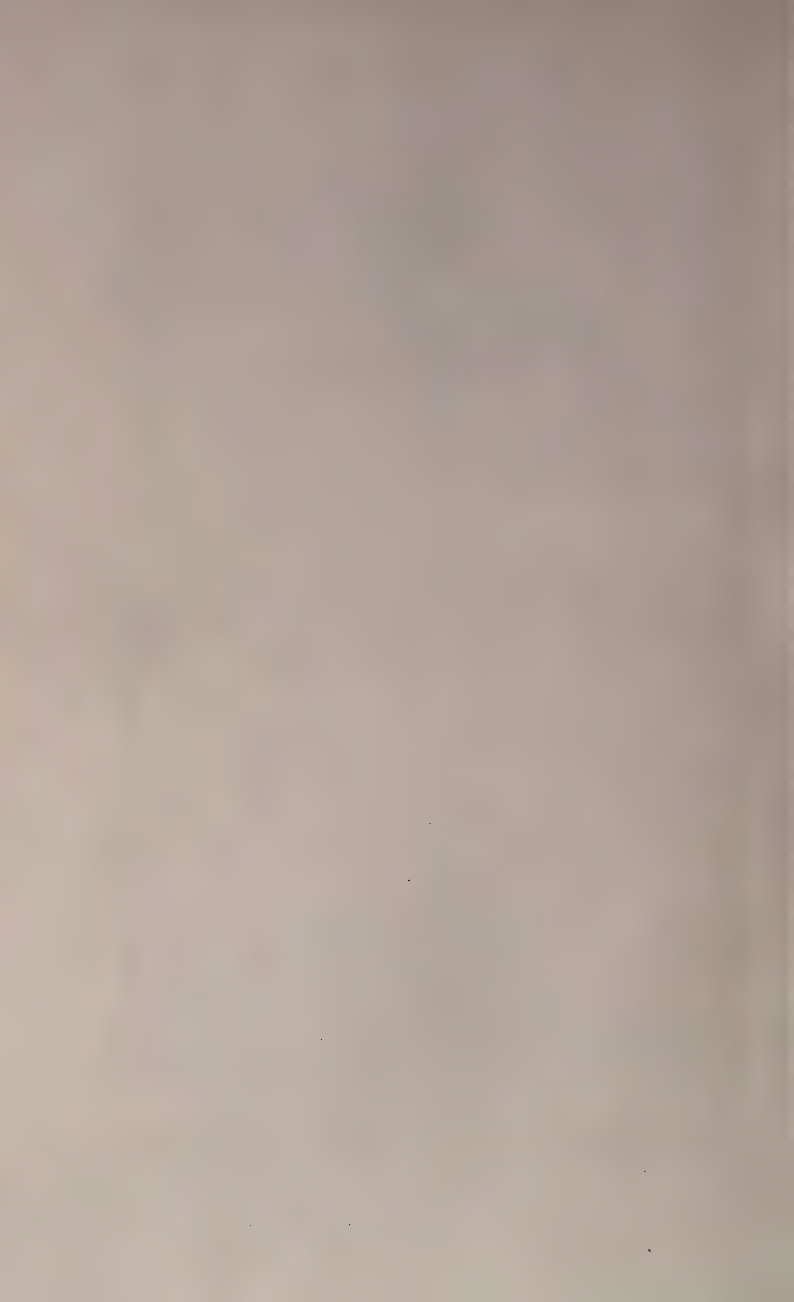
In "Tono-Bungay" Bladesover is symbolical rather than photographic. Chatham does not please Ponderevo at all. Even the valley above the town appears to him "all horrible with cement works," with shipping "clumsy, old, and dirty." In the description of the valley, the "Stour valley" is, of course, a misprint for the Medway valley.

I confess—it is not a criticism of Wells's novel, in which his Ponderevo is quite right to have his own

tastes—but, for my part, I like the grimy magic of barges, jetties, and cranes. Well—"it is sometimes pleasant enough to consider the different notions which different persons have of the same thing," says Addison.

LEAVING FOLKESTONE.

To face p. 296.



CHAPTER XX

FOLKESTONE TO THE END OF THE KENTISH COAST

Dickens wrote an article in praise of the Folkestone of yesterday and its big hotel—indeed, the article called "Out of Town" referred to Folkestone as Pavilionstone, and declared "The lion of Pavilionstone is its Great Hotel." The whole article has a certain interest to students of modern history and change of manners and customs as chronicling the introduction of new standards of comfort into England. "A dozen years ago," it says, "going over to Paris by South Eastern Tidal Steamer, you used to be dropped upon the platform of the main line Pavilionstone Station (not a junction then) at eleven o'clock on a dark winter's night, in a roaring wind; and in the howling wilderness outside the station, was a short omnibus which brought you up by the forehead the instant you got in at the door; and nobody cared about you and you were alone in the world. You bumped over infinite chalk, until you were turned out at a strange building which had just left off being a barn without having quite begun to be a house, where nobody

expected your coming, or knew what to do with you when you were come, and where you were usually blown about, until you happened to be blown against the cold beef, and finally into bed. At five in the morning you were blown out of bed, and after a dreary breakfast, with crumpled company, in the midst of confusion, were hustled on board a steam-boat and lay wretched on deck until you saw France lunging and surging at you with great vehemence over the bowsprit."

Then follows an account of the advantages of the new Pavilionstone and its new Great Pavilionstone Hotel, where you find ready for you, "your news-room, dining-room, smoking-room, billiard-room, music-room, public breakfast, public dinner twice a day (one plain, one gorgeous), hot baths and cold baths. If you want to be bored, there are plenty of bores always ready for you, and from Saturday to Monday in particular, you can be bored (if you like it) through and through. Should you want to be private at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, say but the word, look at the list of charges, choose your floor, name your figure. . . .

"A thoroughly good inn, in the days of coaching and posting, was a noble place. But no such inn would have been equal to the reception of four or five hundred people, all of them wet through, and half of them dead sick, every day in the year. This is where we shine, in our Pavilionstone Hotel. Again—who, coming and going, pitching and tossing, boating and training, hurry-

ing in and flying out, could ever have calculated the fees to be paid at an old-fashioned house? In our Pavilionstone Hotel vocabulary, there is no such word as 'free.' Everything is done for you; every service is provided at a fixed and reasonable charge; all the prices are hung up in all the rooms; and you can make out your own bill beforehand, as well as the book-keeper."

Thus does Dickens speak of the change in comfort during his day. By all accounts, a similar change has gone on during the time of any middle-aged man of to-day. What was luxury forty years ago is a sufficiency to-day. The distance in habit and income between class and class gets steadily greater. . . .

There is no need to stay longer at Folkestone. The black tarred wood of the harbour piles, with long green weeds hanging on it, the rows of boats floating alongside with the patched red sails, the tarry houses on the shore, must not detain us lazing for ever. Nor must we pace up the beach and back, after the manner described by Hawthorne in a pleasant essay in his "Twice-Told Tales"—this loafing by the waves or gentle exercise by them, in which worldly things seem infinitely far off, must have an end. In Hawthorne's essay, he speaks of the solitary pedestrian walking on the sands for a space and then turning. "Our tracks, being discernible, will guide us with an observing consciousness through every unconscious wandering of thought and fancy. Here we followed the surf in its reflux, to pick up a shell which the sea seemed

loth to relinquish. Here we found a sea-weed, with an immense brown leaf, and trailed it behind us by its long snake-like stalk. . . . Here we dug into the sand for pebbles and skipped them along the surface of the water. . . . And here, amid an idle pastime, we sat down upon almost the only stone that breaks the surface of the sand, and were lost in an unlooked-for and overpowering conception of the majesty and awfulness of the great deep."

We shall get on faster if we leave the beach entirely and walk to the end of the Leas, where there is a pleasant view of the red and grey houses of Sandgate with tree-covered hills behind. This view is a pleasant change after the frigid houses of Folkestone.

Sandgate Castle, on the beach in front of the houses, is another of the old castles built by Henry VIII. at the time when he built Deal, Walmer, and Sandown—"all of which he placed under the government of *the Lord Warden* of the Five Ports, as may be seen in the statute made for the purpose in the third year of that reign." It has been much altered since, especially in 1806.

Some distance is saved if you now go down by the lift from the Leas and are set down some distance further along the coast on the lower Sandgate road. The lower cliffs between the beach and Folkestone are wooded with a thick undergrowth. I have seen the little purple marjoram growing near the ground there. The climate is so mild that fig-trees are found, though I cannot say the figs are ever very ripe. But black-

FOLKESTONE HARBOUR.

To face p. 300.

berries and elderberries ripen and the soldiers from Shorncliffe spend their spare time in picking them.

Shorncliffe Camp behind Sandgate dates back as a fixed settlement to 1855. The 1st Jäger regiment of the British German Legion first occupied it in August, 1856. As a temporary camp, Shorncliffe was first used in 1806, and here Sir John Moore introduced light infantry tactics into the British Army. There are fine views over marsh, sea, and hills from the Camp. The replacing of the wooden huts by concrete and brick has greatly increased the comfort of those who live in them.

Sandgate seems to date back only to 1773, when a shipbuilder, Wilson, founded it. For some time it was much liable to landslips, owing to the soft sandy nature of the soil on which it stands. In 1893 a landslip destroyed three houses and injured seventy others; after this a system of surface drainage was introduced, which appears to have made the ground firm.

The trams are of a somewhat earlier type than we usually see nowadays in England: no outside seats to them. Soldiers come down to bathe on the beach in troops and canvas screens are put up on the beach while they undress. The tramp of the men may be heard, as well as their voices in song, as they go at about five in the morning for musketry practice at Hythe. Modern *improvements* are creeping into the quiet place rather quickly—there is a music-hall in the line of houses that stands on the beach.

When the houses facing the sea at Sandgate cease, the road wanders near the beach over the flat coast, behind which for some distance are the pale Downs, which get lower and more distant from the shore, as the coast curves southward and ends in the low grey line of Dunge Ness.

Hythe Church is the next point of interest. It is half-way up the slope, with a steep path, bordered with evergreen oak bushes leading up to it. The church is an excellent example of Early English work—of that style well termed "the Doric of Gothic architecture." A style remarkable for strength, freshness, simplicity, and refinement—markedly English, resembling some Norman work, but with no close resemblance to any other foreign contemporary work. The height of the chancel, which is greater than that of the nave, the steps up to the chancel, the Norman door on the west side of the north transept, will strike every observer. The lower part of the tower is Perpendicular, the upper part, with battlements and pinnacles, modern—the original upper part with the bells having fallen down in 1748. The tower was originally twelve feet higher than it now is.

"The aisles of the chancel," says Sir Stephen Glynne in his "Notes on the Churches of Kent," "have lancet windows, some single, some double, having externally merely dripstones. The east window of the chancel has three lancets, the centre one being the highest. The clerestory windows are trefoiled lancets, but many are walled up. On the south side is a good doorway

with deep mouldings. . . . The chancel is . . . Early English work, far richer than the nave, and forming a singular contrast in the richness of its interior to the simplicity of the exterior. . . . The arch opening to the nave is lofty, with elegant mouldings and clustered shafts having bell capitals. Upon each side opening to the aisles are two fine arches, with toothed ornament in the architraves; the piers are of octagonal form and each surrounded by eight shafts of Purbeck marble quite disengaged, with a general moulded capital. Over the south arches is a triforium, which in each compartment consists of two moulded semicircular arches with mouldings and shafts, subdivided by a central shaft into two smaller pointed arches. On the north side the triforium has been walled up."

Every one goes into the crypt to look at the great stack of bones there. Whether they are the bones of Britons, slain in a fight with Saxons, or whether they are bones stacked up after being removed from the burial places of churches which were destroyed—four such churches, according to Leland, once stood in Hythe—is one of the questions to which no certain answer has yet been given.

Hasted tells of the battle that vulgar report says, how "there was a windmill stood upon the beach of this place [Holy Haven, near Hythe], and the miller put up a candle and lanthorn upon his mill, as a sign to the enemy, when they should come over to invade the land; and the country people from all parts rose in great numbers to

fight with their enemies, and by the help of God they overcame them. The slaughter being so great, that they piled up their sculls and bones in a great stack within this place, where they remain at this time." Whether the miller was a traitor or used by the Britons to attract the enemy at a convenient time, I confess I do not know.

As for the rise and decline of Hythe, it is supposed that Lympne (Limne, Hasted calls it), and West Hythe further to the west, were earlier ports, but their harbours were rendered useless by the withdrawal of the sea and banking up with sand, and Hythe for a considerable time was used in their stead. By Henry VIII.'s reign a similar fate had overtaken Hythe.

In Edward II.'s reign there was a great fire, but whether it took place here or at West Hythe does not seem quite certain. Henry IV. released Hythe, unless a great necessity should meantime compel him to require it, from its duty as Cinque Port of supplying, the five next times when he made a call for help from the Ports, five ships and a hundred men and five *garçons* for fifteen days; which was their customary contribution.

In 1520 the Emperor Charles of Spain arrived in the Channel and landed at Hythe. Admiral Fitzwilliam was sent with six men-of-war to salute, and also to guard the coast and to prevent any interruption between Dover and Calais. The Emperor, King Henry, and his Queen, all washed together, two Dukes holding water and towels. After they were well cleaned, the Queens of France and Aragon washed with Lord Cardinal

THE MILITARY CANAL, HYTHE.

To face p. 304.

Wolsey. The next day the same party arrived at Canterbury.

In 1685 Mr. Julius Deedes, who before then had been a member of Parliament, was mayor, and consequently returning officer. Upon a writ for election arriving, he nominated and returned himself without troubling the electors to vote. The House of Commons resolved that he was not duly elected, and a new writ was ordered in his stead He was subsequently again both mayor and member for Hythe, so his neighbours do not seem to have at all resented his illegal self-aggrandisement.

In Hythe High Street every one sees the smugglers' lighthouse—a house with an overhanging upper story and a deep roof, out of the top of which rises the attic from which signals were once flashed to the sea.

The Military Canal, part of Pitt's defences against the French, starts at Hythe and goes to near Hastings. The coast distinctly changes in character here—becomes flatter, inclined to marsh inland, with sandy dunes by the sea near Hythe. Over these musketry practice is carried on, and if it is in progress, pedestrians, warned by a red flag at one of the martello towers, must keep inland on the road. If soldiers are preparing for practice, it is also useless to start along the front, as when shooting begins you will be turned back. By the canal is a pleasant wooded road. The fishing in the canal is good—tench, in particular, are abundant. It also contains roach, rudd, perch, carp, pike, and eels. In the warm weather fishing is often carried on at night here.

This piece of coast has more martello towers than any other. Cobbett has a delightfully vigorous passage—bother dull fairness!—on his first sight of a martello tower. He was going in the opposite direction (as you will, of course, notice) to that in which we are proceeding:—

"I had baited my horse at New Romney, and was coming jogging along very soberly, now looking at the sea, then looking at the cattle, then the corn, when my eye, in swinging round, lighted upon a great round building standing upon the beach. I had scarcely had time to think about what it could be, when twenty or thirty others, standing along the coast, caught my eye; and, if any one had been behind me, he might have heard me exclaim, in a voice that made my horse bound, 'The Martello Towers, by ——!' O Lord! To think that I should be destined to behold these monuments of the wisdom of Pitt and Dundas and Perceval! Good G——! Here they are, piles of brick in a circular form, about three hundred feet (guess) circumference at the base, about forty feet high, and about one hundred and fifty feet circumference at the top. There is a doorway about midway up in each, and each has two windows. Cannons were to be fired from the top of these things, in order to defend the country against the French Jacobins!

"I think I have counted along here upwards of thirty of these ridiculous things, which, I dare say, cost five, perhaps ten, thousand pounds each, and one of which was, I am told, sold on the coast of Sussex the other day for two hundred pounds!

There is, they say, a chain of these things all the way to Hastings! I dare say they cost millions. But far indeed are these from being all, or half, or a quarter, of the squanderings along here. Hythe is half barracks; the hills are covered with barracks, and barracks most expensive, most squandering, fill up the side of the hill. Here is a canal (I crossed it at Appledore) made for the length of thirty miles (from Hythe, in Kent, to Rye, in Sussex) to keep out the French; for those armies who had so often crossed the Rhine and the Danube were to be kept back by a canal, made by Pitt, thirty feet wide at the most! All along the coast there are works of some sort or another; incessant sinks of money, walls of immense dimensions, masses of stone brought and put into piles. Then you see some of the walls and buildings falling down; some that have never been finished. The whole thing, all taken together, looks as if a spell had been, all of a sudden, set upon the workmen; or, in the words of the Scripture, here is the 'desolation of abomination standing in high places.' However, all is right. These things were made with the hearty goodwill of those who are now coming to ruin in consequence of the Debt, contracted for the purpose of making these things. This is all just. The load will come, at last, upon the right shoulders."

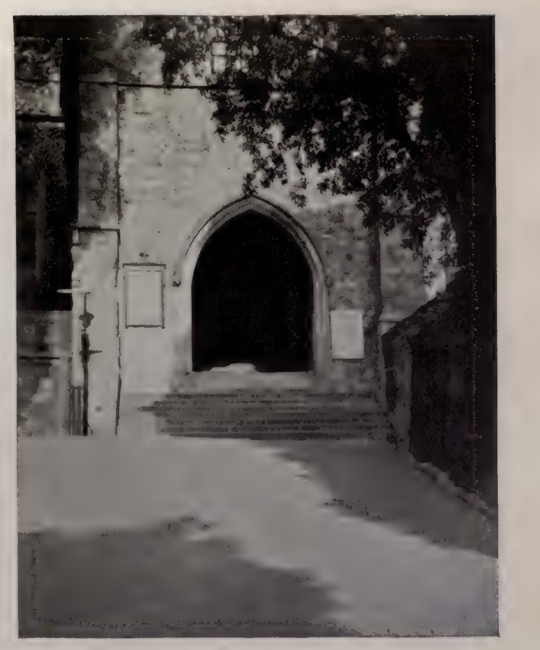
At Dymchurch, a little off the coast, is an old inn and an old church (with a modernised exterior), surrounded by a few farms and an old clump of trees—modern red brick and wood bungalows extend between this group and the sea-wall, facing

which are a row of modern villas, the first floors of which are level with the top of the wall. The sands are good. The whole marsh district is well below the level of the sea, and its history is a tale of battlings with wind and water and changes of fortune as the coast-line changed. Originally this was a part of England famed for wealth and unhealthiness. Its wealth was due to wool; for England was once the great wool-producing country of the West — a "backward" country without manufactures or arts, but with magnificent wool.

Lambarde is expressing the general view in a brief form when he says of Kent that those people are "very reasonable is their conceite, which doe imagine that Kent hath three steps, or degrees, of which the first (say they) offereth Wealth without health; the second, giveth both Wealth and health; and the thirde affordeth Health only; and little or no Wealth. . . . In Rumney Marsh [a man] shall rather find good grasse under foote, than wholesome Aire above the head:" whereas in the weald above is both good air, and good earth, and near London (he says) he shall have "a good stomache in the stonie field."

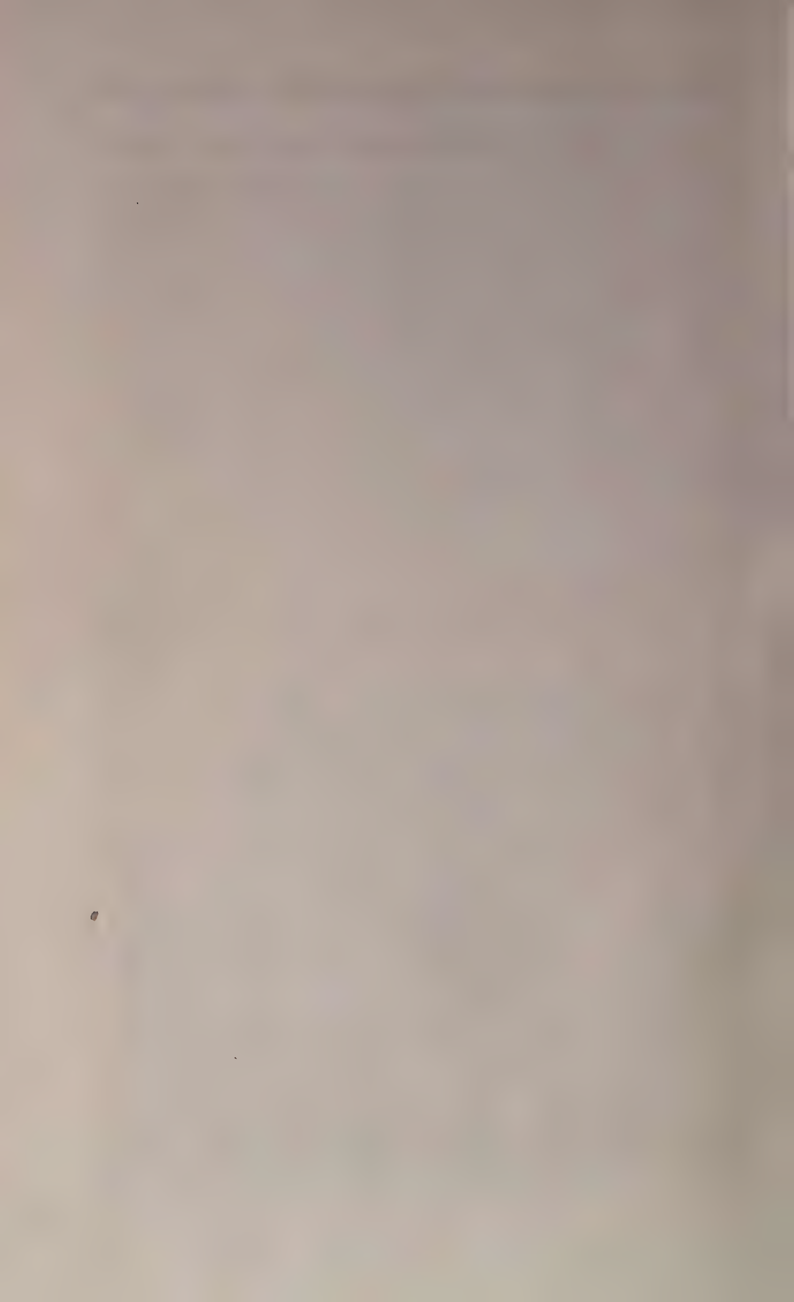
Dymchurch has its smuggling reminiscences. *The Cinque Ports Herald* tells of an incident which occurred in May, 1826:—

"A large party of smugglers had assembled in the neighbourhood of Dymchurch, and a boat laden (as is supposed) with tubs of spirits, being observed to approach the shore nearly opposite to Dymchurch, the smugglers instantly com-



ST. LEONARD'S, HYTHE.

ENTRANCE TO ST. NICHOLAS'S CHURCH, NEW ROMNEY.



menced cheering, and rushed upon the coast, threatening defiance to the sentinels of the blockade; who, perceiving such an overwhelming force, gave the alarm, when, a party of marines coming to their assistance, a general firing took place. The smugglers retreated into the marshes, followed by the blockade-men, and, from their knowledge of the ground, were indebted for their ultimate escape. We regret to state two of the blockade seamen were wounded; one severely in the arm, which must cause amputation, and the other in the face, by slug shots. There can be no doubt, but that some of the smugglers must have been wounded, if not killed; one of their muskets was picked up loaded—abandoned, no doubt, by the bearer of it, on account of wounds. The boat, with her cargo, was obliged to put to sea again, without effecting a landing, and notwithstanding the vigilance of Lieutenants Westbrook, Mudge, and McLeod, who were afloat in their galleys on the spot, from the darkness of the night, effected its escape."

Leaving Dymchurch—the inside of the church, with the wide Norman arch over the chancel and the plain interior (nave and aisle in one), is worth looking at first—the typical flat Romney Marsh country stretches before you uninterrupted for miles on every side.

Once, it is said, all this was under the sea. The forest of Anderida—such was the British name for it—came down to the sea, which covered the existing Marshes from near Hastings to Hythe. Andred's Berg or Andred's Wald, the Saxons

called it, and from the Wald alone the "Weald" of Kent as we now call it is derived. Four rivers passed to the sea through the Anderida—two, the Rother and Exden, *at that time* passed through Kent between Hythe and Dymchurch. The deposits carried down by these rivers, including, no doubt, great fallen branches, helped to raise the existing coast-lands. The old name for the Rother was Limen. Near it was the Roman Portus Lemanis. The Britons had a city called Anderide or Andred's Wald, after the forest-covered hills in which it was situated. Exactly where it was cannot be determined. The South Saxons destroyed it.

That the Romans first set to work to reclaim land from the sea in the Romney district is an opinion which has been generally held.

It will be seen by any wayfarer through this marsh district that Rye and Winchelsea, and to a much slighter extent New Romney, rise out of the marsh like islands out of the sea. Rye especially has an effect quite like Mont St. Michel at low tide —a red village on a peak in a flat space.

Very probably they were once islands at the entrances to bays. Little by little the sea retreated, and was held back by embankments.

In flat alluvial plains such as this is, the courses of rivers change easily, as is seen by the great changes of the courses of the Chinese rivers. The Limen or Rother in this way moved westward— or at least one branch of it did, for, if Hasted is right, another mouth still flowed by West Hythe. In King Alfred's reign the Danes landed

at one of the mouths, and were repulsed at Appledore.

In 1168 Thomas à Becket tried to leave England at Romney in order to go to Rome, but contrary winds drove him back.

In the thirteenth century violent storms drove the sea into the reclaimed districts and did great harm.

In 1258 Henry III. issued a precept regulating the work of keeping the sea-walls in repair; twenty-four properly appointed jurats were to assign to every owner of land the wall for which he was responsible, and if the landowners did not do the work at the times when it was held necessary, the jurats should have it done and charge double the cost to those who were liable.

Similar charters were issued at various times, and commissions sent to inquire into the difficulties caused by changing channels and breaches in walls. Leland gives a general idea of the district when he says:—

"Rumeney is one of the v portes, and hath bene a netely good haven, yn so much that withyn remembrance of men shyppes have cum hard up to the towne, and cast ancres yn one of the churchyardes. The se is now a ii. myles fro the towne, so sore therby now decayed that where ther wher iii. great paroches and chirches sumtyme is now scant one wel maynteined. . . .

"The marsh of Rumeney encresith dayly in breede [breadth]. . . . It is a marvelus rank grownd for fedyng of catel, by the reason that the gresse groweth so plentefully apon the wose sumtyme cast up ther by the se."

The Romney Marshes were, as I have said, always a famous wool-producing district. The trade in the export of the wool was for long in the hand of foreigners; the native Staplers did not appear until the reign of Henry III. or Edward I. The English wool at that time had all to be exported in order to be woven into cloth, and went chiefly to the Low Countries. As soon as, owing to the policy of protecting foreign weavers, some skill in weaving had been taught to English artisans, attempts were made to protect them against foreign competition. The export of English wool was forbidden or the import of foreign cloth, or (at other times) the export duty on cloth was low and on wool was high; or the export of teazels, the plant-heads then used to roughen the wool, was forbidden; and all these regulations led to smuggling of different kinds. The smugglers of wool out of the country were known as "owlers." The enterprise was carried on down to quite recent times—the beginning of the nineteenth century. The grass-lands or marsh pastures now cover, roughly speaking, 29,000 acres out of some 36,000 acres of cultivated land in the Romney Marsh district. A good picture of the life of the district is given by Cobbett:—

"In quitting this Appledore I crossed a canal and entered on Romney Marsh. This was grass-land on both sides of me to a great distance. The flocks and herds immense. The sheep are of a breed that takes its name from the Marsh. They are called Romney Marsh sheep. Very pretty and large. The wethers, when fat, weigh about twelve

stone, or one hundred pounds. The faces of these sheep are white; and, indeed, the whole sheep is as white as a piece of writing-paper. The wool does not look dirty and oily like that of other sheep. The cattle appear to be all of the Sussex breed. . . . The forests of Sussex—those miserable tracts of heath and fern and bushes and sand called Ashdown Forest and St. Leonard's Forest, to which latter Lord Erskine's estate belongs—these wretched tracts, and the not much less wretched farms in their neighbourhood, breed the cattle which we see fatting in Romney Marsh! They are calved in the spring; they are weaned in a little bit of grass-land; they are then put into stubbles and about in the fallows for the first summer; they are brought into the yard to winter on rough hay, peas-haulm, or barley-straw; the next two summers they spend in the forest or at work; and then they come here or go elsewhere to be fatted. With cattle of this kind, and with sheep such as I have spoken of before, this marsh abounds in every part of it; and the sight is most beautiful."

There are some 140,000 sheep here in the summer. They are sent away in October to Hertford or Essex, as Cobbett says, for young lambs cannot winter on this bleak exposed land. Graziers who have no upland grazing land of their own pay five or six shillings per score per week for their keep. The average size of the holdings is 80 acres, but the majority are about 50.

The expense of maintaining the sea-defences is met by a "wall-scot" paid by owners whose lands are liable to flood. There is also a "drainage-scot,"

and the two together amount to from five to ten shillings an acre.

More than a century ago a yeoman farmer, Richard Goord, selected nine ewes and a ram from which he bred the type of sheep now known as the Romney Marsh sheep—a hornless, white-faced breed, with a wide head.

Along the coast the marshes come to an end where the dreary projection of shingle which is called Dunge Ness begins. There is a little group of houses (including a hotel) called Littlestone at the start of this strange landscape of stones. Stones towards the sea, further inland grass and stones intermingled, and further yet the flat pasturages round New Romney.

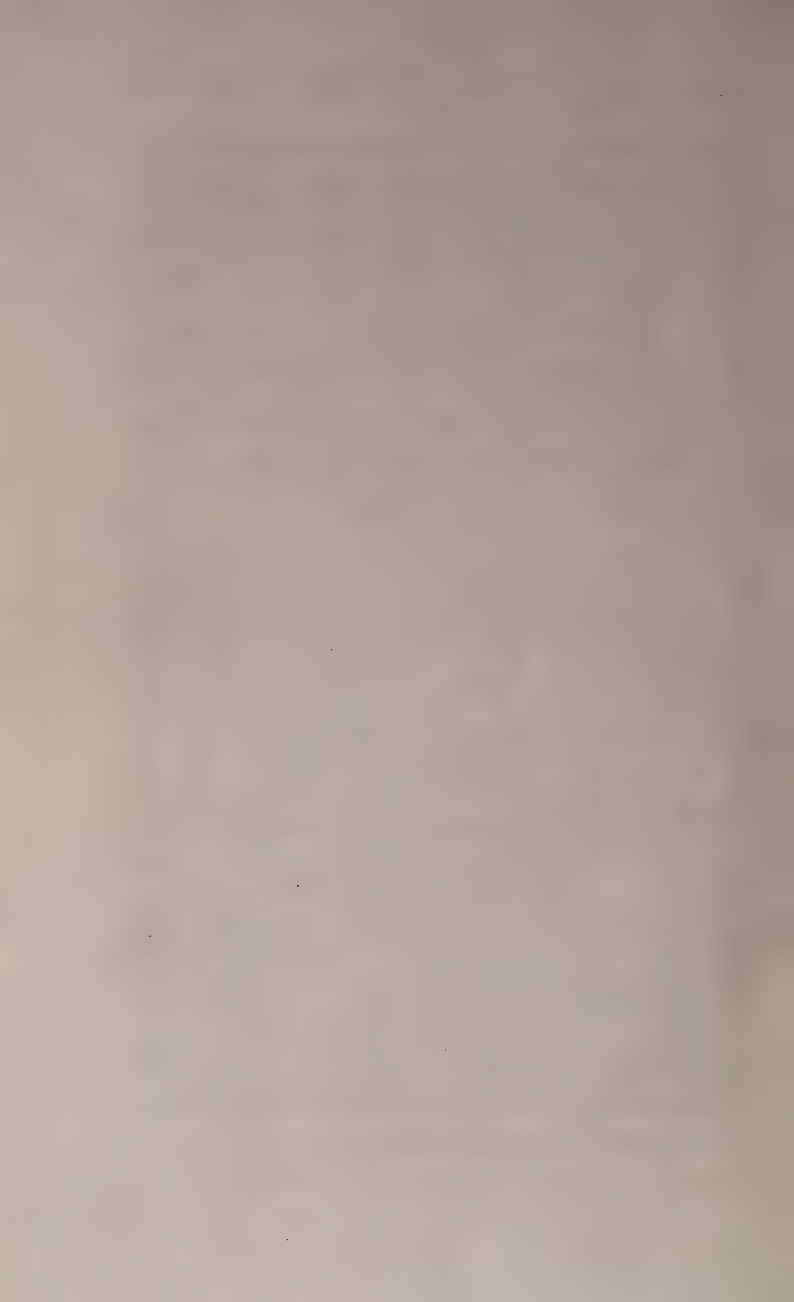
Part of these has been made into the Littlestone Golf Links, on which the Parliamentary Handicap is played every alternate year.

New Romney (which is older than Old Romney) is worth visiting for the sake of its church. The village (which is technically a town) is another stranded port, now 1½ miles from the coast. At the time when Doomsday record was made it had five parish churches: but it must be remembered that great lords put up churches to propitiate the Church and obtain pardon in those days, and not because there were enough people to worship in them. The present Church of St. Nicholas has a fine solid tower, Norman in style, the doorway at its foot now sunk below the level of the road and approached by steps downwards.

To tell the truth, the walk to the Dunge Ness Lighthouse, is far from agreeable. It is all on

DUNGENESS FROM LITTLESTONE.

To face p. 314.



shingle, which yields and crunches beneath your feet. The view is good from the point—unless there is a fog, and the conflicting tides at different temperatures cause fogs to be frequent. More ships are said to pass here than anywhere in the world. There are two lighthouses—one of blue brick, the other a white building. The western side of the point is a peaty marsh, through which some dreary waters flow.

I think this marsh country is best seen from Rye, and, coming in this direction, Rye is best reached by train from New Romney, although the trains will not be found to be very convenient.

Such marshes on a winter night are desolately impressive. The night sky, the ground frost-whitened and vaguely brown under star-light, the sails of a barge, distant lights on a violet background—such the scene.

Rye, with its squat church set on a hill and its red houses climbing the ways below, rises on the Sussex side out of the grazing-ground where the sheep wander, on a plain bordered by grey shadows of sea-deserted cliffs. The light catching the sides of a few trees on the side of the winding road draws a few clear shadows near at hand against the oven colour of the horizon of distant hills.

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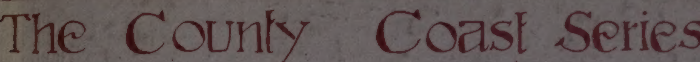

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